March 11, 1933

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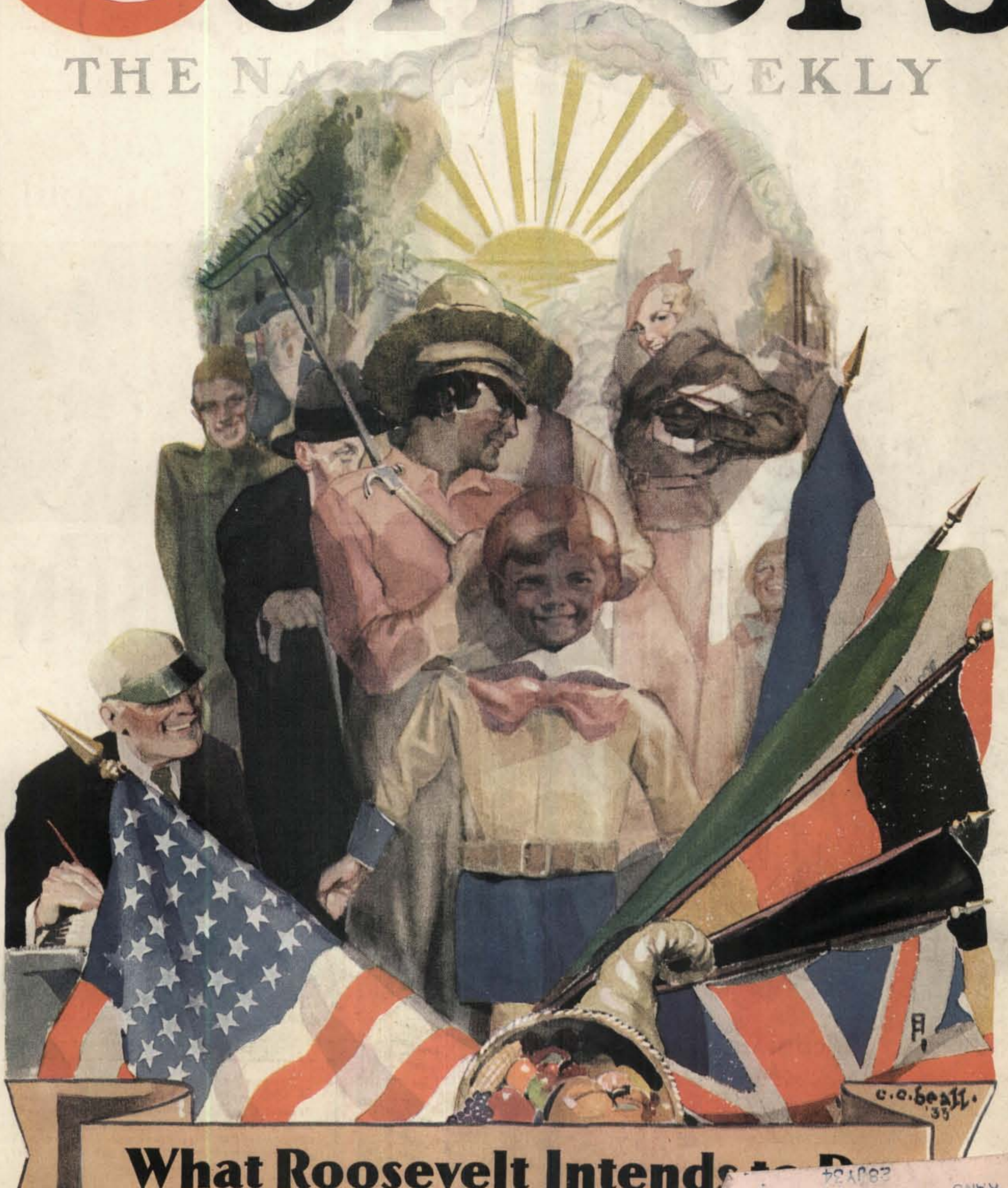

What Roosevelt Intends

an article by George Cree

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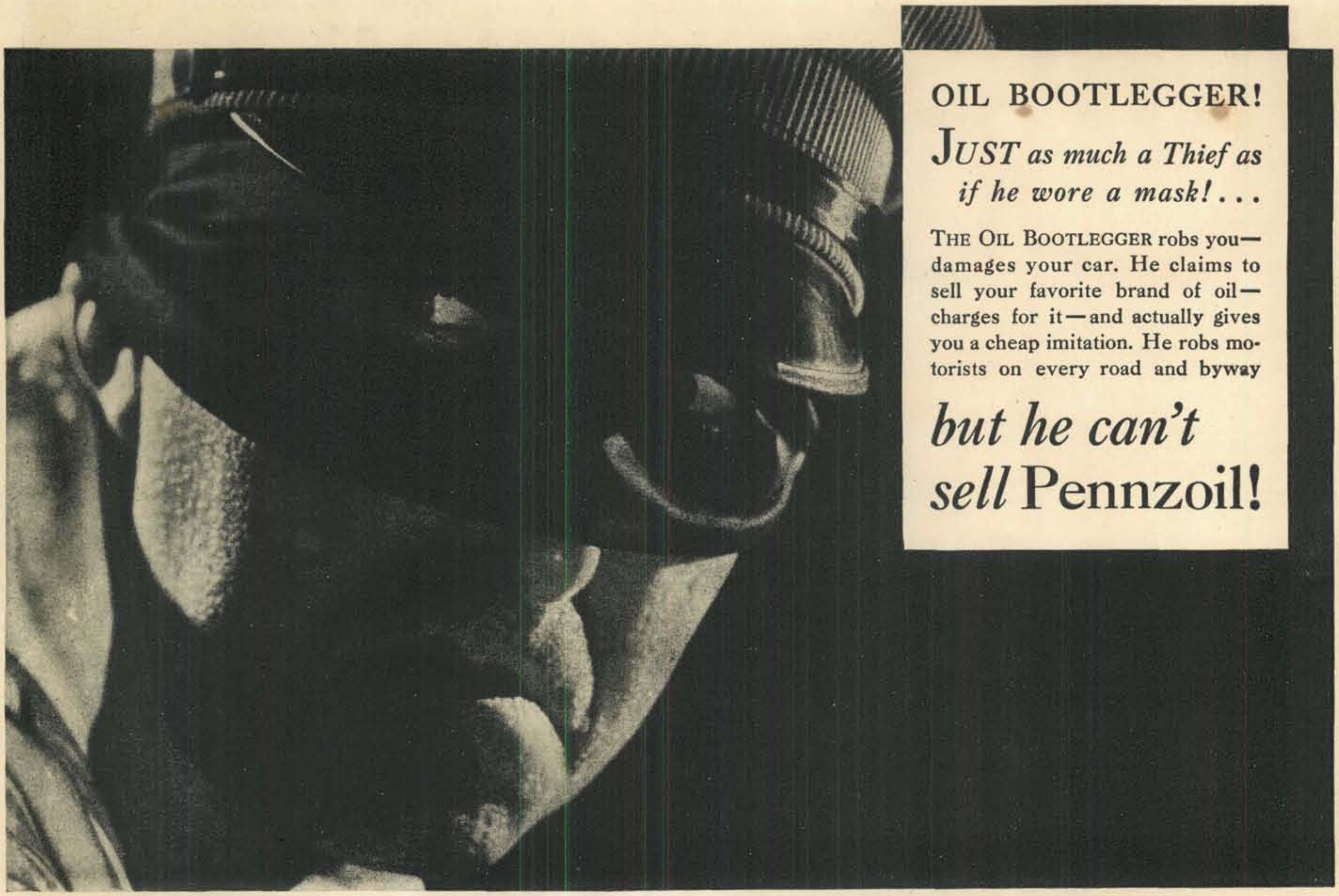

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THE OIL BOOTLEGGER robs you—damages your car. He claims to sell your favorite brand of oil—charges for it—and actually gives you a cheap imitation. He robs motorists on every road and byway

but he can't sell Pennzoil!

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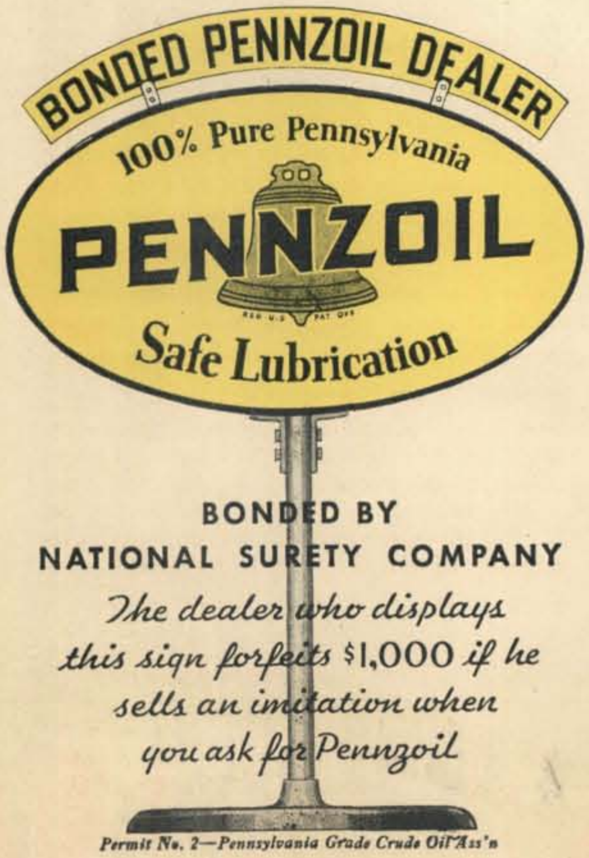

The dealer who displays this sign forfeits $1,000 if he sells an imitation when you ask for Pennzoil

Permit No. 2—Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n

You save money in three ways with Pennzoil—the *Tough-Film* oil

TO GUARD you from shoddy imitations and repair bills, *Tough-Film* Pennzoil is sold by selected dealers, bonded like bankers. A Pennzoil dealer forfeits $1,000 if he tricks you with a substitute when you ask for Pennzoil. Remember that when you buy motor oil.

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THE PENNZOIL COMPANY
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SPECIAL MONEY-BACK TRIAL OFFER

At our risk, test this Tough-Film oil in your own car today. Go to a Bonded Pennzoil Dealer and have him fit the correct grade of Pennzoil to your motor. See how much longer it lasts—how much more quiet and powerful it makes your engine. Your money will be refunded without question if one trial doesn't convince you that Pennzoil's the best oil you ever used. Accept this offer and start the test today.

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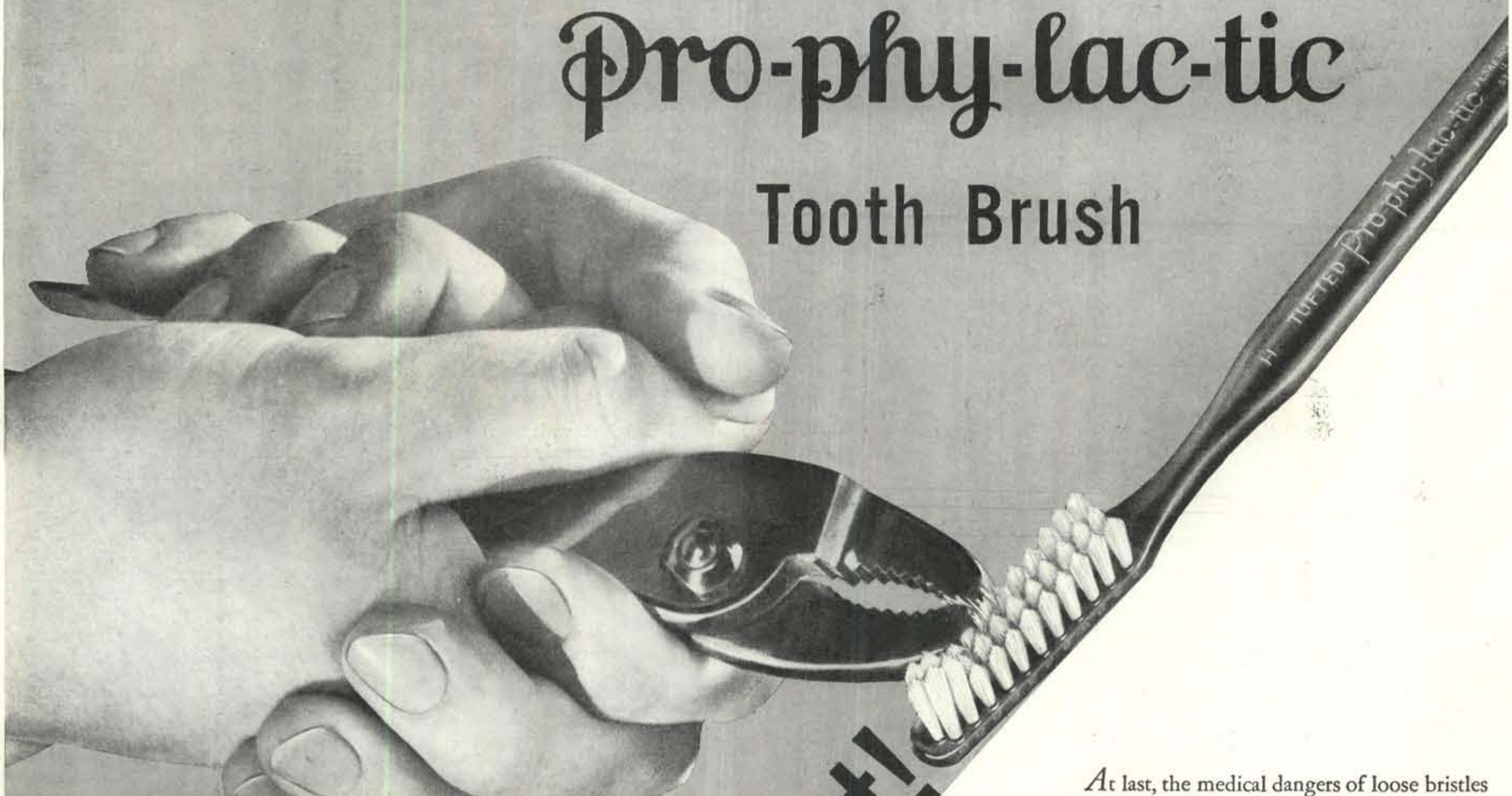
NEW...Improved 1933

Pro-phy-lac-tic

Tooth Brush


TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic

Pro-phy-lac-tic has made and sold many times the combined total of all other trade-marked tooth brushes.

NOW-Bristles Can't Come Out!

At last, the medical dangers of loose bristles have been banished! All conscientious brush makers have for years worked on this problem:—*How to end the risk of detached bristles lodging in gums, throat, or lower internal organs?*

Now, Pro-phy-lac-tic solves it with a new invention of outstanding importance—**PERMA-GRIP.** It anchors bristles into handles by a greatly improved and totally different method. No other way accomplishes its results. Hence it is patented under United States Patents (U. S. Pat. No. 1472165).

Three benefits

The advantages are threefold. *First,* you are definitely protected against the medical dangers of loose bristles. *Second,* the cleaning efficiency of the brush is sharply increased. *Third,* each brush gives longer useful service.

These are added benefits to the millions who already know how the scientific shape of the brush enables it to clean every part of every tooth with maximum speed.

They have actually felt it reach places in the mouth never touched by ordinary brushes. They have observed how easily the famous Tuft whisks around the molars (back teeth) which are hardest to reach and first to decay.

Whiter Teeth—Healthier Gums

Buy and try the new Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. But be sure you get the improved 1933 model, in the box below. Thus you obtain the design and size professionally approved for removing food remnants, polishing teeth to sparkling whiteness, and mechanically stimulating the gums.

It is genuine American manufacture throughout. Produced under laboratory-controlled sanitary conditions. Think of *that,* before you buy anonymous bargain tooth brushes.

There are three distinct sizes of the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. *Adult,* for father and mother; 50¢. *Youth's,* for school children, though used by many grown-ups with small mouths; 35¢. *Child's,* for tiny teeth; 25¢. All are sterilized, sealed in Cellophane, and must satisfy completely or *your money back.* PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH
This famous TUFT actually reaches places in your mouth never touched by ordinary tooth brushes
Pro-phy-lac-tic
Bristles can't come out! Fastened forever by PERMA-GRIP a new Pro-phy-lac-tic invention.
U. S. PATENT 1472165

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THE Broadmoor Abbey (London to Cape Town in nineteen days) carried the royal mail. She also carried Helen Main, who was in many respects more interesting than the royal mail. Especially to Second Officer Thomas Owen.

The line had very rigid and important rules, prescribing the conduct of passengers and crew; they were strictly adhered to by every right-thinking person. It was therefore something of a shock to Captain Marmon, appearing unexpectedly on the bridge at two A. M., to discover there Mr. Owen and Miss Main in close conference witnessed only by the helmsman, who had allowed the ship to wander some six points off her course.

You can see that extreme adroitness was required to save the situation. Albert Richard Wetjen shows you how it was done in "With the Cape Mail."

TWENTY-TWO times in the last seventy-five years Capitalism has found itself in pretty serious trouble and has had to be helped out. It is in need of help again. So much so that some people believe it would be easier to throw it in the junk heap and try something else.

But the alternatives have a bleak and comfortless sound to American ears. This is our system and we mean to stick to it. But we're open-minded about improvements.

A group of industrial leaders, who are more interested in making Capitalism fit the times than in overthrowing the system because it has proved something less than perfect, have been formulating a program called "The New Capitalism." John T. Flynn, in a brilliant and important article, describes it.

"IF YOU know any girl that's good at vamping," George said, "call her up and ask her how she does it." George needed to know because he was writing a book and had to have a little realism for the end. But he made a mistake in putting it to Mary in just that way. Mary was in love with him—a fact that he could be depended upon not to notice. What could she do? Not descend to woman's wiles. As she herself put it, "No Girl Would." Dwight Mitchell Wiley blithely reports the solution.

DETECTIVE O'MALLEY is assigned to a case without clues; luckily, as William MacHarg points out, there were also "No Fingerprints." David Gregg writes the Short Short Story, "Brunette Preferred." And John B. Kennedy, Paul Jones, Don Marquis, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Alan LeMay, Freling Foster and others bring you factual gems and fictional jewels. Yours but to step to the newsstand.

This Week

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March 11, 1933

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Goodby and Good Luck. Page 62

●

Any Week

AFTER wading through a towering stack of mail we come to Mr. Charles Ottenweller's letter. There's a man who rejoices us. We are simple souls and have as much trouble as the next man understanding what we read. Almost all the letters we receive from readers on economic matters are tremendous things, covering many pages and giving us a pretty bad time of it. Usually we finish exhausted, wondering whether what we wrote was as crushing as the letters it inspired. But not so Mr. Ottenweller, who writes from somewhere in Ohio (can't quite make it out): "Your editorial on inflation of the currency was a flop." Not another word. As if one were necessary.

"BUT just wait," cries Mr. Timothy H. Kennedy of Louisville, Kentucky, "until these legislators get wise to the fact that we're still breathing. They'll put a tax on every lungful and make you buy your own meter."

PAY AIR TAX HERE

MRS. G. DUNN of Yreka, California, bids us go take a running jump. She has detected us saying somewhere that twenty-five cents was a mere trifle to pay for a meal. "Out here on Humbug Creek," says she, "we eat porcupine, which tastes like chicken if you don't know how chicken tastes. We have sourdough biscuits made from flour ground from wheat we get for nothing, water cress from the creek and dandelions in season. And if we want more than this we dig gold. Two bits will buy a month's supply of onions, salt and soda. Pull up a chair and set down."

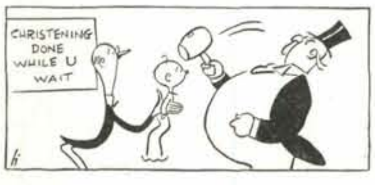
AND Mr. F. M. Arnold of Clarion, Pennsylvania, reads with some concern that our taxes paid for nineteen dollars and eighty cents' worth of headache tablets for congressmen. He seems to think that Congress might at least have given them to the taxpayers. And he intimates that he doesn't believe Congress could work up a headache anyway.

MRS. OTIS LESSERT of Salt Lake City is up to her chin in quandary. Her clergyman tells her the world needs more religion. Her husband says we need more currency. Her banker insists that we need more credit. And her congressman writes that we need more taxation. Maybe you can help her out.

APROPOS all this excitement about parole violations and chain-gang atrocities, Mrs. P. R. Sheaffer of Cabot, Arkansas, wonders whether there's a moral in this: "Lige and Henry," writes she, "two of our colored boys, were paroled from sentences of eight years. Lige had been a trusty and was back in the stockade again before the ink was dry on the official papers. When Henry was asked about going back, he said: 'I wasn't no trusty. They worked hell out o' me and I never aims to go back, 'scusin' they charges me with carryin' a oversize Testament or lessen they ketches me speedin' on my way to Sunday school.' "

WHEN you find yourself taking particular interest in the obituary columns of your newspaper you will know that you are no longer a member of the younger generation. Mr. Norman Lielenthal of Portland, Oregon, admits this, adding that he is taking interest "even in the death notices of authors I never heard of, politicians who were never anything else and others who seem to be celebrated for nothing more than having gotten away with it for eighty years. But some day we are going to read about the passing of a statesman whose only distinction was that he was a member of the last—thank God!—Lame Duck Congress."

MR. H. V. BOWERS of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, selects these columns to announce the Bowers Foundation. "It will," he writes, "be a sizable endowment, the purpose of which is to buy up all manuscripts of women writers and destroy them before they reach the domestic market." He asks for our coöperation. And there, obviously, is another person who thinks we're not any too bright.


CHRISTENING DONE WHILE U WAIT

"CHRISTENING a child in Pasadena," writes Mr. Frank J. Blumenstine of Los Angeles, "isn't performed by a preacher, as you might suppose. A committee of bankers and retired capitalists officiates. At the proper moment, the leading banker crowns the infant on the cranium gently but firmly with a mallet or baseball bat, the idea being to arrest mental progress and prevent the child from thinking for itself in after life and deserting the Republican party. Also this is why Pasadena is known as The Crown City."

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5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $3.50 a year to Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
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"Like most terrible things, pyorrhea seemed very far away, (*from me personally*)"

MANY PEOPLE "know all about" pyorrhea. It is a disease *some other* men and women have! It seems very far away from their own lives. Their own teeth are brushed and cleaned so carefully!

But these careful tooth-brushers are often the very people whose gums become undermined by pyorrhea. It is *not* a question of cleanliness. When a tooth is lost through pyorrhea it is likely to be a sound, healthy tooth so far as the eye can see.

That is why pyorrhea, when it *does* come, seems to come from nowhere, without warning, like a lightning bolt. Only a dentist can diagnose pyorrhea during that preliminary stage when it is working beneath the surface. Give your dentist a chance at prevention, real prevention. As a professional man he would much prefer it to repair work. Another thing: your dentist is thoroughly experienced in pyorrhea, because *more than half* of the losses of adult teeth are due to the ravages of this lurking disease of the gums.

Probably your own dental surgeon uses at his chair the special pyorrhea treatment of Dr. R. J. Forhan, who devoted 26 years to pyorrhea research and practice. Dr. Forhan's *home* treatment formula is embodied in *Forhan's Toothpaste* and it cannot be obtained by the public in any other way.

Preserve your own natural teeth. Don't wait for bleeding gums or other warnings—they may come too late. See your dentist twice a year and put the *whole family* on a twice-a-day schedule of Forhan's Toothpaste. A supremely fine toothpaste, with a big *protection-plus.* Read the directions for both teeth and gums on the big brown tube. For sale at all drug stores. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N.Y. (In Canada: Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.)

Serious thought about teeth and gums leads to the use of

Forhan's

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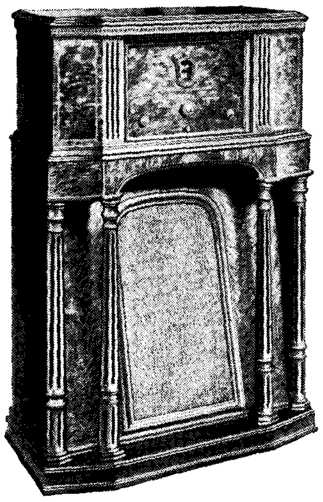
Change Stations Adjust Volume Control Tone WITHOUT MOVING FROM YOUR CHAIR!



The glorious tone of the PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board X Models is available also in these conventional cabinets.

15DX		$250
23X	Radio Phonograph	$195
15X	(Illustrated)	$150
91X		$100
43X	All Wave	$100
47X	Direct Current	$100
71X		$ 80

Prices Slightly Higher Denver and West

PHILCO-TRANSITONE AUTOMOBILE RADIO

A new and marvelous PHILCO engineering achievement. Just as true and clear as the PHILCO Radio in your home.

All-Electric (No Extra Batteries) $59.50 and $89.50—Complete and Installed.

Here's something really new in radio—PHILCO Lazy-X! A radio that you can listen to in absolute ease and comfort. A radio that doubles the number of stations and variety of programs you enjoy—by making it so easy to change from one to another.

PHILCO Electrical Remote Control is simple—convenient. From the beautiful Control Cabinet right beside your chair, you select the program you want and bring it in just as you want to hear it. You change stations—adjust volume—control tone by a mere flick of your finger.

All the glorious beauty of PHILCO tone—the tone quality only the patented inclined sounding board makes possible—comes to you at its best from the beautiful Sound Cabinet across the room.

Lazy-X is complete. No extras to buy. It is PHILCO'S supreme achievement in producing Balanced Unit Radio.

PHILCO offers the great, new Lazy-X in two models—both with electrical remote control—the superb 14 Lazy-X at $150—and a smaller 19 Lazy-X at $100 for those who do not require quite so much power and distance. The height of radio luxury at less than half the previous cost of *mechanical* remote control.

Lazy control with built-in speaker in the 19 Lazy-boy at $65.

See Lazy-X at the nearest PHILCO radio dealer's store or, better still, try Lazy-X for 2 or 3 days in your own home. Hear it. Buy it. Relax and enjoy the last word in radio performance and convenience.

PHILCO · PHILADELPHIA · TORONTO · LONDON

The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board (Patented)

The Inclined Sounding Board preserves for you the sparkle and brilliance of the original performance. Brilliance lies in the high notes. High notes tend to travel *in a straight line like a beam of light. Inclining the sounding board throws them up to your ears.* Otherwise some of them would travel along the floor, never spread up to your ears, and you would receive something less brilliant than the original.

The large size of the Sounding Board brings you the low notes. Low notes spread out easily and it is not necessary to incline the sounding board to bring them up to your ears. But without inclining the sounding board, you would get a preponderance of lows and the reception would tend to sound "boomy".

* * *

BOAKE CARTER—the newest sensation of the airwaves—PHILCO'S news commentator and editorialist daily from Monday to Friday 7:45 P. M. (E. S. T.) over the following Columbia Stations, WABC, WNAC, WCAO, WGR, WBBM, KMBC, WCCO, WCAU, WJAS, KMOX, WJSV, WHK, CKOK, WHAS, WBT.

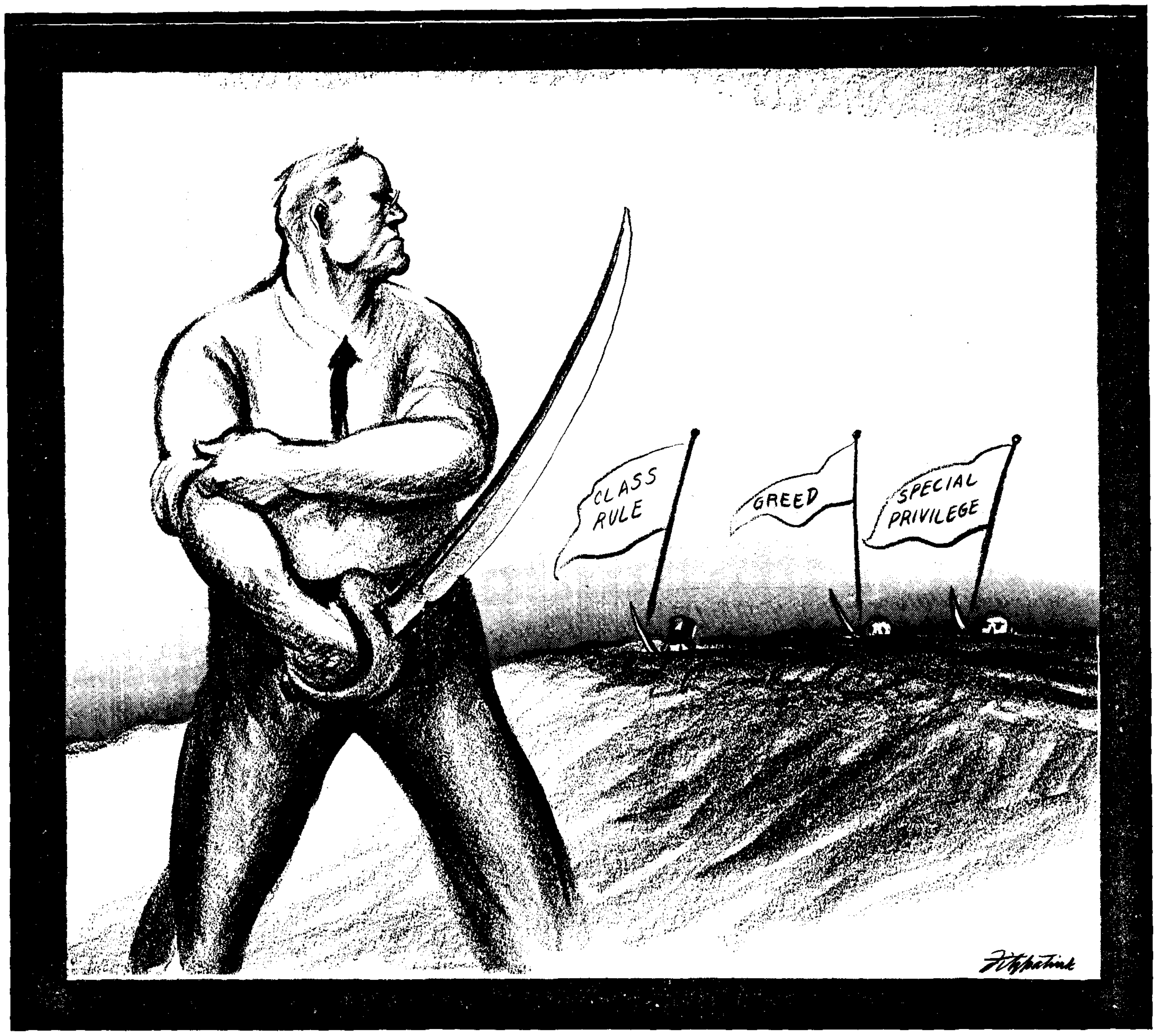
STOKOWSKI and The Philadelphia Orchestra—season's final broadcasts by PHILCO—March 18 and April 1, 8:15 to 10 P. M. (E. S. T.) through *all* available Columbia stations.

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

Collier's The National Weekly for March 11, 1933



Cartoons by D. R. Fitzpatrick

Where Woodrow Wilson left off the fight, his disciple carries on

What Roosevelt Intends to Do

By George Creel

HIDEBOUND conservatives, fearful of change, may expect an unhappy time of it these next four years, for Franklin D. Roosevelt is going to take office with his face turned to the left. Boldly and steadfastly to the left. It is his fixed belief that America has come to the end of an era—the era of unplanned, uncontrolled and wasteful production—and that what we are now enduring is in no sense a "slump," but the breakdown of a system.

He holds that the sole purpose of an economic order is to provide those who live under it with the necessities of life and freedom from the fears of existence. Failing, it must give way to a new and better order. With millions going hungry while warehouses burst with foodstuffs, and with bankruptcies and foreclosures multiplying even though bank vaults bulge with money, he feels that the utter failure of the present system stands amply proved.

Beaten paths, in his opinion, lead only to morasses. Trail-blazing is commanded by common sense, and the task is one that makes particular appeal to his ardent temperament, for no man was ever less bound by precedent and tradition. With him the test of an institution is not its age but its use. Merely to say that a thing cannot be done, or must not be done because it never has been done, constitutes an instant challenge to his courage and imagination.

An illustrative incident was his advocacy of the North Sea mine barrage. From the very day that America entered the war, the young Assistant Secretary of the Navy held that the one way to beat the submarines was to "shut up the hornets in their nests." Laying a two-hundred-and-forty-mile stretch of high explosives from Scotland to Norway, however, was an undertaking that appalled conservative minds, and the British Admiralty, backed by Admiral Sims, dismissed the plan as "impracticable." To which Frank Roosevelt answered, "It can be done because it's *got* to be done."

They "pish-tushed" him as a harebrained dreamer, and pigeonholed him for weary months, but under his gay urbanity was a tenacity that seemed to thrive on rebuffs and discouragement. Never once did his insistence abate, and in the end he had the satisfaction of seeing the barrage laid down, and hearing it hailed as "one of the wonders of the war."

Just as traditions and precedents are without power to blanket his vision, so

SEND FOR THE COVER

A reproduction of the picture on the cover of this issue—printed in full color and with a facsimile signature of Franklin D. Roosevelt in the panel at the bottom—will be mailed upon receipt of six cents in stamps. Address: Art Department, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

do outworn shibboleths leave him cold. He thinks it the last word in fustian to prate about "equal opportunity" in the face of economic oligarchy, and it stirs his indignation to hear the outcry about "rugged individualism" when some six hundred great corporations control two thirds of American industry.

Collective effort—collectivism—is the order of the day, whether we like it or not. Both Fascism and Communism, however, are repulsive to Franklin Roosevelt's democratic mind, and the road he means to travel lies between. It is the road that Woodrow Wilson pointed out in 1912, and that he followed so surely until the World War interrupted his far-reaching program of economic reform.

The faith of Wilson comes close to being Franklin Roosevelt's religion. The name of the dead man is ever on his lips, both in public speech and private conversation, and I have an idea that he knows by heart all of those tremendous speeches that defined the New Freedom. Where Woodrow Wilson left off in his fight against class rule, special privilege, intrenched greed, inequalities and injustices, his disciple will take up and carry on.

The new President does not delude himself as to the difficulties that lie before him, and yet he is serenely confident as to the ultimate outcome. A large part of this confidence comes from keen recognition of the fact that he was not elected by a party, but by an overwhelming popular revolt against standpat theories of government. As well as anyone, he knows that November 8th was not a Democratic victory but a triumph for progressivism, and there is no doubt in his mind that the great majority not only favor the new, but *demand* it.

A Democrat in every fiber of his being, it is still the case that his faith derives from Jefferson, Jackson and Wilson—all men who held to the spirit rather than the form. He resented Raskobism, and choked over the 1928 platform as a carbon copy of Republican doctrines. Nothing is more certain than that he will employ unceasing effort to strengthen and make permanent the campaign alliance between Progressive Democrats and Progressive Republicans, forcing the reactionaries of both parties into an opposite camp and thus permitting political division to be made along economic lines rather than sectional.

What Industry Must Do

The unemployment problem, most pressing of the many that face him, will undoubtedly acquaint the country with the boldness of his thought. He knows, as does every other thinking man, that unemployment is no longer periodic but chronic. The machine, of course, is largely responsible, but back of the machine is the insane, dog-eat-dog competition that has resulted in a very criminality of overproduction.

It is obvious that industry must be permitted to constitute itself into self-controlling, self-governing organizations. In no other way can production be brought into line with consumption, unemployment needs estimated with some degree of accuracy, waste of natural resources stopped, and some self-sustaining system of unemployment insurance brought into being.

All of which necessarily calls for drastic revision of the present anti-trust laws. A shrill outcry will doubtless go up from many quarters, but Franklin Roosevelt is not one to forgo plain benefits out of fear of fancied evils. Any and all amendments to the Sherman Act will naturally be accompanied by provisions for close governmental supervision and control amply sufficient to guard against abuses and monopolistic practices.

Another drive is going to be for child labor legislation, taking little ones out of competition with adults in the labor field. It is as economically sound as it is humane. As governor, he forced through an old-age pension bill, and he will carry this faith into the presidency. The shorter workday is also likely to be urged, for he enforced it in all of the New York State public works. Why not? Surely it is better to have everybody on a job for six hours a day, or even five, than having millions supported in unhappy idleness by public funds or private charity. It is one of those things, however, that may have to wait on the reorganization of industry.

Public Works or Public Relief?

Until these reforms get under way, the problem of unemployment is bound to remain acute, and it is fairly certain that a public works program will be a feature of the Roosevelt administration. He is strongly opposed to the dole, but has stated repeatedly that it is a "social duty" to care for those who cannot find employment.

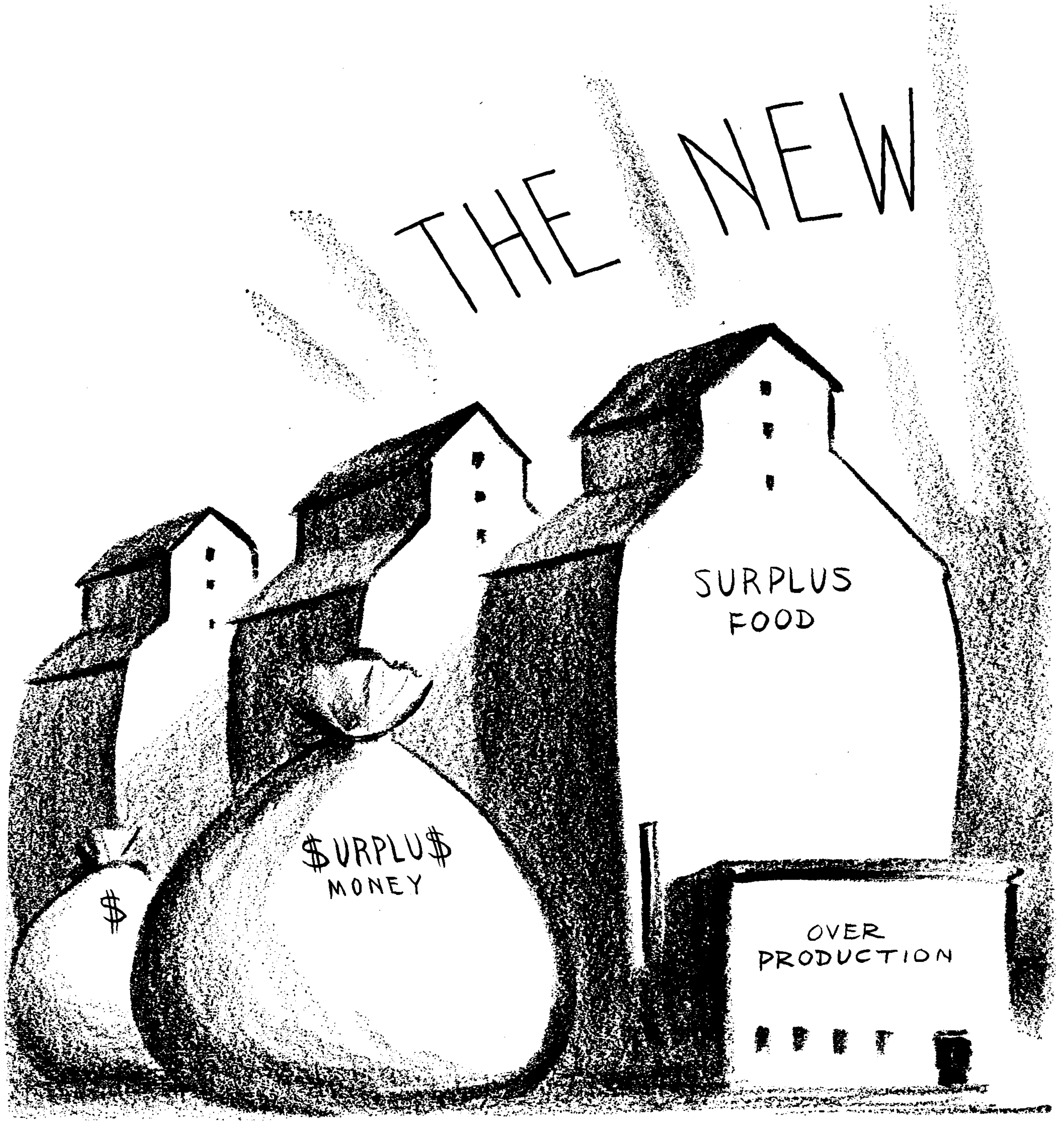
A thousand necessary things are at hand to do. Flood control, afforestation, needed buildings and highways. The government's credit was never better and interest rates never lower.

What other method is there for relieving unemployment and at the same time checking the remorseless process of deflation by pouring a stream of money into the dry bed of purchasing power? It is either public works or public relief, and public works, at least, give us something to show for our money.

An increase in the country's purchasing power is going to be a Roosevelt objective, for he knows, as do the economists about him, that it is the one safe means of inflation, the one answer to the problem of emptying crammed warehouses and starting the wheels of distribution. Along with his public works program he will launch a drive for the purpose of restoring the buying capacity of the farmer by guaranteeing him a price for his products above the cost of production.

The method he has in mind (and which he frankly hoped to see enacted into law before March 4th) is the domestic allotment plan. What he likes most about the idea is that it has two barrels, for not only does it assure profitable prices to the agriculturist, but it also substitutes *planned production* for unrestrained, wasteful production.

On paper the plan may appear com-



The need for "The New Deal" is held to be obvious plicated, but it is really simple enough when reduced to practice and efficiently mechanized. An excise tax, equal to the tariff on the product, will be collected at the point of first processing—the mill, the meat packer, textile factories, etc.—and then paid back to such producers as have reduced production in accordance with a government agreement. Probably 20 per cent. The plan will apply to wheat, cotton, tobacco, corn, hogs, dairy products and other agricultural commodities in which there are surpluses, and is limited to farm products domestically consumed.

Hope for the Farmer

It is estimated that the allotment plan will raise farm incomes by more than a billion dollars annually. The amount, of course, will have to be passed on, but the increased cost to the consumer will be more than offset by the restoration of agriculture's purchasing power, and its instant beneficial effects on business as a whole.

There is the hopeful calculation that the quick lift in the price of agricultural commodities will give the necessary and demanded relief to farmers in the matter of their mortgages. The business of refinancing farm loans is a ticklish business, attended by many dangers if attempted by government, and it is trusted that the allotment plan, by raising prices and increasing incomes, will check the flood of foreclosures. As an additional aid, however, Mr. Roosevelt believes that there should be a speedy liberalization of Federal Loan Bank policies, and will also lend his full power to gaining a more modern mortgage practice, notably with respect to lower interest rates and longer terms.

A soil survey of New York, one of Governor Roosevelt's pet ideas, disclosed that 4,000,000 acres out of 18,000,000 were absolutely unfit for agricultural purposes. The state has already purchased one million acres of the barren land, taking it out of cultivation and planting it or letting it re-seed in trees. An expense at first, to be sure, but there are immediate savings in road upkeep, one-room schools, the installation of telegraph and telephone lines, etc., while in fifty years or so, the timber crop will be ready for harvesting.

It is more than probable that a soil survey of the nation may figure in the Roosevelt public works program, for what would be more effective as an aid to agriculture than the elimination of submarginal land?

In the matter of water power, the Roosevelt position is many miles removed from that of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Coolidge. He stands unreservedly for the development under government ownership and control of the nation's four great power resources—Muscle Shoals, the St. Lawrence, Boulder Dam and the Columbia River. Whatever his attitude in the beginning, it is now granite as a result of the bitter fight waged against his St. Lawrence plan by the reactionary Republican majority in the New York legislature, backed by the power interests.

These projects may be expected to go far beyond mere power development. With respect to Muscle Shoals, for instance, Roosevelt has a plan that will take in the whole Tennessee watershed, benefiting seven or eight states. Reforestation of the high lands and flood control for the reclamation of rich bottom lands are principal features of an undertaking that will give immediate employment to thousands. If successful, the experiment will be widely extended.

A Check on Power Costs

He believes that there is not only the necessity for asserting the people's rights to the ownership and control of their natural resources, but he holds that government operation at key points is invaluable as a measuring rod for the cost of service charged by private companies. A principal reason for his enthusiasm with respect to the St. Lawrence development was the discovery that the householders of Ontario, just across the river, were paying a third less for their electric current than the citizens of New York State.

None of this, however, implies any far-flung drive for the people's ownership of public utilities. Having established the costs of development and distribution, it is likely the President will feel that a way has been pointed for the states and communities to deal with the problem of extortionate charges. What may be affected is the holding company, that clever modern financial invention which serves as a cover for brigandage.

Certainly "frenzied finance" is an American evil that Franklin Roosevelt will try to cure by every means in his power. Both the man and his platform are on record with flat statements that the protection of investors is a proper function of government, and it is inevitable that there will be legislation to compel complete publicity in connection with all issues of stocks and bonds, mergers and consolidations. Again, why not? Legitimate business has no fear of the spotlight.

In a San Francisco speech during the campaign, he spoke of the reckless promoter as "an Ishmael," and in private conversation he glows with indignation at the manner in which people have been gulled and swindled by promoters in the hallowed name of "investments." Of course even the most drastic Federal law will not do away completely with the Kreugers and the Insulls, but at least the investor will have only himself to blame if he "bites."

In this connection, banking may not be expected to go unregarded. Since 1920, there have been over 10,000 bank failures in the United States, involving deposits to an amount of five billions, a condition that calls for instant and drastic correction. What President Roosevelt will doubtless favor is the abolition of the dual system by which the Federal government and the several states are in destructive competition. Trust companies and savings institutions may possibly remain under state laws, but all others should and must be under Federal control and members of the Federal Reserve System. Branch banking may be urged, but only on a state-wide scale. The line between commercial banking and investment banking must be clearly drawn and the two divorced. These measures, insuring the safety of deposits, are confidently expected to meet the clamor for some form of guarantee for depositors.

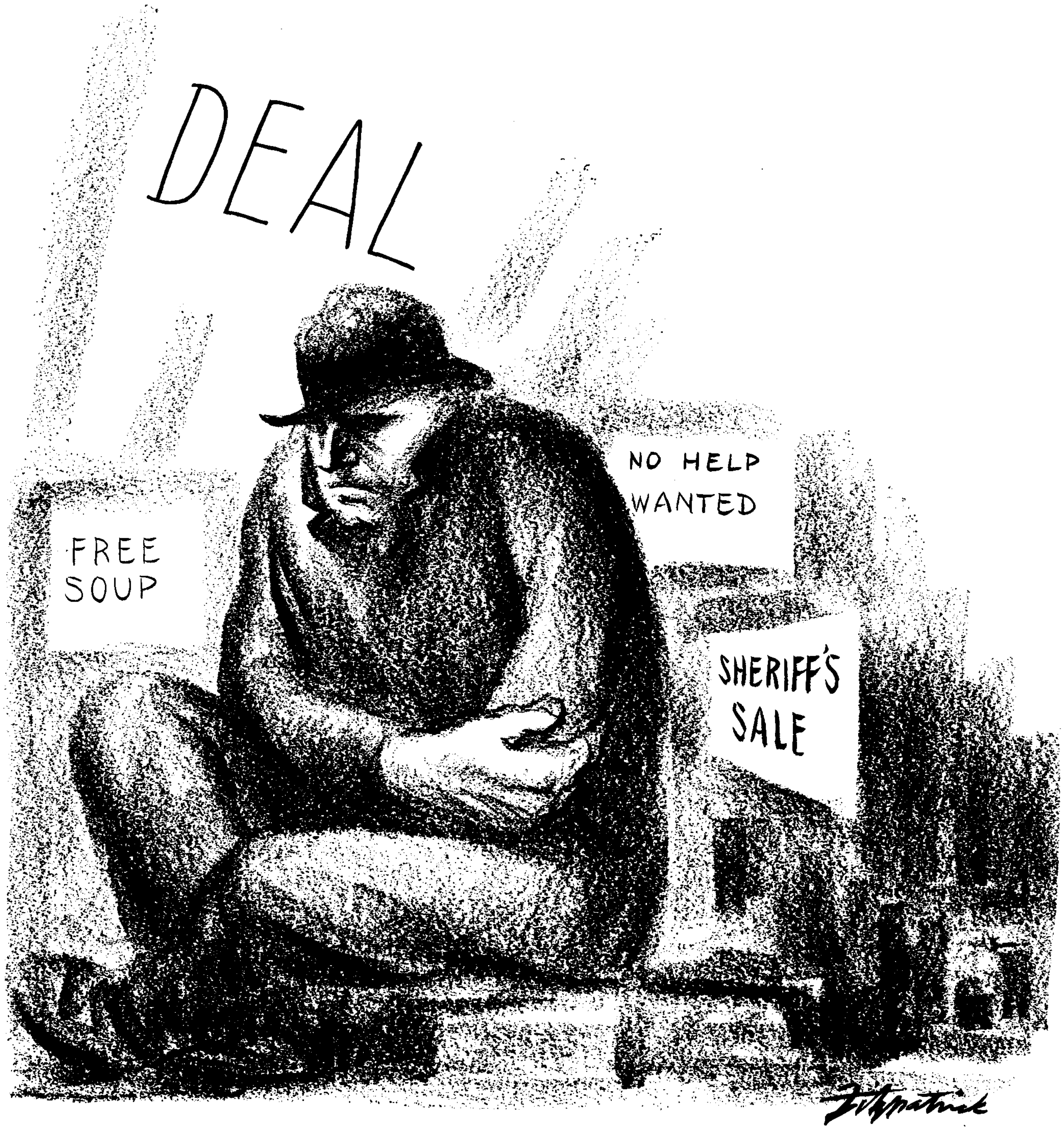
Waking Up the Railroads

The railroads can count on being an object of Franklin Roosevelt's immediate and deep concern, but this concern will not be as tenderly uncritical as that of Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover. He is well aware that railroad securities are held in large amounts by banks and insurance companies, and that they represent the savings of thousands of individuals. He knows also that the country now depends, and will depend for a long time to come, on the railroads for long-haul transportation.

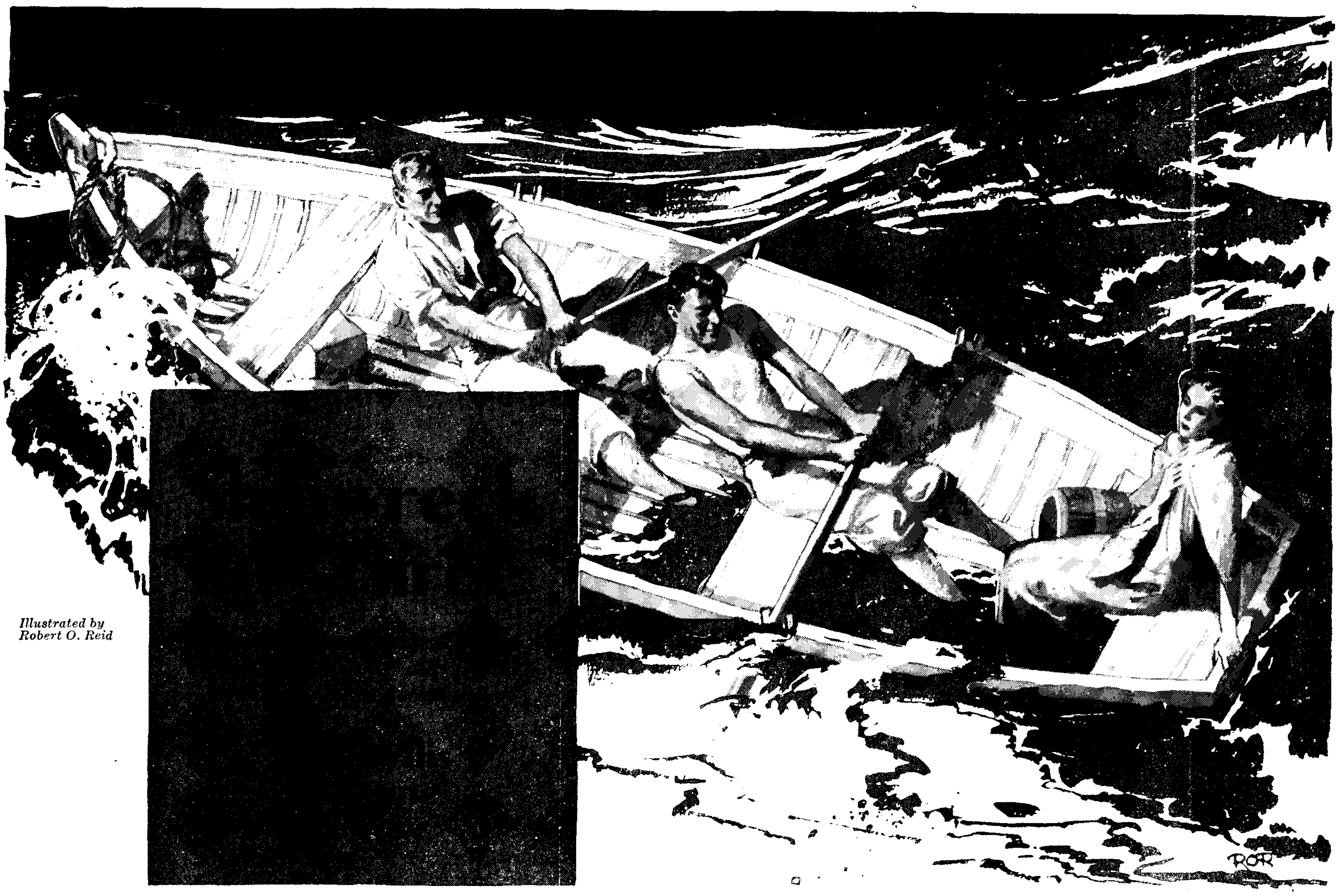
These conditions call for high consideration, but by no means is this a pledge that there will be a continuance of the reckless drip from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation honey barrel. Every railroad is going to be called on to face realities. First of all, the fact must be admitted that there is a large degree of obsolescence in every railroad property, for the competition of the truck, bus and privately owned automobile has come to stay.

At present, about one half of the total mile-tonnage is carried on 26,000 miles of line, one-tenth the total mileage. What more obvious than the necessity for eliminating mileage operated at a

(Continued on page 34)



in a land stricken by poverty in the midst of plenty



Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

She looked at the water. "I suppose we're going to die, aren't we?" she murmured

LIFE, reflected Caroline Anderson with satisfaction, was pretty darn' exciting. She rested her bare elbows on the ship's rail and contemplated the sheen of a full moon upon the Arabian Sea. In two days she would be in Madras, and she had wangled things so that she was to have almost a month in India before she started for home—like as not, she told herself cheerfully, via China and Japan.

It had been sheer luck that the Carters happened to be in India at just this time, but then, she was a lucky girl. The present plan, corroborated by cables from her parents some days after it had been accepted by Caroline herself, was for her to make the rest of the homeward journey under the Carters' chaperonage. Time would tell about that, time and Caroline. . . .

She smiled guilelessly at the nice young man from Boston. At almost any moment he would begin to tell her how wonderful she was, and that, too, was as it should be.

"Couldn't you ask the captain to arrange a waterspout for us?" she asked him. "Bill, my brother, says they have lots of them out here."

"I wish I could," the young man replied fervently.

Both of Mr. Charles Prescott's eyes were focussed upon her now, and being, like all pretty girls, a good showman, Caroline acquired a sudden burning interest in some fat clouds running below the moon, and gave him a chance to study her, as one might say, unaware. Moonlight fell becomingly over her neck and shoulders; it gave her face, which actually was quite brown, a milky look, and made her eyes, which were really blue and direct, appear dark and mysterious.

Mr. Prescott sighed deeply.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked softly, with a slight catch in her voice, as though his thoughts mattered enormously.

At that moment, the ship blew up.

At least, that was how Caroline described it later. The force of the explosion flung her in one direction and Mr. Prescott in another; all the electric lights went out. Voices rose in many languages, most of them unintelligible to Caroline.

A HAND took hold of her shoulder, and suddenly she was lifted off her feet, as unceremoniously and lightly as though she had been a kitten, and deposited in a lifeboat.

"Miss Anderson! Where are you?" called the voice of the young man from Boston.

"Get in the boat quick, if you're coming!" said the man who had lifted Caroline, and he went on to bark commands in some obviously heathen tongue to the squat shadows of two Lascar sailors beside him. Caroline's eyes strained through the darkness; Mr. Prescott stumbled over her legs, and the unknown man leaped lightly into the lifeboat as it swung out from the side of the steamer and dropped downward. "Take that oar and row like hell!" he directed Mr. Prescott, as they touched the water.

"With just the three of us? Don't you think—"

"Listen, boy scout," said the man coldly, "I want to live!"

Mr. Prescott pulled; water was trickling about Caroline's feet, and she drew them up, shuddering. A cloud lay across the moon.

Black minutes went by. Caroline could hear the breathing of the two men above the plashing of the oars; she could distinguish the steady pumping of her own heart, and not another sound.

Caroline shivered. An edge of the moon appeared; the outlines of the two men, facing her, became more distinct. She was startled to discover that this authoritative stranger was so young, and even more startled that he was so good-looking. Where had he kept himself on the ship? Certainly she would have noticed a young man whose hair was so thick and dark, whose eyes were set so amusingly in his face, slanting and wide apart, with lashes long enough to have been a mistake had not his exceedingly masculine nose and rather bitter mouth destroyed any tendency toward prettiness. He grinned at her, and she turned and looked back over her shoulder. . . .

Her voice was shrill. "But—but the ship didn't—just go down, like that, did it?" she cried, staring at black water smeared with moonlight. Her eyes moved imploringly from the earnest face of Mr. Prescott to the inscrutable face of the stranger.

"I doubt if it went up," he answered her.

"Oh, *please!*" she protested. "It isn't funny!"

"IT CERTAINLY is not," Mr. Prescott agreed coldly. "If—although it's inconceivable—it is true that no one else has been saved, I do not see how we three can ever face the world!"

"No?" inquired the other man softly, and added, with a twist of his mouth that was not quite a smile, "I wouldn't worry about who's saved yet, if I were you." His eyes were straining over Caroline's head. "We might swing about again," he suggested.

Caroline wondered whether they were looking for help, or trying to offer it. Somewhere, on this dimly seen, flickering surface of silver and black water, there must be other boats. Their horizon was so close; the ship must still be there, somewhere. . . . She sat very still, listening, staring.

After a long time, she heard her own voice, unnatural, unfamiliar, demanding inanely, "Does anyone know what time it is?"

"Got an engagement?" inquired the strange man.

Mr. Prescott consulted his watch.

"It's quarter of one," he told her.

"Did you put the cat out, dear?" the other man murmured.

Mr. Prescott made no answer, and Caroline glared.

"Are you always so disagreeable, or are you only this way when you're shipwrecked?" she asked acidly.

"I have my ups and downs!" he answered mildly.

"Hm!" said Caroline. She continued to scowl at him. "What's your name, anyway?"

"Magellan," he said.

"Magellan!" she echoed angrily. "Huh! May I present Columbus, just behind you? I'm the queen of Spain!" She sniffed.

Mr. Prescott spoke. "Since we haven't the slightest idea where we're going," he said, "why do we row?"

The man who called himself Magellan shrugged. "I don't see any point in staying *here*," he retorted. "I'm sure the water is over our heads."

"But maybe we're going in the wrong direction." Caroline suggested in Mr. Prescott's defense.

Magellan's voice was very soft. "Which direction is that?" he asked.

"Oh!" cried Caroline, with fury, and relapsed into silence.

The last thing which she expected to do that night was to fall asleep, but she did. When she opened her eyes, dawn was unfolding. Mr. Prescott was asleep, sitting up, and the man called Magellan was smoking a cigarette with apparent enjoyment. She studied him, her lashes lowered. In nineteen years, she had become an expert in the judging of men; usually one swift glance sufficed to tell her all the essentials. Almost on sight, she had known that Charles Prescott was Exeter, Harvard, and a poor dancer. But this Magellan was different. Age, social status, even nationality were undecipherable. Dark hair, gray eyes, good teeth in a mocking mouth.

MR. PRESCOTT blinked and awoke; for an instant he looked like a little boy, bewildered and frightened, but valiant.

"Hello," said Caroline, smiling at him.

"Breakfast," remarked Magellan, "will be served in the car ahead." Caroline set her teeth; Mr. Prescott's lips became a thin line, and Magellan added, "You might look into that keg. The conventional menu is pilot biscuit and water."

Biscuit and water were there, and in a pink and gold universe of sky and sea, they breakfasted upon them. Caroline, closing her mind to a sharp memory of the odor of coffee and bacon and buttered toast, ran her fingers through her curly brown hair, smoothed her crumpled blue dress, and looked slowly about her.

"What chance do you think we have of meeting a boat?" asked Mr. Prescott.

Magellan shrugged his shoulders.

"How about a desert island?" asked Caroline.

"That's the game," Magellan agreed. "Shall we give five points or ten for each island?"

She smiled faintly. She wondered why it was that both she and Mr. Prescott appealed to this gray-eyed young man as though he were authority. "Do you think there are any islands?" she asked.

"Plenty," he said with conviction. "The Laccadives and the Maldives—"

"Do you really know what you're talking about?" Charles Prescott demanded.

Magellan smiled. Water sloshed in the bottom of the lifeboat; endless water about them swelled gently. "The sun," he said softly, "rises in the east. San Francisco is east'ard of us—so is India, and so are enough islands for us to have a fresh one apiece every day for a long time—if we're lucky enough to hit them."

Mr. Prescott was silent; without further speech they began to row. Caroline sat in the stern, facing them. Once, when they were resting, Magellan looked at her and suddenly stripped off his shirt, tossed it to her lap.

"You'd better put that on," he told her. "I'm used to it." She looked at him questioningly. "Sunburn," he said, briefly.

"THANK you," she said. Her neck and shoulders were bright pink; her head ached, and she wondered how long she could keep from asking for a drink of water.

Magellan squinted at the sun. "Let's have a nip all around," he said, as though he had read her thought, and with a horrible, polite restraint, they each, in turn, took a swallow of the flat, warm water in the flask.

Both men were barefooted, their trousers rolled to their reddened knees; unshaved and unwashed, their eyes red-rimmed. Magellan began to sing, and Caroline joined him; Mr. Prescott rowed silently, like a mechanical figure. From time to time, he turned and looked over his shoulder. . . .

At sunrise, after each of them had slept, they were in the same place, the measured center of a circle. Magellan was standing up in the boat, doing exercises; Charles Prescott stared at the horizon.

Caroline smiled wanly. "I'll have my eggs boiled three minutes, please."

"You're a pretty swell girl," said Magellan. Mr. Prescott turned and glared at him.

"Being shipwrecked," said Caroline, "isn't so romantic as it's cracked up to be."

"All we need is a little retrospect," Magellan told her. "Retrospect the size of a walnut. You'd be surprised."

She looked at the water. She had a permanent headache, and sunburn was torturing her with alternate waves of burning heat and shivering cold.

"I suppose we're going to die, aren't we?" she murmured.

Mr. Prescott leaned forward. "Don't say that!" he commanded. "Don't even think it!" He took her hands, looking earnestly into her swollen face. "Perhaps in an hour—"

"There may be land right around the next corner," said Magellan, and Caroline giggled and commenced to have minor hysterics.

"D-did you say c-corner?" she asked. "C-c-corner?" Her laughter sent knife-thrusts of pain across her head; her tears were like acid, running down her burning cheeks.

"Suppose you shut up and bail some," Magellan suggested.

But Caroline wasn't listening. Trembling, she was pointing.

"I guess," said Magellan, "we have lunch ashore."

BEFORE her eyes, a curved, white beach shone in the clear sunlight. The long leaves of the palm trees overhead made a soft clatter in the warm breeze.

"You must eat," the grotesque creature whose name, she knew, was Prescott, was saying to her.

"No," said Caroline obstinately. "I want to sleep." The other man laughed and popped something into her mouth. She chewed it slowly, and swallowed.

"Good!" said Mr. Prescott, in the tone of one addressing a baby or an idiot.

They continued to feed her; they made her drink, and at last they left her alone, and she slept, unstirring. Eighteen hours later, she awakened and sat up again, as fresh and rested as any healthy girl in her bed at home.

Rows of long straight breakers were rolling toward her, sapphire-blue tiers of them, ruffled with dazzling white foam, as far out as she could see. The air was fragrant, softer than any air she ever remembered, and she drew a long breath as she turned. Behind her, palm trees rose slender and high, bursting into swaying, top-heavy bunches of green overhead; the land sloped gradually upward.

"Gosh!" said Caroline.

HERE was the desert island of all romance; here was a spot to remember to her dying day. . . .

A man was walking up the beach, and she waved. It was Mr. Prescott.

"Did you ever imagine anything so divine?" she demanded, as he came up to her.

He stood, looking at her gravely. "How do you feel?"

"Simply swell," she answered. "Where's Magellan?"

Mr. Charles Prescott's face clouded. "Miss Anderson, I don't like that man. There's something queer about him. I wish—" He shook his head. "Well, there's nothing to do about it. Why don't you take a swim while I get you something to eat? Don't go out far—there may be sharks."

Caroline laughed. "Seen any cannibals yet?" Her eyes were as bright as the blue water, and as sparkling. "Do you honestly believe any of this is happening? I don't. And don't you think —under the circumstances—that you might call me Caroline?" She stood up, laughing still more as she surveyed her bedraggled dress. "You wouldn't know how to make a grass skirt, would you?"

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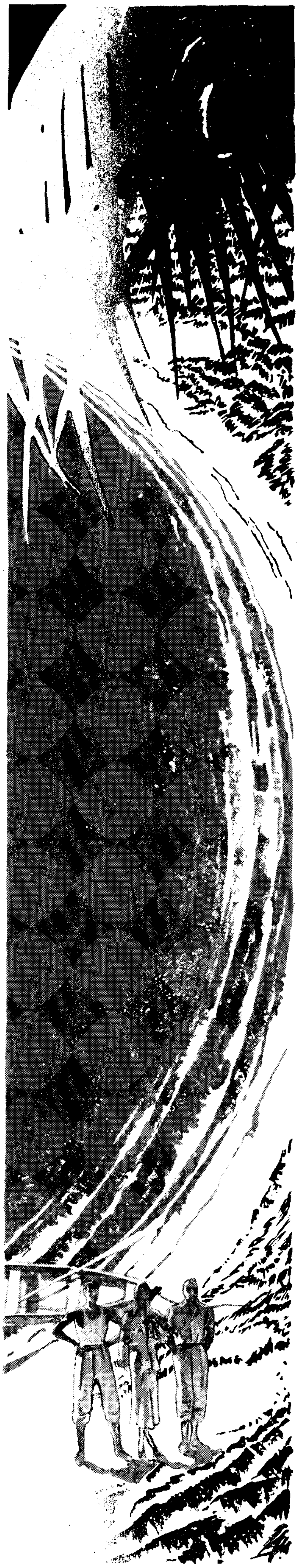
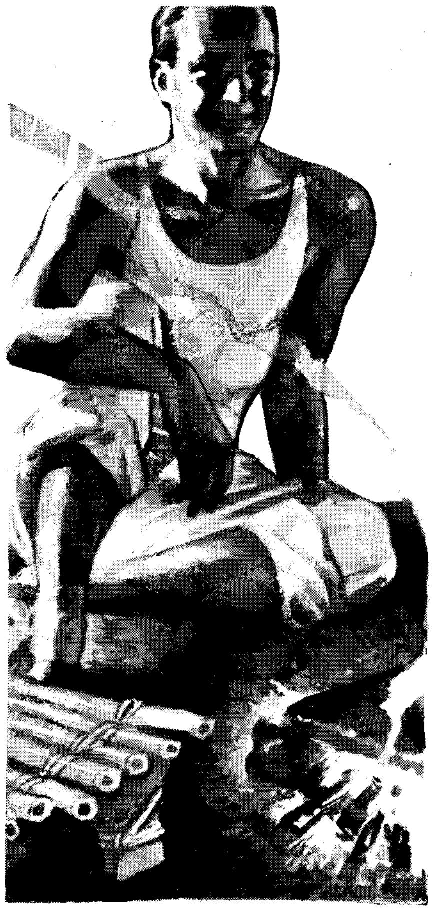
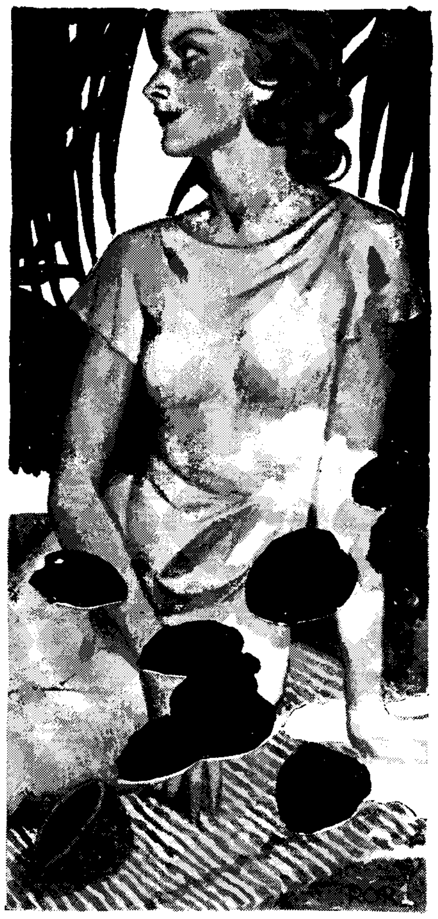




"Why don't you try to snap out of it?" Magellan inquired



"Snap out of it!" she repeated. "That's easy to say!"

Cold Trails

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

BILLY WHEELER, young cattleman, falls in love with Marian Dunn, charming niece of old "Horse" Dunn, owner of the 94 ranch. The girl gives him no encouragement. He leaves the ranch, vowing never to return. Two years later, Horse sends for him. He goes. . . . Marian meets him. Someone—no one knows who, she informs him mysteriously—has been murdered on the 94. From Horse he learns more of the tragedy. The preceding morning, the old man says, while counting cattle on Short Creek, he had come upon a double horse-trail, and blood—*but no body.* He has reason to suspect a plot of some sort, aimed at his complete ruination. Trusting Wheeler implicitly, he begs him to stay with him, stand by him. Wheeler promises.

A stalwart man, Horse Dunn—one not given to foolish fears. Battling for years to make the 94 a truly great ranch, he has made many enemies. A veritable wolf ring of them—notably Link Bender, Pinto Halliday, and Sam Caldwell, all of whom he has vanquished fairly in notable range struggles. Now, powerful still but no longer young, he finds himself on the verge of bankruptcy. One false step—a killing in which he could be involved, for example—would, *he is well aware, ruin him.* And his enemies, also, know it. . . . With Horse, Wheeler rides to the scene of the crime. Awaiting them are Walt Amos, sheriff of the Red Hills country; Link Bender; Link's son, "Kid;" and Cayuse Cayetano, a noted Indian trail-follower. Link has found the horse the murdered man had ridden. No one can identify it. . . . Dunn tells his story. The sheriff listens; then—"I'll have to ask you not to leave the country, Dunn."

Horse suggests that one of his neighbors be watched, also—and glances meaningly at the elder Bender. "What do you mean?" Bender shouts. Horse smiles. "My calf crop is short," he replies. "That's what I mean." Instantly Bender goes for his gun. Horse, a marvel on the draw, shoots him *through the arm.* . . . The sheriff makes no arrest. But as he rides away, Horse knows, and Wheeler knows, that a tremendous drama has opened.

II

OLD MAN COFFEE surprised them all by coming in on a mule an hour after breakfast next morning. The Frying Pan Country from which he came was beyond the all but inaccessible Tuscaroras, and to reach the 94 by road or narrow-gauge would have called for nearly eight hundred miles of travel. Coffee, however, had apparently come by unsuspected short cuts; and he had come fast and hard, to judge by the ribby and droop-lipped condition of his black mule.

Marian Dunn had never seen an outfit like that of Old Man Coffee. Around the black mule as it shuffled to a stop, no less than six flop-eared dogs of a fox-hound type dropped to the ground. One of these, a big spotted hound with enormous jowls, wore a pack which seemed to contain a tightly rolled blanket, a frying pan, and a coffee can with a hay-wire bail. Another, a grizzled, ancient hound, astounded Marian because it was wearing deerskin rock-moccasins, which looked to the girl as if the dog wore shoes—and socks.

The mule's saddle bore a high-power rifle, a pair of hobbles, a cowbell stuffed with leaves, and Old Man Coffee. The old lion hunter's face was of deep-seamed leather, from which deep-set eyes looked out penetratingly but not unkindly. His faded blue work clothes were like those of the cow hands, but he wore flat-heeled shoes instead of half boots, and, slantwise on his bald head, a battered hat of a narrow-brimmed, indiscriminate character.

"Don't you find riding a mule kind of slow?" Marian ventured.

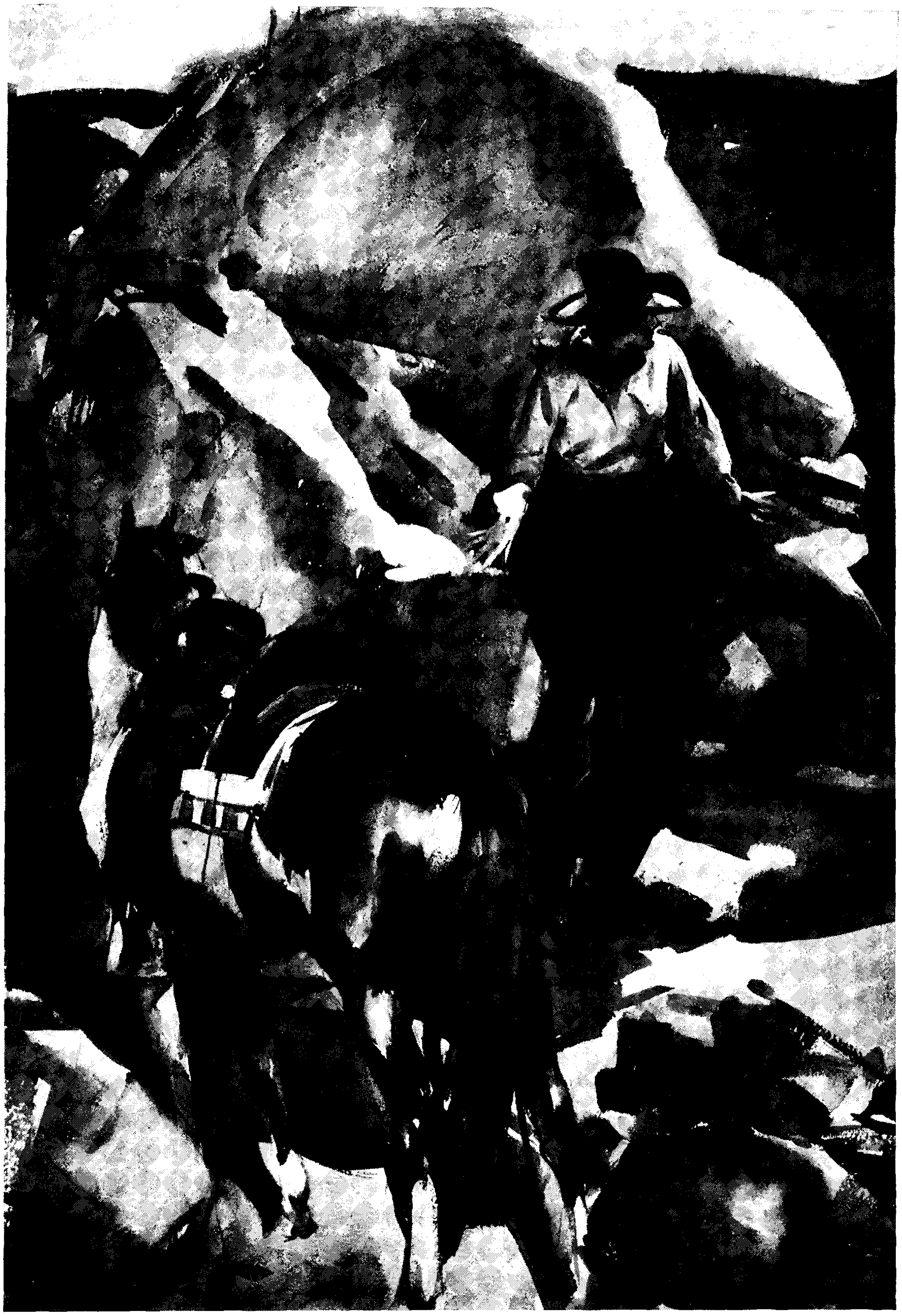
Coffee exchanged a brief glance with Horse Dunn. "Oh, sure," he said; "but what's time to a mule?"

"A mule makes mighty good time in the hills, with a good mountain man on him," Horse explained to his niece. "Take now. He's come anyway a hundred and fifty, sixty miles since day before yesterday noon. And what way he took through the Tuscaroras, God only knows. I wasn't looking for him for maybe a week yet. See?"

MARIAN glanced at her big old uncle but didn't answer. To the best of Wheeler's knowledge she hadn't spoken to Horse Dunn that morning. Something had come between Horse Dunn and his niece, just since the day before. Horse had a baffled, apologetic look whenever he looked at her. It was wonderful how gentled and saddle-broke the tough Old Man seemed in the case of anything this slim, pale girl was mixed into.

"You'll be wanting some grub and a bunk, Coffee," Dunn assumed. "Tia!" he bellowed at the cook shack. "Set out some—"

"Forget it," said Old Man Coffee shortly. "When I'm hungry I shoot something and eat it. And what would I want with a bunk? Think I rode two nights and wore out a mule looking for a place to sleep? Just leave your cook skid some meat down these hounds, and I'll call it square."



Wheeler, slamming the rowels into his own pony, grabbed at the spade bit of Kid Bender's horse

John Gannam

Old Man Coffee, Horse Dunn, and Billy Wheeler sat in Horse Dunn's room and talked it over. Horse had invited Marian to the conference, but her mysterious aloofness toward her uncle continued, and she had not come. Most of the cowboys were already an hour gone, going on with their patient searching of the brush for the trail of the killer's horse.

"Well," Old Man Coffee came to the point, "who shot who this time?"

Briefly, Horse Dunn explained to Old Man Coffee the curious circumstance by which they knew, or supposed they did, that a man was dead by violence—while still they did not know who he was. He described in some detail the ground marks which the cattle had now erased.

Coffee nodded. Billy Wheeler noted that Coffee, the man of dim trails which only dogs could find, did not question Horse Dunn's interpretation of the sign. Possibly to Old Man Coffee a set of trails which could actually be seen seemed such simple reading that it did not occur to him that anyone of sense could mistake their meaning.

"AND since when," Coffee inquired, "do you get so stirred up over a possible cow-thief shot?"

"It isn't that," Dunn told him. Horse Dunn now tried to explain to Old Man Coffee why Link Bender's coyote ring could be counted on to make the most out of a mystery killing as a weapon against the 94; but Coffee interrupted him:

"I'll take your word for all that claptrap, Horse. You always was a great hand to bite off more than you could swaller."

"They showed their teeth a little bit already," Horse Dunn said, "just in a small way. Walt Amos has reared up and showed his sheriff authority; he ordered me to hold to the county. It made me so whooping mad I turned on Link Bender and put a name to him to his face; he drew on me—I had to shoot him loose from his gun. By God, if it hadn't been for the funny way Marian looks at such things I'd have killed him where he sat! But I only shot him through the arm."

"Worst thing you could have done," Coffee commented.

"He had it coming to him," Horse Dunn said stubbornly.

"Ever get a flesh wound in the arm?" Coffee asked. "I'll tell you about a flesh wound in the arm. Amounts to just enough so you can't sleep, so you lie awake and you think about the feller that give it to you. Night after night, alone in the dark, with a hammer pounding in your arm to keep you at your work. If Link's crowd doesn't swarm all over you it won't be his fault."

"He'll come on, all right," Horse Dunn said.

"YOU figure Link aims to fog you into the calaboose?" Old Man Coffee almost smiled. "By God, I wouldn't have missed it! You'll sure be a sight looking out through the bars of that little jug at Inspiration. I can hear you holler already—voice just slightly muffled by whiskers—'Leave me out and I'll whip every single yeller dog of you!'"

Horse Dunn stared at him sourly.

"I take it, all you want me to find out," said Old Man Coffee, "is what happened to who, what for, and who done it. That cover it?"

"And where is the killer now," Dunn added.

Old Man Coffee locked bony fingers behind his bald head, and sat staring out the window. Beyond the dusty screen spread the barren Red Hills Country, vast and broken; a gaunt, motionless, silent country, red and brassy in the blaze of its sun. There was sullen blue and smoky purple in its distances, and dead white in its alkali sinks; but mostly that country was like blood-tarnished brass—red by the long upthrust slopes of its Red Hills rock, brassy by the blast of the sun upon its plains.

Old Man Coffee, however, was probably not looking at the color. "Who's been over the ground?" he suddenly demanded.

"Walt Amos, the sheriff. Link Bender. His boy; they call him Kid. My cowboys here—though I didn't let them trample the sign. An Indian deer hunter by the name of Cayuse Cayetano."

Coffee pricked up his ears at the last name. "Cayetano," he repeated. "How long has this Cayetano been over here?"

"About two years, going on three. Had relatives among the Pintwater Piutes; they took him in."

"Broad, flat face, with one eyelid drooped a little from where he was once stung by a bee?"

"That's the one."

"He used to be over in the Frying Pan Country," Old Man Coffee said. "What a sweet character *he* is! Got run off the Frying Pan by common consent. That was about a year after he beat up the Chinese girl. He—"

"Can he track?"

"He couldn't track a barrel of tar through a—" Coffee stopped. He looked angry and disgruntled. "No," he corrected himself, "that ain't so. He's a good tracker. He's better than that—he's a great tracker. Maybe the best I've ever seen. What a fine turn of the ace this is for me—just as I was figuring I could go on home!"

"Go home? You just got here!"

"AND I was just fixing to turn around and go back!" Coffee said. "What's there here for me? Forty million damn' fools have blundered all over the ground. Not satisfied with that, you let a big herd of cattle paw it all up. You done everything possible to turn this thing into something that would just drag along until somebody squealed on somebody. What's there in that to keep a man from his work? But now you go to work and run in this Cayuse Cayetano!"

"What's Cayetano got to do with it?"

"He's got everything to do with it," Old Man Coffee snapped. "Cayetano has just enough white blood to make him cussed mean. He's sneaking and he's treacherous, and he hasn't enough guts to lift a sleeping hen off a roost for fear she'd kick him—unless he could club her down from behind. But he can track a cactus wren through a cholla thicket, and if he's left alone on this case he'll make fools of you all."

"He's pretty good, is he?"

"I think he can smell a cold trail like a hound," Coffee said grouchily, "and make a fool of the hound. Or maybe he just guesses. But I can tell you this—Cayuse Cayetano will go through this case a-whistling."

"What's the answer, then?"

"Oh, I suppose I'll have to go out and take a look, and mess around, and make a fool of myself," Old Man Coffee growled. "First thing, I'll go out and get you the dead man's saddle. I'll get it all right—if Cayetano hasn't got it already. After that I'll find out where the killer's horse come out of the crick. That ought to be enough for one day; when I've done that I'll come home to supper."

"When you going? Now?"

"Sure I'm going now. When did you suppose?"

"We'll go with you as soon as you're ready to start. I—"

"THE hell you will," said Coffee. "I only got one dog that won't call me a fool if I tell him to trail a horse. That's old Rock, and he's funny. If he thinks people is watching him he flourishes around trying to look smart, and don't get anything done. Give me one cowboy that's seen the ground—one that'll come home when I send him. And you stay here."

"Oh, well," Horse Dunn grumbled, "suit yourself. I'm only the victim in the case."

"Well, give me a horse, give me a horse—we going to sit here all day?"

For once Horse Dunn did as he was told. Glumly he watched Old Man Coffee go jogging out of the layout, the black hound dogging it at the pony's heels.

"Will he find the saddle?" Wheeler asked.

"I suppose so," said Horse Dunn gloomily. "But damnation! Much as it means to me, I pretty near hope he won't. The cocky old snort!"

He turned and walked off, and Wheeler followed as Dunn wandered aimlessly through his layout, getting a piece of jerky to chew out of the cook shack, climbing a corral fence to sit morosely staring at the stock—then immediately climbing down again. He ended where he had started—in the house.

"I guess I'll saddle a pony and take a look around here myself," Wheeler said.

"Wait a minute," Horse Dunn said. "There's something different I want you to do."

Billy Wheeler waited, but Horse Dunn seemed to hesitate. "I wish," he said at last, slowly, "I wish you'd talk to that girl."

Wheeler was startled. "Talk to her? About what, Horse?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Horse Dunn groped. "It's this way." He hesitated; out among the barns could be heard the grief-stricken hullabaloo of the hounds Coffee had left behind.

"You two had some kind of a fall-out, didn't you?" Wheeler asked.

"You might call it that," Horse Dunn shrugged. "She doesn't understand the way you have to handle things on this range. And now she's down on me for blasting Link Bender free of his gun."

Billy Wheeler said: "I don't see how she can throw that up to you. Link drew first."

HORSE DUNN sat humped at his table, propping himself on his folded arms; and Wheeler noticed again how the fire went out of this tempestuous old man whenever his niece came into the picture.

"She doesn't understand," Horse Dunn repeated. "She's just a kid, Billy; and her mother raised her in the East, in a little town with houses all set close together on a little paved street. And if your neighbor's dog barks at you, you call a constable or somebody, and you say, 'Abate that nuisance.' Then pretty quick the nuisance is abated. How could she understand this here?"

Wheeler admitted there was not much chance. Marian Dunn had been born in this house in which they now sat; she was the daughter of Horse Dunn's brother, who had once run the 94. But her father had died when Marian was five years old, and, so far as Wheeler knew, Marian Dunn had since visited the 94 but once in her life—two years ago, when she was eighteen.

"Why, she can't hardly even believe that this country is here," Dunn continued. "They've taught her that the country is all settled up—and they're right. Only, they don't understand this dry country, where a steer walks a rod for a blade of grass, and a hundred square miles supports one outfit. When they think of the West they think of some place like Montana, where you can fence a whole herd on five sections of grass and watch 'em thrive. They don't know Arizona, Nevada—West Utah South Oregon—all this country where the roads peter out, and the horse picks up where the roads leave off—this country they never see.

"If you told 'em that there's five hundred thousand square miles that can't carry eight head of cattle to the square mile, they'd say you lied. Marian can't trust her own eyes—didn't smart people

(Continued on page 59)

James Archibald Greer, Jr., snaps his fingers at convention, brilliantly assisted by—

The Girl with the Key

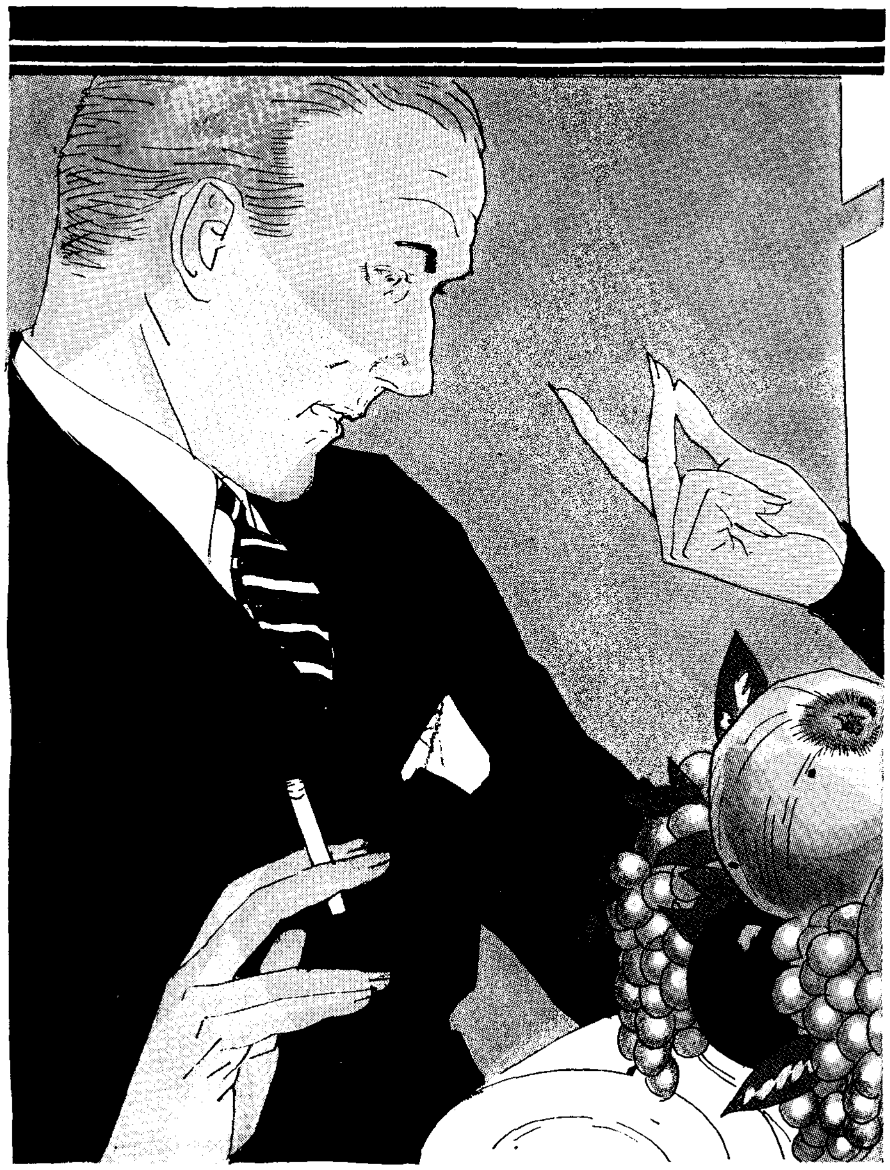
By David Gregg

ARCHIE was twenty-eight and his whole name was James Archibald Greer, Jr. In his youth he had been called Archie in his home town to distinguish him from his father, and the name had more or less stuck. At ten-thirty Labor Day night he found the door of 17 Keene Street wide open. He went in, climbed one flight of stairs, unlocked his door and went into his apartment. Everyone was out of the city; Archie had been at a shore golf club for the three-day holiday. There he had found men who had wanted to take his money at golf and contract, in quantities larger and by means more questionable than good fellowship warranted; there too he had found a few women who were not to his taste. He had gone away feeling low—his holiday instead of improving matters had made them worse; life was just drab, uninteresting and futile.

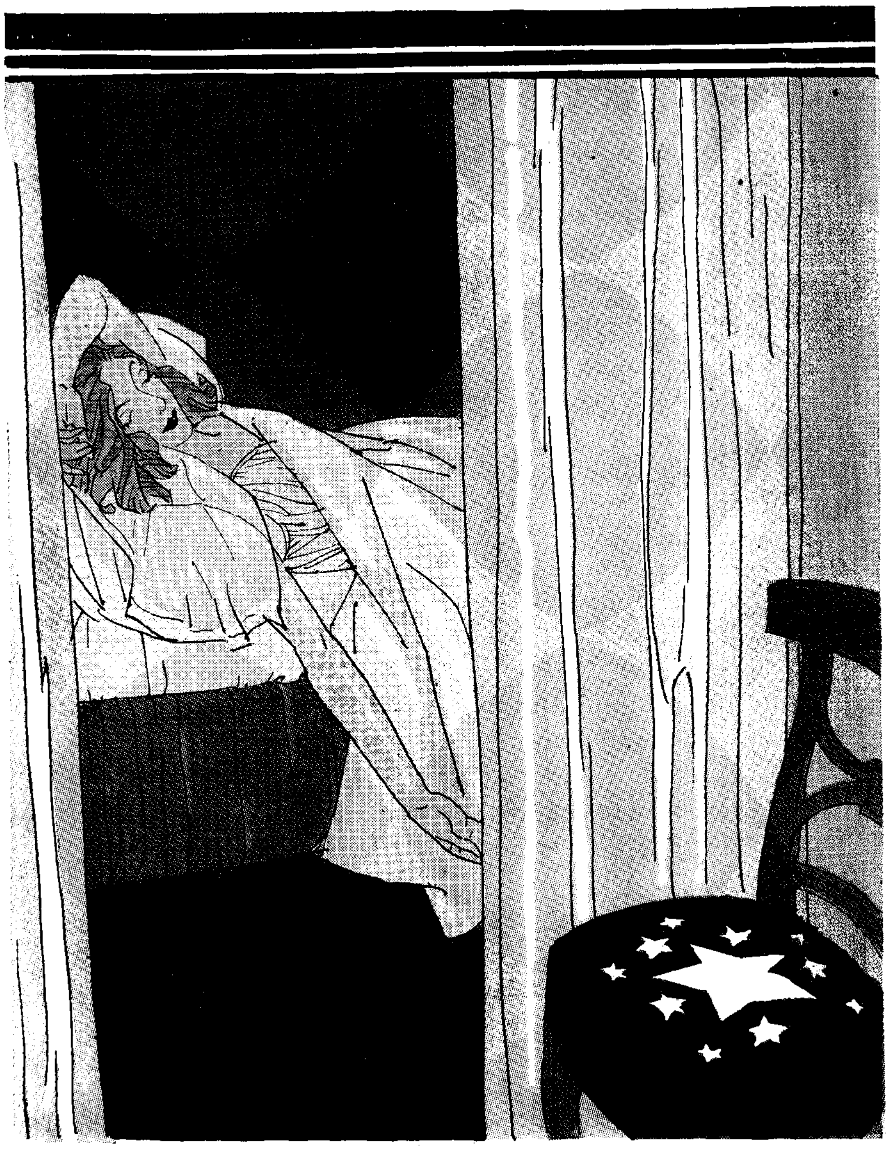
On the first floor of Number 17 two doctors had offices, one on each side of the hall; upstairs, left, Archie lived; on the right, two young men Archie did not know, who had been there only a month; upstairs, another flight, left, an artistic gentleman's studio; right, an artistic couple's studio and living quarters. That was as far upward as Number 17 went.

Archie unlocked his door, went in, put down his bag and turned on a light. His eye fell on a bag of golf clubs and a panama hat, not his. Someone was spending the night with him; he wondered who it was. The golf bag bore the initials "A. W.," which shed no light. In any case it was all right: Archie had an extra bed in the big bedroom in the rear, which any number of men were at liberty to use, any time.

ARCHIE decided for bed without more ado. He picked up his bag, went through the middle room which served for breakfast and sometimes for a quiet meal at home, and opened the bedroom door, which should not have been shut—convention was all against it.



"Smash up," said Anita. "Tell me, is



The light fell on Archie's bed, showing it to be occupied

The light, shining dimly from the front room, fell on Archie's bed, showing it to be occupied—which was most surprising, for any man with authority to be there must know which bed was Archie's and which the guest's. Archie frowned, and a sudden feeling that something was wrong swept over him. Who the devil was "A. W.?"

By this time the pupils of Archie's eyes had expanded out of respect to the dim light, and Archie's idea that something was wrong changed from a feeling to a fact. "A. W." was a lady, a very sound-asleep lady, with considerable brown hair running wild, an encircling arm resting against a cheek, and a feminine figure, the curves of which were but slightly hidden by that which covered them. He tiptoed forward toward his bed and gazed down at the woman, sleeping as silently and as soundly as a little child.

"Anita!" It wasn't a word; it was a gasp.

A year before Archie and Anita, far away to the north by the sea, had been engaged. It had happened very suddenly, an old childhood acquaintance renewed, a month of association during which Archie discovered that a pretty young girl had become a very attractive woman, and it was done and almost immediately undone.

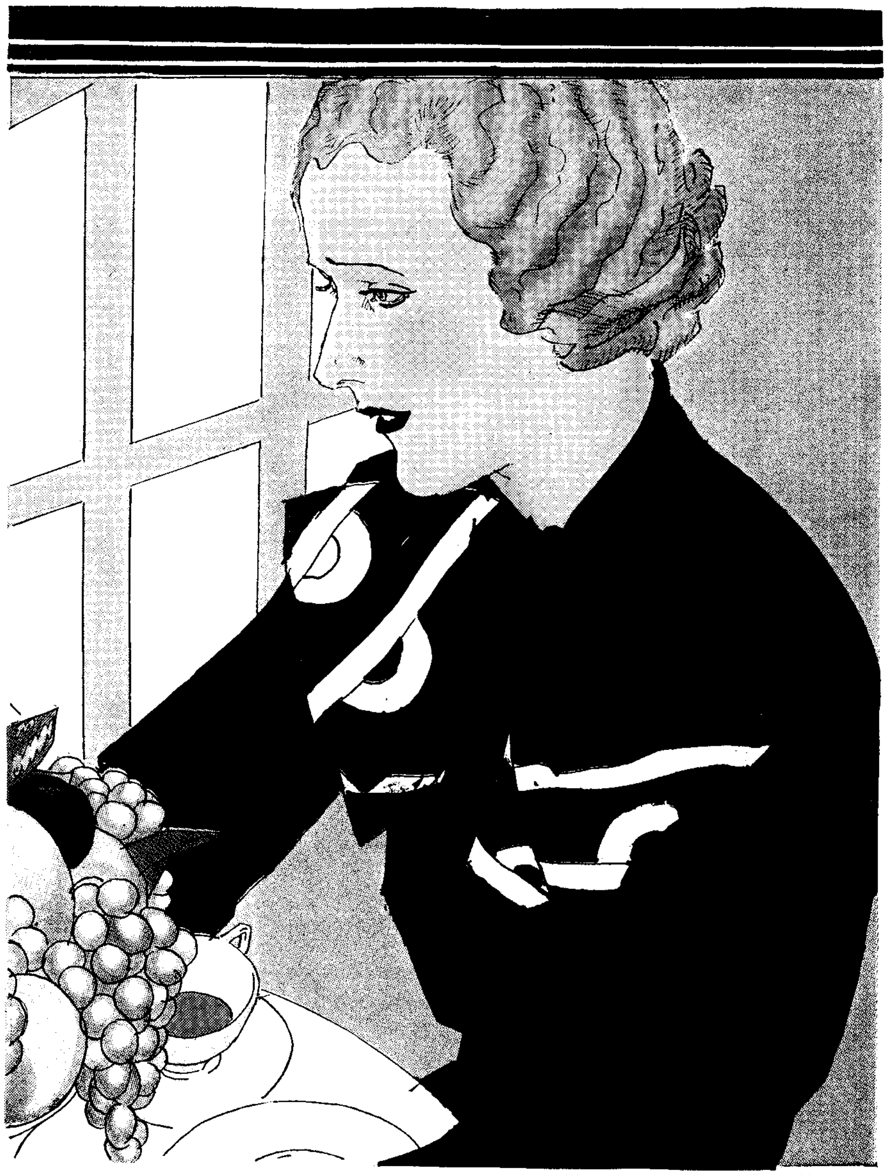
Now, a year later, Archie closed the door so that the light would not shine on Anita's face and wake her, though to wake her seemed impossible. As he did it he muttered, "I'll be darned!"

The first thing Archie did after being darned was to turn the golf bag slightly, making its initials "A. W. H." He knew that the "H" would be there—making sure of it was simply a matter of form. The "A. W." with the "H" out of sight had meant nothing—it wouldn't, naturally, when he was trying to connect them with a man.

Archie sat down and thought things over. He found it very difficult to think clearly, for his brain seemed to be confused with all sorts of emotions. He looked about the living-room to discover whether it contained a couch of any sort. None having arrived mysteriously during his absence, the living-room was still bare of equipment on which one might sleep.

A LITTLE later Archie rang the bell of the third floor right. It was wasted effort; nobody was home; nobody would be, if they could help it, on Labor Day night; they'd be in the country or at the shore—anywhere but in the city. The housekeeper or janitress or whatever she was, called Mary, had the same view of it, for she was spending the night with her married daughter but would be home early the next morning. Sam, her husband, said so when Archie met him downstairs in the hall coming back from somewhere, the house having been left entirely unguarded during Sam's absence, which Sam said had been for just a minute or two and was an hour or two.

Of course Sam, the colored man, was worse than useless, and Archie went upstairs to think things over some more. He thought perhaps that he could conquer temptation by going to A. W. H.'s bedroom door, that is, his own bedroom door, and getting inspiration or the determination to do right, there. He went and never in all his life had he seen anyone so peaceful, so innocent, so beautiful or so sound asleep as Anita, who, but for the merest trick of fate, would at that very moment have been



Fred Chapman

it the same old love of a year ago?"

his wife. Archie, searching for inspiration, or determination, watched her, minute after minute.

"Heavens, how she can sleep!" he muttered. Though it seemed impossible, perhaps Anita heard him, for her lips moved; otherwise she had not moved so much as her little finger for an hour. Archie saw her lips move, slowly; he heard her murmur a word, twice. He waited; perhaps she would murmur the word again, and he could be sure what the word was. But she didn't do any more murmuring; her lips were closed and didn't move again, and Archie waited a long time, so he had to be satisfied with his first guess . . . the word that she had murmured twice in her sleep had been something very much like "Archie." Of course it couldn't be "Archie" but it sounded a lot like it, and, curiously, it looked like it, too. He didn't know the first thing about lip-reading and it was pretty dark, but it did look like "Archie."

Archie went back to his sitting-room and sat down. A few minutes later he climbed into the bed which was intended for guests and, once in, he went to sleep much more quickly than his conscience should have permitted.

THE sun was shining brightly the next morning when Archie woke, in his spare bed. The fact that he wasn't in his own bed suggested that something was wrong and it took only an instant for him to recall what it was. He raised his head a little and looked across at his own bed.

"Lord Harry, how she can sleep!"

He waited, patiently, for half an hour and then her lips moved and there came from them a whispered word; this time there wasn't any mistake—it was "Archie," very low but unmistakable! He raised himself slowly and quietly in bed. Anita was still sound asleep. He contemplated the closed lids and their long lashes, the cheeks, the lips, and again he was sure that never before had he seen anyone so beautiful, so innocent . . . or so sound asleep.

His position, on his elbows, was not long tenable, and he sank back on the pillows, so arranging himself that he could see Anita's left and upper eye, through the tiniest slit between his own lids.

Before long the sunlight did its work and the left and upper feminine eye opened. The eye had no doubt that it was dreaming, all the evidence pointed that way. The eye therefore closed itself, and contemplated more sleep though, according to the evidence, it *was* asleep. But sleep was over with and the eye, becoming confused, opened itself again, searching for light. The eye blinked once or twice and then opened wider and wider, taking on an expression of surprise, bewilderment, anxiety, and finally of horror.

The lady, one hand a little below the front and neck portion of a modest but frilly garment she was wearing, raised herself very slightly on the other hand and trembled.

"Jim." The word was whispered at the motionless figure close by and the motionless figure opened both eyes, in amazement.

"Good Lord! Anita!"

"Jim!" This "Jim" had nothing of a whisper about it.

"Anita! How on earth did . . . but that doesn't make any difference. It's mighty nice of you to drop in . . . in . . . this way. . . . I'm awfully glad to see you. Have you slept well?"

"Jim!" The exclamation had a thousand emotions wrapped up in it.

"I imagine you slept very well," Archie said. "I didn't wake you when I came in last night?"

"You knew that I was here . . . and you . . ."

"ANITA, please be reasonable. Of course I knew somebody was here . . . there are a bag of golf clubs and a panama hat in the living-room. Men come here constantly . . . that's why there are two beds. If they're asleep before I come in, I . . . I . . . one of the courtesies of the place is not to disturb them—to go to bed in the dark, quietly . . . it's no more than decent . . . if a fellow wanted to talk he'd sit up till I came home. Isn't that so?"

"Yes . . . I suppose—but Jim, think . . ."

"Don't be foolish, there's not the least harm done. I'm awfully glad you came. I've wanted to see you for . . . oh . . . ever so long. Just think, if it hadn't been for that silly, perfectly nonsensical fight we had over nothing whatever that I can remember, this would be the conventional, everyday way for us to wake up."

"Please, it's bad enough without joking about it."

"It's not bad at all, except as you imagine it so."

"It's scandalous . . . it's terrible. If I didn't know that you are the . . ."

"Never mind that—thank you just the same. Of course you are lucky, in a way, that I'm me . . . that these happen to be my rooms—being mine and I being me and not some man you don't know makes everything perfectly all right."

"That's absurd—I'm safe of course, but . . ."

"Why drag in beastly buts? I'm awfully glad to see you; I've wanted to see you for a long time and I didn't know exactly how to go about it—and here you are. It seems to me like awfully good luck."

"I wish you'd . . . won't you please . . . I . . . I . . . I don't think we ought to stay here this way, talking, any longer."

"Perhaps it would be just as well not to. You'll find a dressing-room and the bath through that door." Archie indicated a door.

"Wouldn't you like . . . won't you . . . ?"

"Go first? Is that politeness or etiquette? I'm sure I don't know what etiquette requires under the circumstances. Do you, Anita?"

"Jim! I don't like that at all."

He refused to be repentant. "I'm afraid books on etiquette don't cover the point, and I haven't one anyway. The encyclopedia probably does not mention it. Your wish must be law."

"Please go."

"All right. Let's be as proper as possible—don't look, Anita. Ready?"

Anita was ready.

ARCHIE was, of course, waiting for her when she came into the living-room.

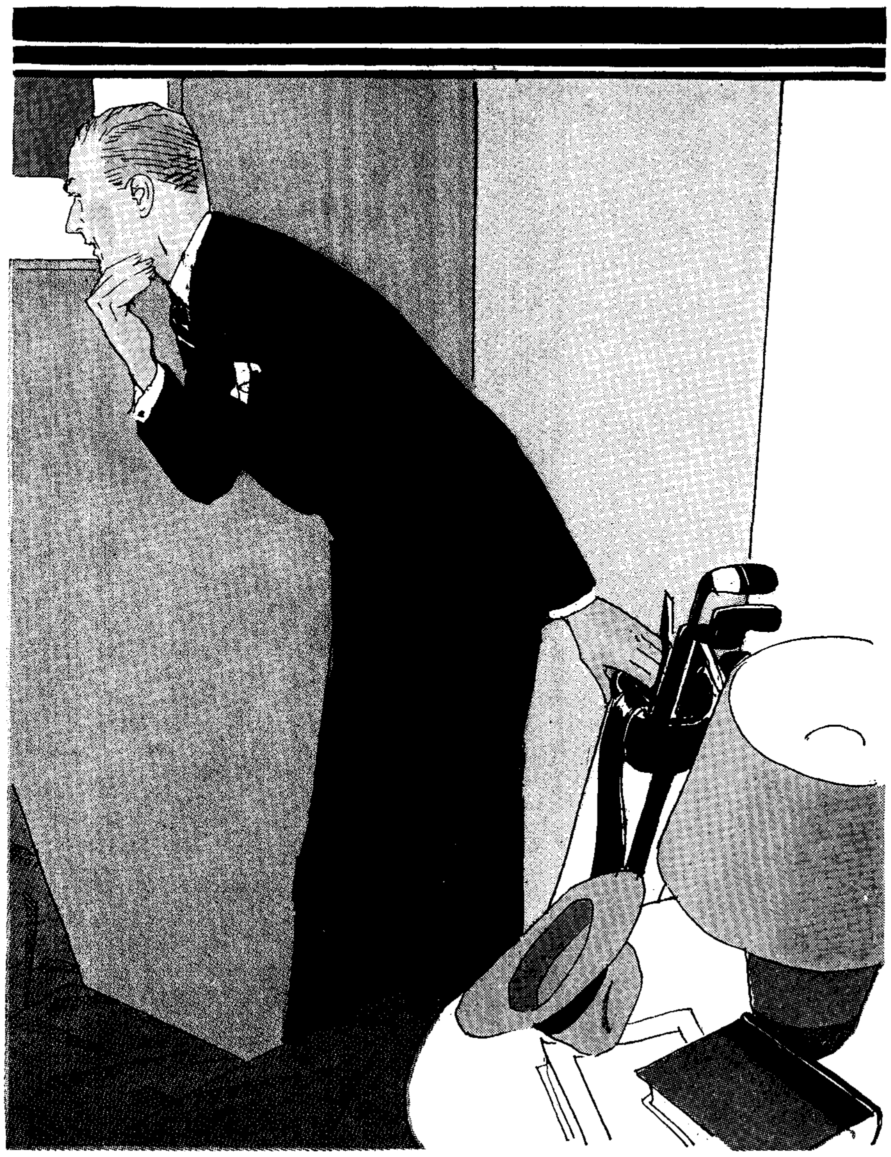
"You are more beautiful than ever, Anita. Did you sleep well?"

"I did sleep well. I was dead tired—I played golf all day Sunday, took a sleeper at two in the morning and couldn't sleep a wink. I was all in when I got here at nine last night. I simply took a bath and fell into bed—if I'd looked around or thought at all I'd have . . ."

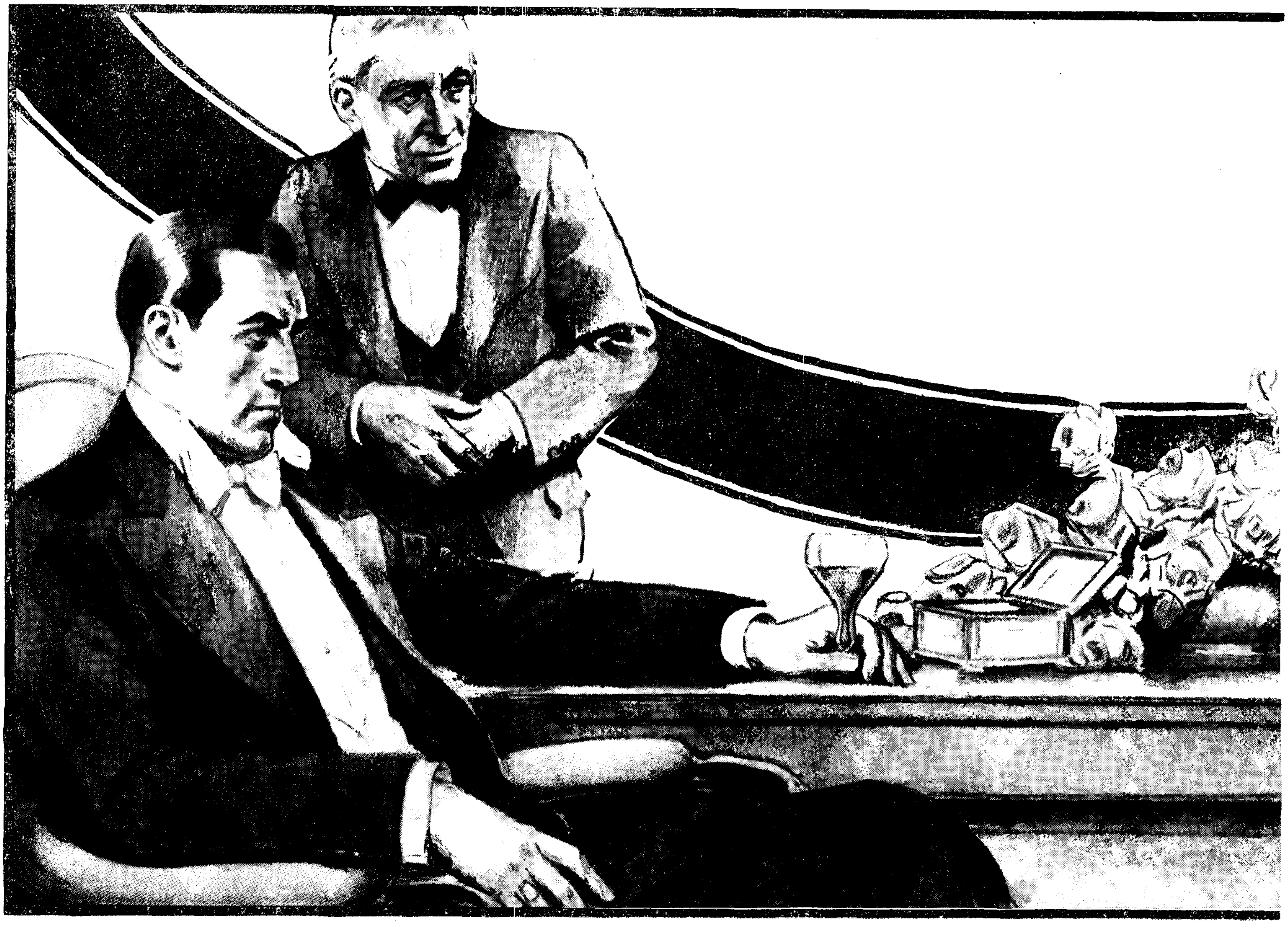
"You would have lost at least part of a night's sleep and perhaps I wouldn't have seen you at all—it's lucky you didn't think or look around. But how did you get in?"

"Walked in. Francis Kelsey gave me his key, told me it was the second floor

(Continued on page 30)



A sudden feeling that something was wrong swept over him



Midnight Interview

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Once in the toils of Coppy Savoldi, no victim could ever escape. "You're rich," said Coppy to Lona Sandal. "I want a million dollars"

WHEN she found that the Dubois' car did not have unbreakable glass in the windshield, Lona Sandal ordered her own. The first rain of the season had begun to fall and the streets were slippery. She couldn't take any chance of putting her face through a pane of glass. Where would she be then?

It was always better to have her own car. Parties were uncertain and, though she was very fond of Jerry Dubois, his wife was a fool and capable of any *faux pas*. Lona Sandal would probably decide to come home early and if her dependable Pierre was waiting outside she could do as she pleased, without the Dubois woman gushing all over her.

The party was amusing enough, though Lona Sandal loathed all public restaurants and night clubs in particular. Fortunately the floor was so crowded that she could refuse to dance without offending anyone. But it wasn't long before the dancers spotted Lona Sandal and couples stopped to stare and whisper her name among them. So seldom was she seen in public that it had become an event. Lona suspected the obsequious head waiter of spreading the news and glowered at him.

There were several noted authors at the long, flowered table and Lona liked talking with them. Her accent was still very noticeable and her voice had a guttural quality unlike that of American women. But her vocabulary was adequate, with a strange little sprinkling of slang phrases, and she could discuss books. Not that she herself ever read any English. Her secretary told her about them and Lona had the memory of a parrot. She chortled to herself, without disturbing the aloof beauty of her long, pale face, as she saw their surprise.

The conversation did very well for an hour or two. It wasn't until somebody inevitably mentioned gangsters that Lona grew restless.

The man next to her had written a daring story of the vast kingdom of crime. He was supposed to know the secrets of killers and killings. His name was Donegan.

Somebody asked him if it was true that Coppy Savoldi was in town. The laughter and chatter of the long table fell silent at mention of that name. A cold wind blew upon their cheerfulness.

The writer of gangland tales regarded them with quiet fearlessness mingled with a little contempt.

"I don't know whether he's here or not," he said. "But he's coming. He's decided to put the finger on the movie racket."

JERRY DUBOIS cursed under his breath and looked about at his startled guests. Particularly he looked at Lona Sandal. She was eating an orange ice with an impassive face. That didn't mean a thing. He had seen Lona look like that on a set five minutes before she began throwing furniture.

A blond leading woman, Jerry didn't know which one because half the time he couldn't tell them apart, wanted to know what it meant to put the finger on the movie racket. "Doesn't it sound *thrilling?*" she said.

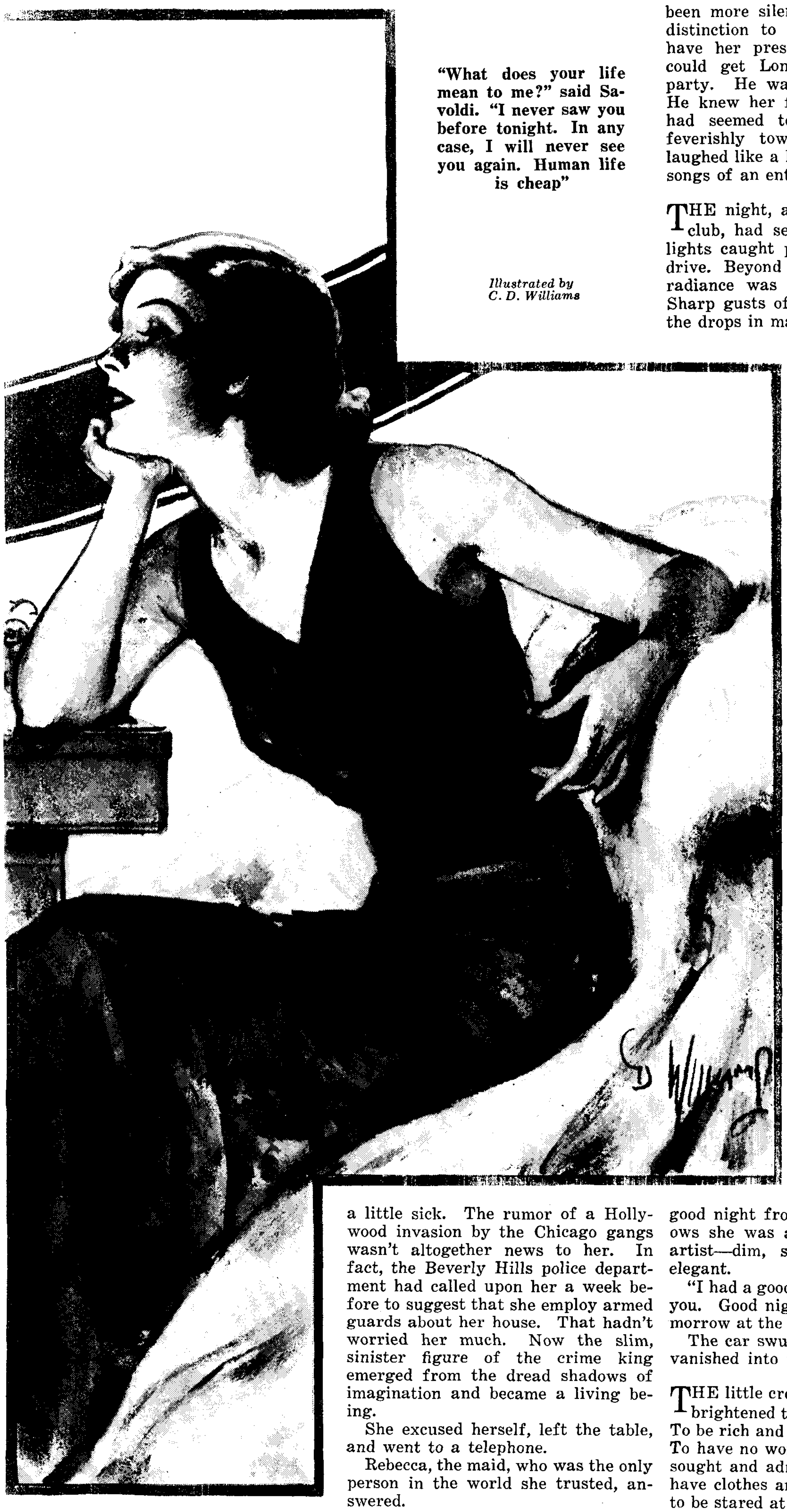
Donegan glanced at her with an ironic half smile.

"There are a great many rich people out here, all in one small group," he said. "They're all tabbed and known by sight. If Coppy and his mob decide to make them pay dividends they'll do a cleaner, quicker job than the income tax collectors."

"What *is* he like?" The blonde was breathless.

"Coppy," said Donegan, "is like a youthful but full-grown tiger with a sense of humor. If you can picture the things a tiger would laugh at, you've got Coppy. His mother was Irish and he can sing like Chauncey Olcott. Mr. Savoldi with an automatic in his hand is more dangerous than most wops with a machine gun. His table manners are perfect, he plays an excellent game of Contract Bridge, and he once shot a guy who had double-crossed him at said guy's wife's funeral.

"You see, the first generation of gang czars achieved greatness. Coppy was born to it. He was *raised* in the racket. He is now twenty-five years old. He was twenty-three when he shot Big Tim Medina in the lobby of a theater with two hundred respectable citizens for witnesses. Big Tim had been head man for a long time. Coppy put the



"What does your life mean to me?" said Savoldi. "I never saw you before tonight. In any case, I will never see you again. Human life is cheap"

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

diadem on his own brow and he's still wearing it because he's the only one of that mob that has any personal guts whatever."

A fellow author, jealous of the spotlight, said, "Oh, you know him then? I notice you didn't put him in your excellent history of the Chicago racket."

"I ended my history where Coppy Savoldi began," said Donegan. "Coppy doesn't approve of court historians and I've got two kids."

Lona Sandal, listening, felt cold and a little sick. The rumor of a Hollywood invasion by the Chicago gangs wasn't altogether news to her. In fact, the Beverly Hills police department had called upon her a week before to suggest that she employ armed guards about her house. That hadn't worried her much. Now the slim, sinister figure of the crime king emerged from the dread shadows of imagination and became a living being.

She excused herself, left the table, and went to a telephone.

Rebecca, the maid, who was the only person in the world she trusted, answered.

"The little one?" said Lona Sandal. "He is all right?"

"He's sleepin' like an angel," said Rebecca. "I was just in."

The woman drew a quick, relieved breath. She said, "Tell James to have one of those guards come out here to ride home with me. Have a big fire when I get home. This rain is colder than our snow."

The party broke up around two o'clock. Jerry was amazed that Lona had stayed so late. It was sweet of her to have come at all. Though she had been more silent than usual, it was a distinction to any Hollywood host to have her present. Not many people could get Lona Sandal to attend a party. He was deeply fond of Lona. He knew her for what she was. She had seemed to enjoy herself almost feverishly toward the end and had laughed like a kid at the slightly ribald songs of an entertainer.

THE night, as they came out of the club, had settled to real rain. The lights caught puddles on the graveled drive. Beyond the faint circle of their radiance was impenetrable blackness. Sharp gusts of wind occasionally blew the drops in mad flurries.

Miss Sandal's car swung up under the portico. The uniformed chauffeur sat like a statue while the doorman held open the door with a deep bow. He had been instructed to show special deference to motion picture stars. They made business for any night club. Next day the tourists and stenographers and discontented housewives would read in Susie Simon's column the momentous news that Lona Sandal in black velvet and diamonds had been eating an orange ice at the College Inn, and they would flock there in the hope of seeing her. If they did, they would write home about it. "My dear, she doesn't look a bit like she does on the screen."

She did, though. She looked exactly the same. As aloof, as exotic, as sophisticated. A lady of many adventures.

Beside the chauffeur on the front seat sat a big man in a rough overcoat and a cap. No one could see that he held a sawed-off shotgun across his knees. It made the chauffeur nervous.

Lona Sandal called good night from the car. In its shadows she was a painting by a modern artist—dim, suggestive, indescribably elegant.

"I had a good time," she said. "Thank you. Good night, Jerry. I see you tomorrow at the studio."

The car swung away down the drive, vanished into the blackness.

THE little crowd heaved a sigh. Envy brightened the eyes of all the women. To be rich and famous and independent. To have no worries, no troubles. To be sought and admired by many men. To have clothes and jewels and town cars, to be stared at by crowds. They envied Lona Sandal terribly. The men looked puzzled. They hadn't been as conscious of Lona Sandal when she was present as they were now that she had vanished into the night. They realized that they had been electrified by her presence. She had imparted an air of drama to a trite situation. They didn't analyze the fact that she was backgrounded in their consciousness by all the stories they had heard about her, the story that she had once rejected the largest salary ever offered any woman, the story of Barry Graves' mad passion for her, the story of her mysterious European past.

The low town car slid down the dark road. Lona Sandal thought that she should have told Pierre to go home by way of Culver City and Robertson Boulevard, where there were lights and people. This way, past Fox Hills, was shorter, but it was pitch black and very lonely. Trailing pepper trees swished against the car. A eucalyptus branch cracked in the wind and she jumped, and swore in a foreign tongue.

All this talk about guns and gangs. It was enough to drive anyone crazy. Such foolishness. As bad as telling ghost stories in the dark. She sank back into a corner and closed her eyes. She felt tired and cross.

WITHOUT warning, the car swerved madly, and she flung both arms over her face. As it skidded back into the road, she peeped between her fingers. A tree trunk missed the radiator. Two cars were beside them, big and dark as her own. They crowded Lona's car toward the ditch. Lona yelled loudly at Pierre. What was he doing? A fender jammed dangerously. She yelled at the guard. Then she knew a moment of mad rage. Silhouetted, she saw the shotgun of the guard held against Pierre's head. The car stopped.

Figures moved in the darkness. Voices spoke. Lona Sandal sat paralyzed with fear.

The door swung open. A man said, "Get out, Miss Sandal."

Lona said, "Pierre, drive on."

There was no answer. Pierre and the man with the shotgun had disappeared.

"Get out," said the man. "And hurry."

Lona Sandal hesitated. He had no gun that she could see. Perhaps if she screamed, with her strong lungs. . . . She took a great breath and screamed wildly. Something went over her head, muffled her so completely that the darkness of the night and the sound of the rain were wiped out. Arms lifted her. She kicked, fought, struggled. She was a strong woman. A thick rubber band slipped tight about her ankles. Another about her wrists.

In the muffled darkness she felt herself shoved through a door. They were moving. She grew sick at her stomach and thought of her son. Horror descended upon her, horror of the unknown, the invisible. If she could only faint. But she knew she would not. She had never fainted in her life.

Afterward she could only remember that the ride seemed endless and over a road with many curves. She banged from one side of the car to the other. No sound came to her. A man was sitting in the darkness with her. Once her hand touched him and she shrank away. It was a nightmare, hot, confused, terrible.

She found herself standing in a lighted hall, unbound, free. It was a big hall, with a magnificent stairway, and a glittering chandelier. The door behind her was of heavy oak. Dark, red velvet curtains were drawn over the windows.

A butler appeared.

"This way, madame," he said.

LONA SANDAL followed him up the stairway. Her knees were shaking. Her mind had stopped but those thousand primitive instincts that served her for intelligence and for genius were throbbing messages to her quivering soul. The house had a cold, unused feel to it. The suffocating chill of a funeral parlor. She looked back down the stairs toward the door. Two men sat there, motionless, looking into space.

She knew that she was going into terrible danger.

(Continued on page 51)

Fast Worker

By John B. Kennedy

Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard in the movie version of Coward's Cavalcade

Vandamm Studios

Alfred Lunt, left, with Noel Coward in a scene from the latter's newest play, Design for Living

Diana Wynyard and Douglas Scott as the mother and son in Cavalcade

Noel Coward boasts that he has seen more bad plays than any man alive—and he admits he has written his share of them. That experience, properly applied, equipped him to turn out such masterpieces as Private Lives, Bitter Sweet, Cavalcade and Design for Living

A BARN-LIKE gloom of empty chairs and a naked stage, with rafters, girders and a bare brick wall—this looks more like the grave of drama than its cradle. Figures move about before footlights that cast a chill gleam. There are voices—dull and level, broken by a sharp insistent note from a lean figure at a desk, giving directions. Even a woman's voice is flat and monotonous.

The director intercepts a line as a man hurries on stage.

"Not like that," he says. "Lift your voice at the end. Like this."

He illustrates. The line is repeated—like this. The director is satisfied although in the gloom of the empty theater the nuance in tone is all but lost.

So it goes—for hours. Dull, uninspiring—the whir of traffic outside the theater a comforting sign of life.

This is a rehearsal. Among the figures on that somber stage are three of the most glamorous in the current theater—Noel Coward, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.

Turn time forward a few weeks. The same theater brilliantly lighted, with the social and artistic elegants of the metropolis richly attired, glowing with jewels. The curtain lifts on a bright scene; immaculate figures move about, poised, exciting.

Noel Coward's career in the theater has been like that: bleakness translated to brilliance. Its bleakest, and (poetically just) its most brilliant, periods have been in America.

An Italian grocer in or near Greenwich Village had no idea that he was nourishing art. When the lean and hungry English youth appeared the Italian grocer gave him a half-pound of bacon on credit. This English youth was on his uppers; but he clung to his spats. Poverty may bang at the door and love leap out of the window, but your Englishman down on his luck will up with his chin—and wear spats.

"Fortunately," says Mr. Noel Coward, now rich and redolent of success, "New York suffered from a prolonged heat wave, so I wasn't very hungry—just hungry."

He broiled his bacon in the kitchenette of a friend's summer-fled apartment. Additionally fortified by creamless coffee—left behind by his benefactor—he made the rounds of showdom trying to place a play and to get an acting job. Week-ends he managed to be invited to actors' country homes.

When an actress and her husband invited him to lunch they observed his awe at real food.

Twenty Dollars—with Interest

The actress lent him twenty dollars. When one actor meets another actor and lends him twenty dollars or more or less, it is usually a forecast that they will rarely meet again. To the surprise of the lady—and of the youth—they met three days later, when he repaid the twenty dollars. He and she and her husband rejoiced and made a vow that if, when and wherever they ranked as stars, they would contrive to appear together in the same play.

Eleven years later the promise is fulfilled. Noel Coward with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt combine their glamour to make a Broadway holiday.

Miss Fontanne's twenty dollars bought Mr. Coward not only food and new linen, but renewed hope. He wrote a short story—his first—made from a rejected play called "I Leave It to You." He wrote a second short story. He sold both. He got five hundred for each, and when an alert and generous editor asked for more, Mr. Coward argued with himself that if his stories were good enough to print they were good enough to play. That isn't always the case; but, besides himself, he managed to convince Al Woods, the entrepreneur who made twin-beds farces rather than furniture.

It would be silly to say of a man in his thirty-fourth year, who excels in a keenly competitive art, that his struggle to fame was everywhere beset by difficulties. Coward's wasn't. His American intermission gave him a sureness of self that he might never have attained in fruitless pounding of London's sidewalks.

Coward, as a boy, had striven valiantly to get started in England. He had appeared in the best theaters and some of the worst, but nobody seemed to notice him much. Sturdy British customers found their entertainment fairly satisfying without his talents.

Had he come from a theatrical family, he might have had a useful background in making headway. At the age of ten he stipulated and received his first pay as an actor—in one of those sugary plays for children by children.

America's best parallel to this British prodigy—our own George M. Cohan—started quite as young; but in the robust vaudeville school and under his parents' tutelage. Coward had a flimsier foundation. His troubles and his triumphs began in a choir. He sang a touching treble; but got sore because it was not appreciated. At least, he thought so.

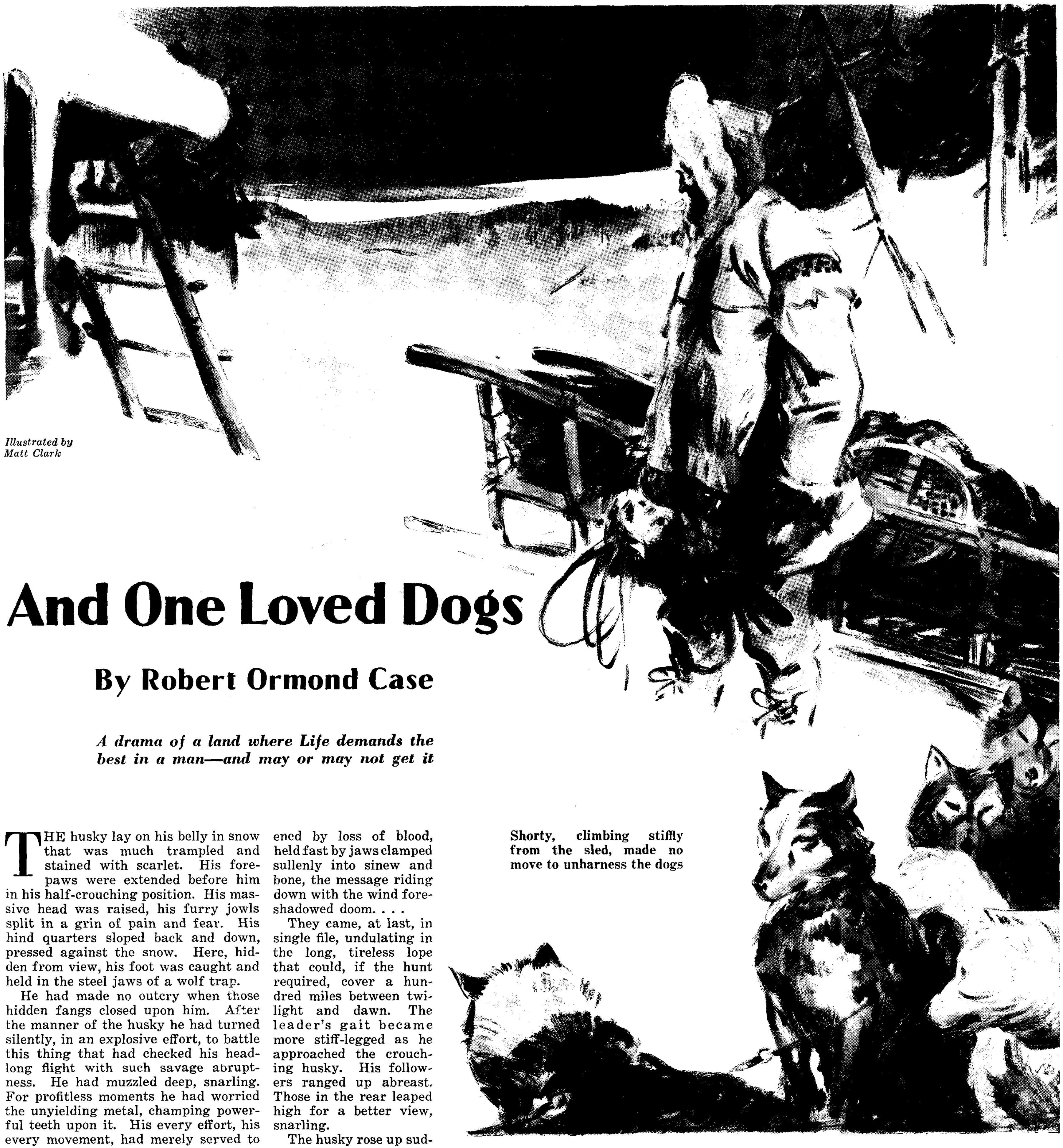
When he had finished with a neat bravura the congregation heard the curate solemnly intone, "Let us pray," and knelt obediently.

"I'm fed up," said Master Noel. The organist "ss-ssh'd."

"Nobody ever gives me a hand," said Master Noel.

He sang no more in choirs; the congregations were too unresponsive. He flourished as a child actor, and as he loped into his early teens he coveted the emoluments of the salty wits known in

(Continued on page 45)



Illustrated by Matt Clark

And One Loved Dogs

By Robert Ormond Case

A drama of a land where Life demands the best in a man—and may or may not get it

Shorty, climbing stiffly from the sled, made no move to unharness the dogs

THE husky lay on his belly in snow that was much trampled and stained with scarlet. His forepaws were extended before him in his half-crouching position. His massive head was raised, his furry jowls split in a grin of pain and fear. His hind quarters sloped back and down, pressed against the snow. Here, hidden from view, his foot was caught and held in the steel jaws of a wolf trap.

He had made no outcry when those hidden fangs closed upon him. After the manner of the husky he had turned silently, in an explosive effort, to battle this thing that had checked his headlong flight with such savage abruptness. He had muzzled deep, snarling. For profitless moments he had worried the unyielding metal, champing powerful teeth upon it. His every effort, his every movement, had merely served to sink the steel fangs deeper.

He lay now, his body extended away from the trap. This was not because he had given up hope, but because a more immediate menace claimed his attention. In the white desolation about him, shimmering coldly beneath the flaming stars, no sign of life moved. No sound was abroad save the whine of the wind in the higher crags. But borne on that chill current, plain to his sensitive nostrils even in his frenzy, had come a message and a warning. It was the evil scent of wolves.

Upright, on his four good legs, he would have paid no heed to the fact that the despised hunters of the barrens were drawing near. But down, weakened by loss of blood, held fast by jaws clamped sullenly into sinew and bone, the message riding down with the wind foreshadowed doom. . . .

They came, at last, in single file, undulating in the long, tireless lope that could, if the hunt required, cover a hundred miles between twilight and dawn. The leader's gait became more stiff-legged as he approached the crouching husky. His followers ranged up abreast. Those in the rear leaped high for a better view, snarling.

The husky rose up suddenly to his full, formidable height. The pack split apart and surrounded him, jostling shoulder to shoulder.

WITHIN this living enclosure the leader stalked. He remained just beyond leaping distance, his head lowered, his hackles erect. He was poised to spring away, as the encircling pack was likewise poised. The husky turned slowly, always facing him.

After a time, the husky sank down on his belly, his head resting on his paws.

Long he lay thus, motionless, his eyes glazing slowly. Then he raised his head. Ears in the intent circle pricked forward as his muzzle rose still higher. Rawhide muscles were alert, ready for a last desperate sally.

The crippled dog made no such effort. It may be, in that dim and terrific moment, that vague memory stirred sluggishly, that poignant regret greater than farewell to the travail of existence here strove for utterance. Trail-eaters of the North who have seen many huskies die have left the phenomenon unexplained: the reason why, in those last moments when life is draining from his indomitable heart, a husky howls in just that manner.

He howled now, his whole body contorted by the effort: a long-drawn, deep-throated wail that rose and held to a high note, then died away. Down wind those echoes rolled, ululating across the barrens, dwindling in remote crags. He howled once, no more. Thereafter he lay, head resting on his paws. The wolves waited, grinning, the white spume of their breath rising frostily toward the stars.

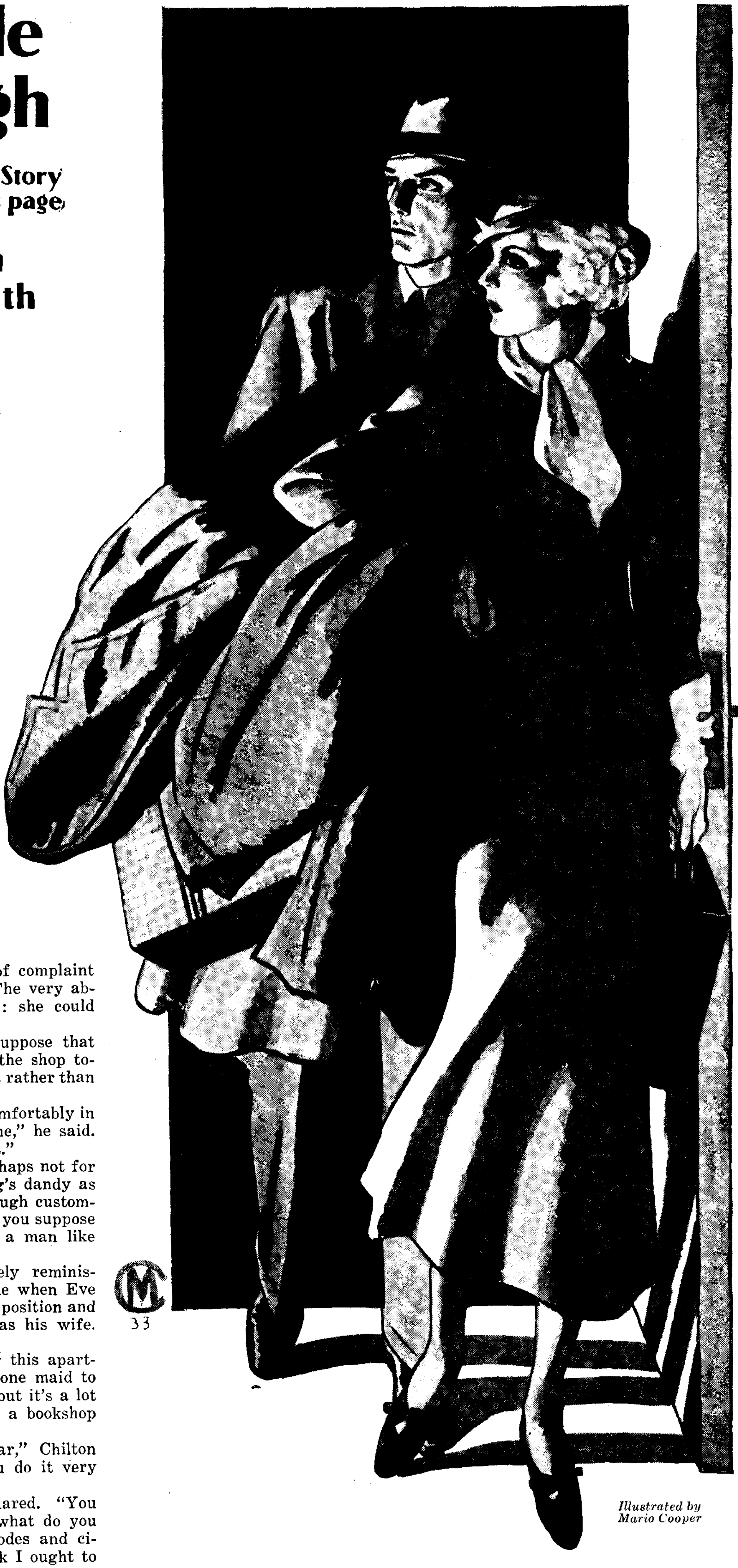
SHORTY LAVAL stood in front of his cabin on Cultus Creek, his back to the wind, facing south toward the valley. The cold bit into his unprotected face, stung his eyeballs like a myriad needles. A minute or two at such a

(Continued on page 39)

Simple Enough

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By John Wadsworth Paine



Illustrated by Mario Cooper

"At midnight your wife and I sail for Europe"

ACROSS the dinner table Joseph Chilton looked intently at his wife. Eve was wearing a street dress of rough black cloth that underscored her blond prettiness. The corners of her mouth drooped, and her carefully rouged lips were gathered as usual in a pout. But the brightness of her eyes and, more striking still, her silence betrayed suppressed excitement.

"Had a pleasant day?" Chilton asked, cautiously seeking a neutral subject of conversation.

Eve tossed her head. "My days are all alike," she said. "You ought to know that."

Chilton accepted defeat and turned his attention to his dinner. By this time, he told himself, he should know that when Eve was seeking a cause of complaint nothing would stop her. The very absence of trouble would do: she could always call that monotony.

Presently she said, "I suppose that business was no better at the shop today?" It was an indictment rather than a question.

Chilton settled himself comfortably in his chair. "About the same," he said. "Nothing to complain about."

Eve's eyes flashed. "Perhaps not for you. You think everything's dandy as long as you don't have enough customers to disturb you. How do you suppose it feels to be the wife of a man like that?"

Chilton's mind, perversely reminiscent, flashed back to a time when Eve had been delighted with the position and the comforts she enjoyed as his wife. But he said nothing.

"You just try managing this apartment some day with only one maid to help you. You'd soon find out it's a lot more work than sitting in a bookshop all day."

"I'm sure it is, my dear," Chilton agreed. "And I think you do it very nicely."

"A lot you care!" Eve flared. "You come home at night, and what do you do? Start working out codes and ciphers. I suppose you think I ought to be proud of being the wife of a cipher expert? Well, I'm not."

Chilton brightened at the mention of the word. Even thinking about ciphers cheered him. In the past five years he had found constant solace in their neat precision. They had furnished an escape from perplexity—and a sanctuary from Eve. He owned one of the best libraries on the subject in the world.

"I don't expect you to be interested in my hobby," he said mildly, "but it entertains me."

"Entertains, indeed!" Eve's throaty voice was half plaintive, half derisive. "And what am I supposed to do while you are being entertained—knit? If you spent half as much energy on your business as you do on your precious hobby, you might amount to something."

The maid served coffee and reappeared to announce a caller. "Mr. Gregory is here to see Mr. Chilton."

"Ask him to come in," Chilton said, "and bring another cup."

Horace Gregory, tall, lean, immaculately groomed, strode into the room, radiating self-confidence and vitality.

"Sorry to barge in this way," he said, shaking hands with Eve and Chilton, "but I need your help, old man."

He sat down and drew an envelope from his pocket. "You remember the talk we had about ciphers the other day? Well, a funny thing happened—one turned up at the plant today. I have a hunch it has something to do with our secret formulas and I've got to find out."

Chilton took the envelope from him and studied its contents. "That's a cipher, all right," he said. "I don't know whether I can solve it, but I'll try."

"Say, that's great!" Gregory exclaimed. "If anyone can do it I know you can." He spoke rapidly with a kind of hearty assurance, as though the words had been prepared in advance. "Of course," he added, "I don't need to tell you that if anyone really is getting at our dye formulas it's a very serious matter."

Chilton looked at him intently for a moment. "I tell you what I'll do," he said, "I'll get at it right away. You stay and entertain Eve for a while. I don't know how long this will take, but if I don't get it tonight, I'll send it to you as soon as I dope it out."

When the study door had closed behind Chilton, Eve rose nervously and walked around the table to Gregory's side. "You shouldn't have come here," she whispered. "It's madness."

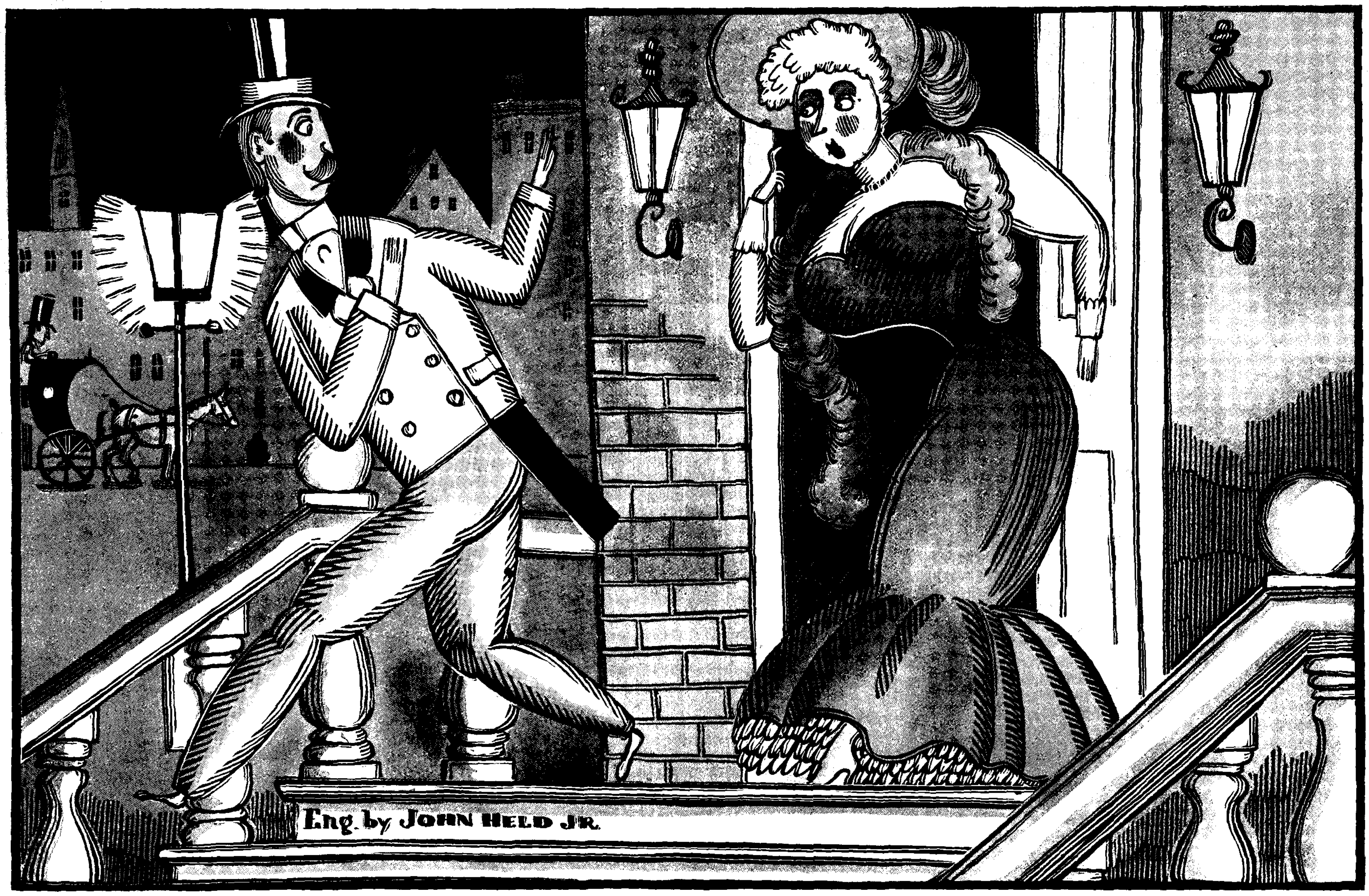
IT WAS midnight. The clock in Chilton's study announced the fact with unhurried assurance. Chilton laid down his book and counted the strokes. Twelve, there was no doubt about it. He picked up a piece of paper from the table beside him and, with an air of detachment, read it through:

> "At midnight your wife and I sail for Europe. I know that this cipher will keep you out of the way until too late to stop us. It's condign punishment for neglecting Eve. She was never intended to be the wife of a cipher.
>
> "HORACE GREGORY"

Chilton regarded the paper for a moment, thoughtfully. Then, with methodical care he entered a notation at the bottom: "Solved at nine o'clock."

Through the half-open window came the long-drawn wail of an ocean liner. Chilton rose from his chair and stretched. "It's been a long evening," he muttered, "but they must be off by now."

"WHY DID HE DECLINE SO GRUFFLY ...WHEN SHE INVITED HIM IN?"


Eng. by JOHN HELD JR.

SURELY he couldn't have misunderstood her! She merely wanted him to meet the family... he had been so gallant and charming in seeing her home from the party. Yet he was almost rude in his abrupt refusal.

Then the awful truth dawned on her. She had eaten greedily of sardines at tea-time... and the lingering odor of them must have stifled him in the cab.

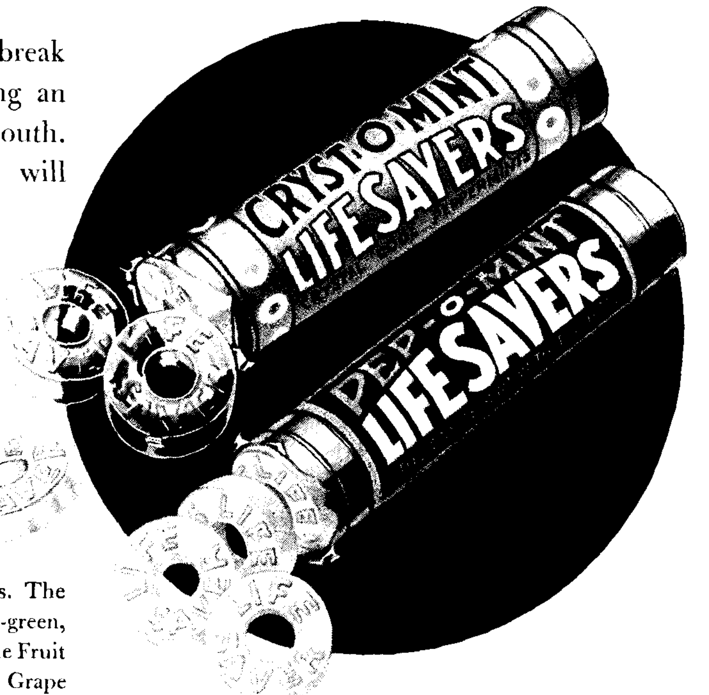
•

One may purify one's breath most efficiently in the morning with a good mouth wash. But is it fair to the morning gargle to expect it to stand guard until bed-time, against all the in-between breath-tainting circumstances ... such as rebellious digestion or an orgy of garlic and Liederkranz?

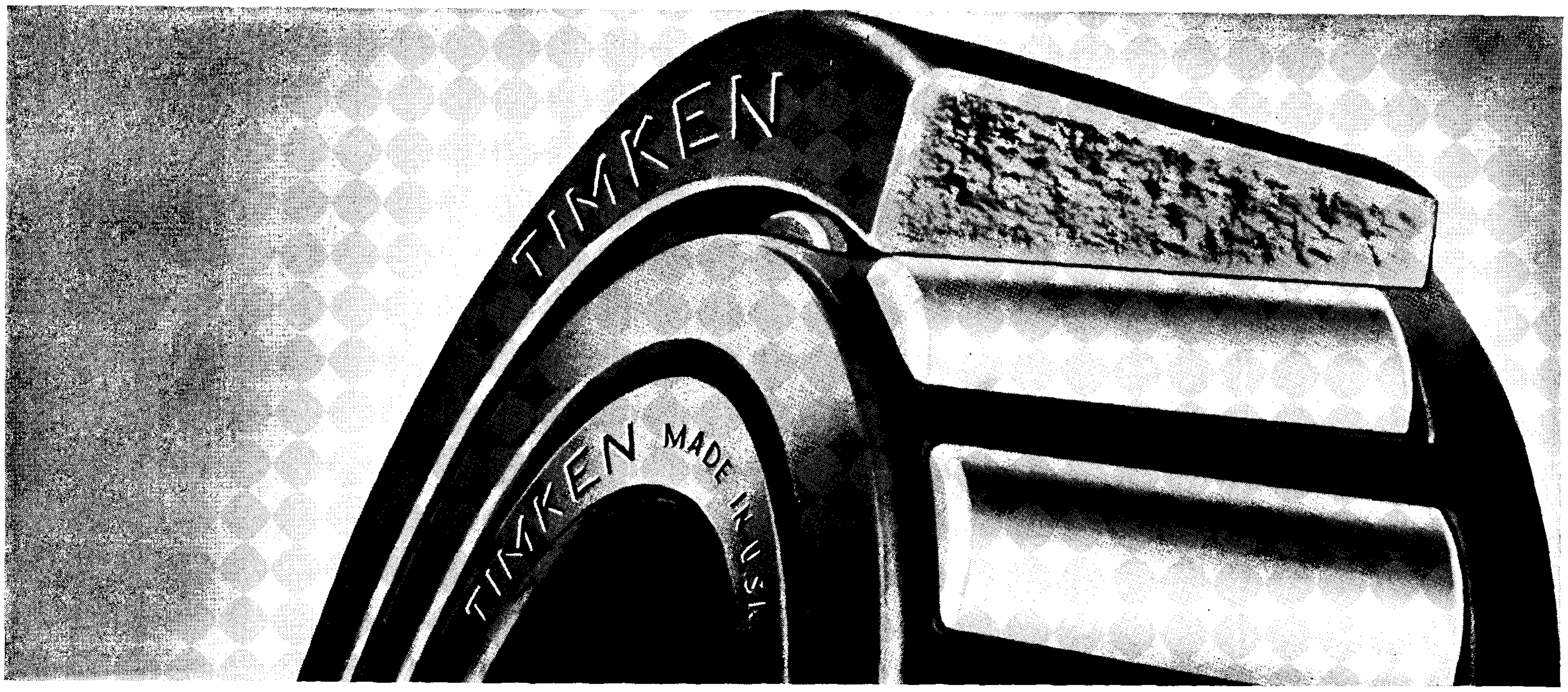
Give your morning mouth wash a fair break ... help it during the day by slipping an occasional LIFE SAVER into your mouth. How those unwelcome mouth odors will SCRAM... *and stay scrammed!*

LIFE SAVERS are the delicious ALLIES of the mouth wash. They "carry on" when the morning mouth wash wears off. They keep the breath sweet and fragrant ALL THE WAY 'ROUND THE CLOCK.

LIFE SAVERS ... come in many enticing flavors. The Enjoy-*mints* of the Nation ... Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice, Cinn-O-mon and Vi-O-let. The Fruit Drops with the Hole ... Lemon, Orange, Lime and Grape ... and the *5-Star Extra* ... CRYST-O-MINT ... and Life Savers latest thrill ... the new, tangy SPEAR-O-MINT.



All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc., Port Chester, New York.



IS IT TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED?

Your *most important question* when buying automobiles, motor trucks and any type of railroad or industrial equipment

You are in the market, let us say, for an automobile, a truck, a tractor, a concrete mixer, a farm implement or machine tool equipment . . . Perhaps your choice has narrowed down to two or three makes which compare favorably in price and which seem to have equal ability. It is difficult for you to decide . . . *but*

There is one sure way to make a wise choice. Study the bearing equipment carefully, noting the type of bearing used at every friction point throughout each machine you are considering. If you find a preponderance of Timken Bearings, that is the machine for you to buy. The manufacturer of that machine has gone the limit in assuring you not only of long bearing life, but also of many extra years of economical, trouble-free service that you get with Timken's correct and constant alignment of all moving parts.*

"Timken Bearing Equipped" is one of the most important points to look for in buying automobiles, motor trucks and any type of railroad or industrial equipment. The Timken Roller Bearing Co., Canton, Ohio.

* With Timken Bearings you get many extra years of dependable machine life, because only the Timken Bearing has the exclusive Timken combination of (1) Tapered construction (with ability to carry both thrust and radial loads) (2) Positively aligned rolls (which keep the bearing at maximum efficiency constantly) (3) Precision (assured by a factory where millions of dollars are invested in the most accurate gauges and machinery known to modern manufacturing science) and (4) Timken-made special alloy steel, created by Timken metallurgists, the most enduring and wear-resisting material ever developed for anti-friction bearings.

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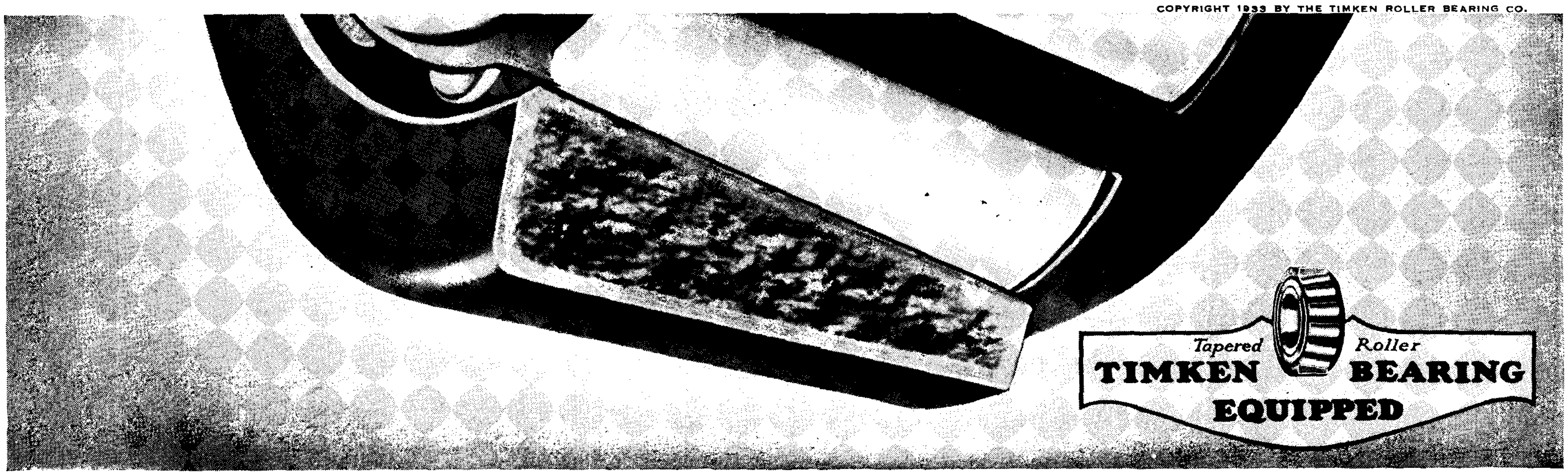

Champ of the Old Block

By Clinton W. Gilbert

Keystone-Underwood

Bennett Clark comes to the Senate from Missouri to carry on a political tradition

IN THE spring of 1932 Missouri was supposed to be a dry state. Or, to say the very least, the Democratic party of Missouri was supposed to be dry; the largest group of wets in the state—the German Americans of St. Louis and near-by counties—being Republicans.

The Democratic party in Missouri is mostly rural and under the influence of the dry country preachers. Kansas City, the second largest city in the state, lies right on the edge of dry Kansas. Its population is largely native American, so this city, Democratic normally by a small majority, was not regarded as a wet center. The Democratic party nationally at this time was trying to figure out some way of being wet to the wets and dry to the drys.

It was under such conditions as these that Bennett Clark announced his candidacy for the United States Senate as a wet. Unqualifiedly wet. When no politician west of the Allegheny Mountains except Bulkley in Ohio and Jim Ham Lewis in Illinois was bold enough to use the word repeal, Bennett Clark asked for the votes of the Anti-Saloon League Democrats of Missouri on the ground that he was for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

People said it was just like Bennett; he always was a gallant fellow. They recalled how, when the war broke out, he resigned his place of parliamentarian of the House of Representatives under his father, Speaker Champ Clark, not to be a colonel on the staff with a job far away from the firing line, which political influence could easily have got him, but to enter a training camp and become a fighting officer.

And he really went up against the guns in his fight for repeal. For, unwise and impolitic as his radical wetness seemed to be, it developed that there were to be three candidates in the race for senator. The other two were Charlie Howell, who would get all the Democratic votes in Kansas City and whatever other Democratic votes the state boss, Jim Prendergast, could swing to him, and Charlie Hay, a former Anti-Saloon League attorney, who would carry all the dry rural counties.

Straight from the Shoulder

Howell came out as a half-way wet, so there were two wets to one dry in this three-cornered race. Clark probably counted on having the help of Senator Jim Reed, who was his father's old friend. But Howell, who was Reed's chief lieutenant, had equal claims on Reed's support. So Reed had to be neutral.

It looked bad for Clark. Persons wise about the politics of Missouri didn't give him even an outside chance of winning. He would finish third, carrying nothing but St. Louis.

Then the situation changed. Mr. Hoover had to use all his postmasters to keep the Republican convention at Chicago from declaring for repeal. And there being no postmasters in the Democratic convention, that party gathering went over the top for repeal. The party had put the stamp of approval on Clark's platform. The wise ones reëxamined the Missouri situation. Clark did have an outside chance. When the primary vote was counted, he won by a big plurality. He carried not only St. Louis but a good many of the rural counties, Hay, the dry, finishing third.

This is all worth telling only because it tends to show what kind of man the new senator from Missouri is. He exhibited the same courage throughout his campaign for nomination and election. He went to Joplin, where the good people sing a hymn with the fervent refrain, "O Lord, remember zinc," and told his hearers frankly that he was too good a Democrat to vote for protection on zinc or on any other Missouri product. And that is being a pretty good Democrat. You can count on the fingers of one hand the Democratic senators who don't weaken when some local industry comes to them demanding protection on its product. An organizer of the American Legion, he told the ex-soldiers that he wouldn't vote for the payment of the bonus in the present state of the Federal treasury except to unemployed and needy veterans who would have to be supported at public expense anyway.

It all sounds very austere. Apparently here's one of your crabbed, uncompromising fellows. But he isn't. He is one of the most amiable people, very sociable: he likes nothing better than to sit up half the night talking.

As an army officer in France, he was not a disciplinarian. He didn't care much about rules so long as his men would fight. He was always for his men as against the system. His men loved him and fought for him. The martinets of the army frowned upon him privately, but he was too strong politically to be visited with their disfavor. He seemed like a good-natured waster of himself, or he did until he showed his character in the campaign for the Senate.

Another thing opened the eyes of Missouri about him. He has written a book, published since he was elected senator. Of course, everybody writes a book. A Missouri editor, a warm friend of Clark's, says: "When the book came in for review, I was afraid to look at it. So I turned it over to our reviewer. A day or so later he came to me and said, 'Why, Bennett has written a fine book.'" And that is what all the reviewers have said—not an amateur book but one showing patient research, skill in the use of words and a sense of the drama of public life.

International News Photos

Champ Clark, Speaker of the House from 1911 to 1919 and strong contender for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1912

The choice of the subject of this book is probably significant. It is about John Quincy Adams, the stiffest-necked old curmudgeon that ever trod the floor of the House of Representatives. Clark goes back into the past to find someone who had convictions and wasn't afraid to stand for them. John Quincy Adams is a hero of the House, or was to the older generation that is now gone. Clark was brought up on the traditions of the House.

Steeped in Tradition

Perhaps the men who admired Adams were very far from Adams in political practice. But they fixed an ideal in Clark's youthful mind. He was almost a member of the House as a boy and was actually its parliamentarian as a very young man. Like the Adamses, about one of whom he writes, he has the tradition of public service. We have too few families with that tradition. The La Follettes are one notable exception.

And there really is a sort of instinct in the electorate which leads it to support those who belong to political families. It is a familiar fact that a well-known political name is good for many votes. In running for office Clark began using his middle name, which happens to be his father's. He is Bennett Champ Clark. The name no doubt helped swell the vote by which he was nominated and elected.

Democracy is a faith with him: it is not just one of two alternative means, not very distinguishable from each other, of getting into office. If his campaign furnishes an indication of his course in Congress he will be firm in his faith. No more interesting person than he has come to the Senate in many years. He won't have to spend a whole term in the Senate learning what it is all about. He is fully qualified to take his part.

He has the personal qualities which make him liked by everyone in the upper house. And these are useful. In the Senate you are either on the inside or you are not. And it is important to know what is going on in the minds of members. Besides, he has convictions and the courage to stand by them.

"We couldn't

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD

"WE PICKED PLYMOUTH FOR OUR CROSS-COUNTRY TRIP . . . IT'S MOST ECONOMICAL TO RUN"

WHO *doesn't* have to watch every penny these days? Guess we're all pretty much like Richard Borden, a retired captain of the New York Fire Department.

We wish *you* could talk to him the way we did. In fact, we wish you'd talk to *any* owner of a new Plymouth. Ask him how far a gallon of gas takes him. Ask if he's ever had the "head" off the motor for repairs or valve-grinding.

The best advertising Plymouth gets is the "talk" of satisfied owners. If *we* said the things *they* do about Floating Power engine mountings . . . safety-steel bodies . . . hydraulic brakes . . . and 70 h. p. "pep", you might think we were exaggerating.

So we just let the owners . . . and the car itself . . . do the talking! That's the kind of salesmanship people like.

Frankly, we don't *have* to do much "selling" to folks who take a 15-minute ride in the new Plymouth Six. They can *see* its beauty, and they can *feel* its power . . . its patented smoothness.

A touch of your foot on its hydraulic brakes says more than anything *we* can say about stopping in a hurry.

When you feel its get-away, and hear about the mileage it gets, we won't have to tell you why we took out hundreds of pounds of cast iron and steel that's just "dead weight."

So we invite you to ride in the new Plymouth, whether you're in the market or not. In fact, look at "*all three*" low-priced cars . . . and may the best car win your order!

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Four-Door Sedan $545, Convertible Coupe $565, Rumble Seat Coupe $525, Business Coupe $495, all prices f. o. b. factory. Convenient terms. Low delivered prices. On all models—Floating Power, free wheeling, safety-glass windshield, easy-shift transmission with "silent second." Closed cars wired for radio. Automatic Clutch optional—$8.

"Planning our cross-country trip, we looked at cars and asked our friends about the mileage they get. Plymouth owners sure did rave."

NY 33
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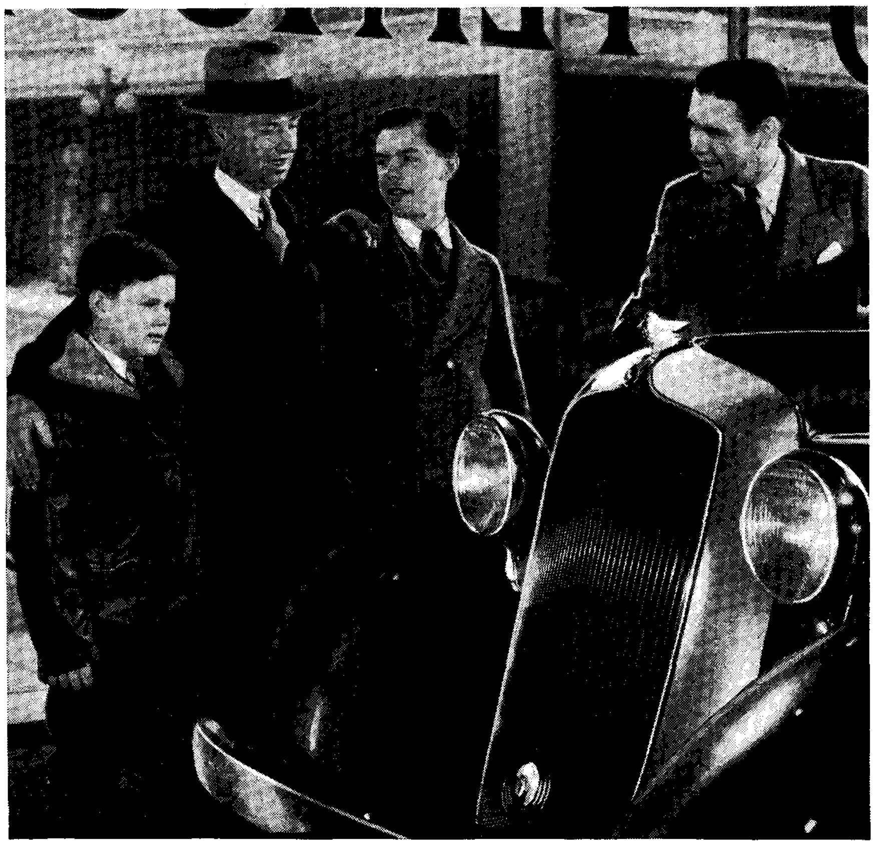
"What a thrill seeing that car in front of our house. We were so anxious to go places that we took a 'trial spin' down to Florida."

WITH FLOATING POWER

PLYMOUTH SIX

afford a Gas Eater!"

H. BORDEN (EX-FIRE CAPTAIN), 174 HERKIMER STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



"A Plymouth salesman explained it . . . said they'd used stronger materials to cut out hundreds of pounds of excess weight in the car."

PLYMOUTH
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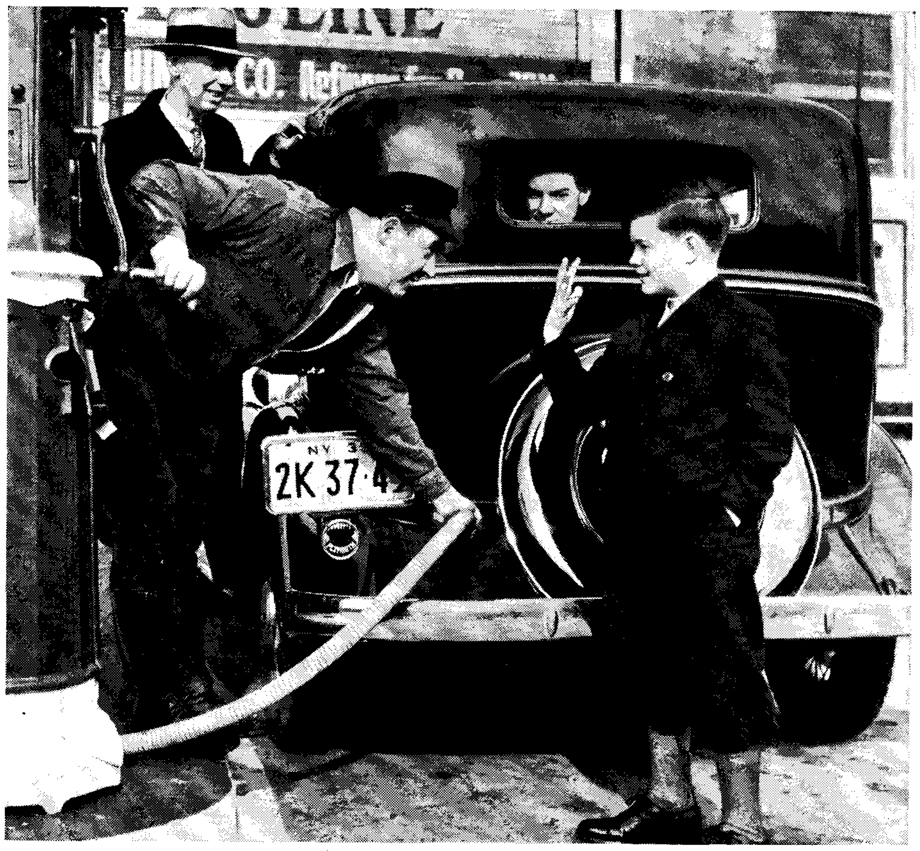
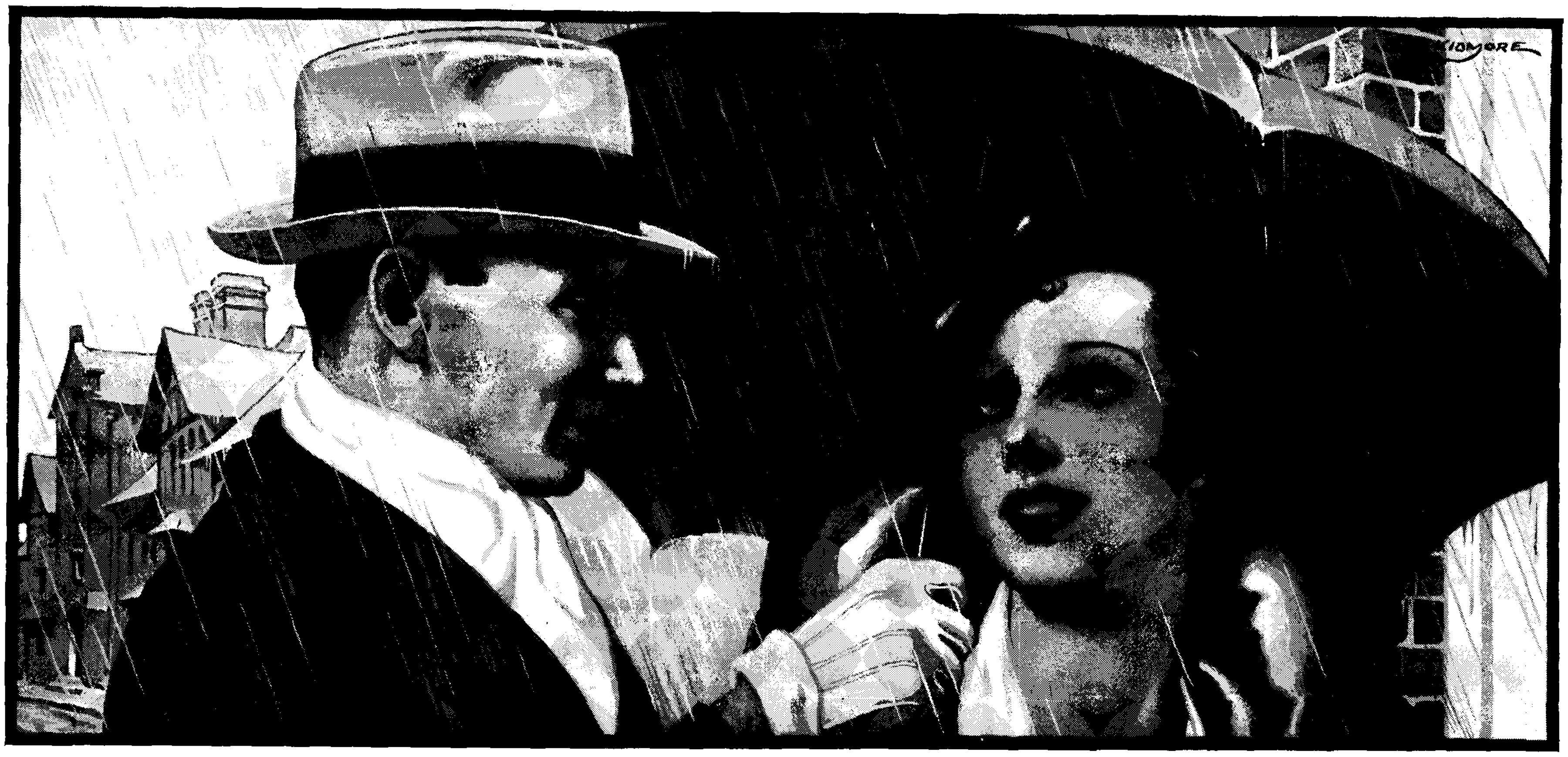
"Plymouth's looks and snappy performance won us heart and soul, and the point about no 'dead weight' sounded sensible, so I signed up."

"Talk about going to a fire! Every fire chief ought to have one of these cars! They certainly burn up the roads, but they burn darn little gas."



"I've never had a car that cost so little to run. That trip to Florida was just perfect in every way. So 'Look out, California, here we come!'"

$495 AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY • SOLD BY 7,355 DESOTO, DODGE AND CHRYSLER DEALERS EVERYWHERE



"Come along," he invited. "We'll drive home and I'll take you out to dinner"

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

Gallows of Chance

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

KIDNAPPED by four masked men, Sir Humphrey Rossiter, England's Home Secretary, is led to a mysterious house, placed on a gallows, and informed that he will be hanged—*unless* he grants a reprieve to Cecil Brandt, a condemned murderer.

Sir Humphrey finally promises. Not, however, until he has been told that Brandt's wife has new evidence to present. Released, he hears Katherine Brandt's story, promises to grant the reprieve. Then, while alone, he faints. Hours later, he comes to. Cecil Brandt has been hanged . . . ! Another shock follows for Scotland Yard: Katherine Brandt and Sir Humphrey both disappear! . . . When the attack occurred, Sir Humphrey (following a visit to Lord Edward Keynsham and his sister, Lady Louise, in Norfolk County) had been motoring in a hired car. The chauffeur is missing. Detective Pank of Scotland Yard finds him: one Bowhill; also one Humble, the "hangman" in the drama. And he learns much of importance. Clarence Edwards (a movie producer), it appears, had built the "set" in his studio—a prison shed, a courtyard, and a gallows. The man who had paid him was—Lord Edward Keynsham . . . ! Keynsham is wealthy, respected. He is an importer and exporter of wines. Between him and Brandt, the operatives learn, there had been some mysterious bond. Why? Scotland Yard resolves to answer the question.

Under the direction of Chief Commissioner Moore, the operatives—among them Inspectors Smithers and Simpson—work feverishly. They learn nothing whatever concerning Katherine Brandt's whereabouts; nor can they find any trace of Sir Humphrey. Believing that Keynsham holds the key to the mystery, they resolve to concentrate their efforts on him.

From Sir Henry Topps, one of Keynsham's partners, the detectives learn that Lord Edward is in France, discussing a tremendous wine deal with a syndicate of French vintners. . . . From Humble, the hangman, Pank extracts some interesting data. Three of the four masked men who abducted Sir Humphrey were Americans; the fourth was *Lord Edward Keynsham!*

Still mystified, Pank goes sleuthing at, and around, Keynsham Hall, where Lord Edward and his sister reside. No sooner has he left than Lady Louise appears—learns that a stranger has been asking questions about her brother. Much perturbed, she orders Police Constable Choppin to watch the place carefully. "We're in danger," she says. "Be very discreet, Choppin." And Choppin, noting her pallor, knows that she speaks the truth.

X

AMY was standing on the stone step at the back of the millinery establishment and looking dejectedly out into the dripping streets. The rain was falling in steady downpour. There were pools of water everywhere and a perfect torrent racing down by the side of the curb. She had no mackintosh. She had stayed late to finish some work, and there was a dearth of escorts. Suddenly she found herself sheltered by a large and fat umbrella, and an arm was drawn through hers.

"Kept me waiting near half an hour," a familiar voice grumbled. "Come along, child. I've a cab at the corner."

"Ernest!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

He stopped and kissed her rain-glistening cheeks.

"Come along," he invited, leading her along. "We'll drive home and I'll wait while you change your things. Afterwards I'll take you out to dinner."

"Wait till we get to the cab," she sighed happily.

Seated at a corner table in the comfortable coffee-room of the Maid's Head with dinner consisting of a sole, cutlets and sweet omelet ordered and a bottle of Burgundy in its cradle already in evidence, Pank asked his cousin the question which had been puzzling him for some little time:

"Why did you make me stop at the corner of the street tonight, Amy? What was the matter with my going to see Uncle and Aunt?"

She twisted and untwisted her slim fingers restlessly. She was looking rather fragile but remarkably pretty, her cousin thought, in her dark red costume and black hat.

"Dad and Mummie have got some silly idea in their heads, Ern," she confided. "I'm not going to have any secrets from you. You remember the chauffeur, Bowhill, who lodged with us before you, and that you were so curious about?"

"Yes, I remember him," Pank acquiesced.

"Well, he's been round asking questions about you. I think he's a horrid man. Keep out of his way, Ernest, if you see him; there's a dear."

"Why should I?"

She moved uneasily in her chair. A waiter presented two cocktails upon a salver.

"What on earth do I do with this?" she asked, as she accepted the glass.

"Drink it with your love to me," he enjoined, "as I do with my love to you! You'll feel strong enough then to tell me this terrible news, and I shall feel brave enough to hear without trembling what your friend Bowhill is going to do to me."

"He's not my friend," Amy declared vigorously. "Oh, Ernest, what a lovely drink!"

"Don't leave a drop," he advised. "That's right. Now let's hear all about it."

"WELL, you know Mother and Dad rather liked him," she went on. "He's been in to see them several times. He was in yesterday and he wasn't very nice about you, Ernest."

"That's too bad."

"He says you're one of the biggest liars in the city," the girl confided. "He says that you don't sell heels at all, but that you're a detective and that you've come down here fooling everyone and worrying round to find out things about his master."

"And what do Uncle and Aunt say?"

"They don't like it," she admitted. "Dad says it's all very well to be a detective—it's a respectable profession enough—but you've no call to be deceiving your own relatives."

"Well, there's one of them here I won't deceive any longer," Pank declared cheerfully. "Help yourself to the rolls and butter, Amy, and summon up your courage. He's telling the truth. I know no more about heels than the man in the moon. I am a detective—a Scotland Yard detective too—and I've just been made an inspector. I had your dad's friend Bowhill up in London for examination a few days ago, and he's not far from being in trouble, I can tell you that."

"Ernest dear, it sounds wonderful. An inspector too! But why didn't you tell Dad all about it?"

"Don't be silly, dear," he begged. "It was my business to find out about that man Bowhill, and I did. I shouldn't have found out anything if I'd gone telling anybody, even my own people, that I was a detective. It's a very serious matter I've been engaged upon. I have been lucky, and the chief has used me before half a dozen men who were my superior officers. If I bring it off as I hope—"

"Well?"

"Here comes the fish," he pointed out.

"You're a very aggravating person," she complained.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I never know whether you are really fond of me, or whether you are making use of me to make people believe that you are a commercial traveler and just my cousin."

"That's clever of you," he approved. "Have some sauce with your fish."

"I'll give you some you won't like in a minute if you make fun of me," she retorted.

Ernest Pank smiled quietly to himself. He was, in the ordinary affairs of life, a simple-minded person, and he was very fond of Amy. He had almost made up his mind to tell her so, when he was conscious of a sudden thrill of alien interest. A girl had entered the room, wearing beautiful motoring furs and

(Continued on page 54)

$3 is a lot of money in 1933

This modern tooth paste removes film faster . . . makes teeth whiter . . . cannot scratch enamel

In 1929, five or six dollars couldn't buy what *three* dollars will buy today.

If you can save $3 or so on tooth paste, and at the same time keep your teeth cleaner and whiter than ever before, this is certainly the year to do it!

* * *

A week's trial of Listerine Tooth Paste will be a revelation to you. Teeth lose their dingy look . . . get steadily whiter . . . regain their old sparkle.

But not at the risk of the precious enamel! The new polishing agent in Listerine Tooth Paste is *harder* than the tartar that clings to the teeth but *softer* than the teeth themselves. So it swiftly removes discolorations and tobacco stains without marring or scratching the tooth surface in any way.

Because so many millions of people have switched to this modern dentifrice for the good of their teeth and gums, it is possible to sell it at 25 cents—or about half the price of other good tooth pastes. That's where your saving comes in—and all the time you are doing the best possible thing to keep your teeth white and sound!

Get that big tube of Listerine Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Start for yourself an era of economy and dental health combined. You'll like the taste. You'll like the results. And you'll like the things your $3 saved will buy! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Listerine TOOTH PASTE

Save it

See what your savings on Tooth Paste will buy

CLOTHES

Handkerchiefs, hat, or hose; sweater, gloves, or knickers; pyjamas, or underwear; bathrobe, or raincoat; collars, or muffler; sneakers; moccasins; house slippers, or shoes; rubbers, or galoshes; belt, suspenders, and garters (all 3); overalls or lumber jacket; one or two dress shirts; neckties, shirts, or cuff links.

FOR THE CAR

Spark plugs, tire chains, or jack; spotlight, or tail and stop light; a horn, or brake bands; auto clock, or inner tube; 20 gallons of gasoline; 3 gallons of oil.

SMOKING ARTICLES

Cigarette case; lighter; one to six pipes; good tobacco pouch; 30 packages cigarettes; 30 packages tobacco.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

25¢

The Cosmic Bug

By Don Marquis

The men make a living by talking about how much they have lost

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

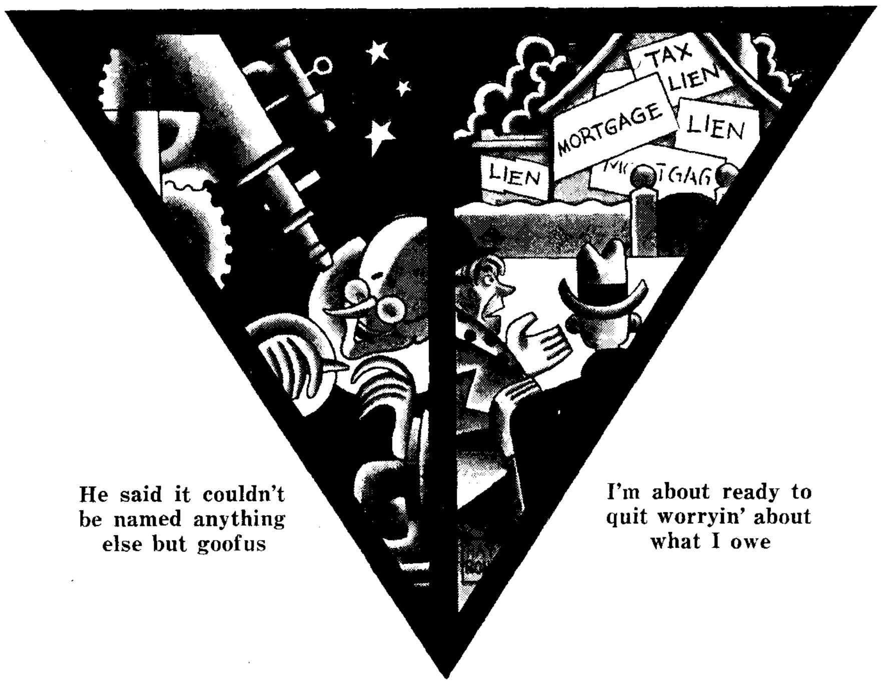
"WHAT property I got left," said the Old Soak, "has got so much taxes plastered onto it, that I'm lookin' for it to be amputated away from me most any time now; and when it goes I won't have it to worry about. I also decided to quit worryin' about the debts them furrin nations owes us. In fact, I'm gettin' to the place where I'm about ready to quit worryin' about what I owe other people. If everybody was able to follow my example and quit worryin', it would mean not merely the end of the depression; it would mean that we'd find ourselves right plumb in the center of the Millennium without knowin' how we got there."

"I suppose," I answered him, "you think that Utopia is for you topers." But he only gave me a blank look and went out.

---

dear boss
i hope you tuned in
last evening when mars and i
were on the radio together
our first joint appearance
in several years

do you realize said mars
that next week will be archy week
all over mars
and several other prominent planets
archy
good gracious mars it had slipped
my memory
mars
do you know that you are
our favorite author here and
we all but worship you
archy
well mars as far as that goes
you are one of my favorite planets
mars
what a coincidence
archy
the long arm of coincidence
makes many radio connections
mars
is that your own phrase archy
archy
mine until the next air program
nowadays an author owns his stuff
only between air programs
mars
did you know about the archy clubs here
archy
i hope they can't throw them this far
what do they look like
mars
like dumbbells ha ha ha
but please tell us how you happened
to start your career as a writer
archy
it did not happen it was something
i planned deliberately so i could quit
being what i was
mars
explain please the stars are listening
archy
well you see i was the four marx brothers
and it became annoying because
i quarreled among myself all the time
so in order to end it all i turned
author writing dantes inferno and
mehitabel the cat
mars
what do you call that little planet
where you are at
archy
well now what do you call it
mars
we call it goofus
archy
goofus goofus why goofus
mars
not long ago one of our prominent
scientists got a good look at it
with a new fangled telescope and
he laughed himself to death crying out
goofus goofus goofus all the time
he said from the way it looked it couldn't
be named anything else but goofus
archy
well if thats the way you feel who was
that lady i seen you walking with last sunday
mars
that wasn't no lady that was venus
is there any particular message
you would like to send your billions
and billions of admirers in these parts
archy
oh yes tell them
this hour is by the courtesy
of the knockem cold roach and bug killing company
and that i wish to testify
that their product has several times
brought me personally nearer the great adventure
than any other roach paste i ever ate
i always carry a flask of bath tub gin with me
as an antidote
mars
will you describe yourself for your
worshipers here
archy
i am over six feet and go everywhere
mars
who has influenced you most in a
literary way
archy
theodore dreiser and bernard shaw
they taught me how far an author can go
if he never loses patience with himself
mars
archy it is impossible that you should
not lose patience with yourself sometimes
archy
well i havent gone as far as they have either
mars
what are the conditions of life on your
planet archy
archy
they practically dont exist any more
mars
but how do people get along
archy
the men make a living by talking
about how much they have lost
during the depression
and the women and children pick up
what they can by listening
how is it by yourself old timer
mars
we never had to do any work here
we get our living by biting electrons out of the air
which we crack with our teeth
and eat the kernels while we spit
the shells into space which accounts
for a lot of the static you hear
archy
that not only interests me as a scientist
but it seems much more refined than
working for a living
mars
yes it is refined all right but it is
expensive it runs into terrible dentists bills
archy
but dentists bills are always terrible
everywhere anyhow
mars
wait till i write that down please
do you have to think a long time
for those brilliant things
or do they just come to you
archy
i never think at all when i write
nobody can do two things at the same time
and do them both well
mars
are you starting any new literary movements on your planet
archy
oh yes the latest literary movement
consists in going to all the fences
and coal sheds near all the school houses
and copying off of them all the bad words
written there by naughty little boys
over the week ends
and these form the bases of the new novels
of course these novels are kept away
from the young so they will not be contaminated
mars
but where do the boys get the words
archy
from hired hands and the classics
archy the cockroach



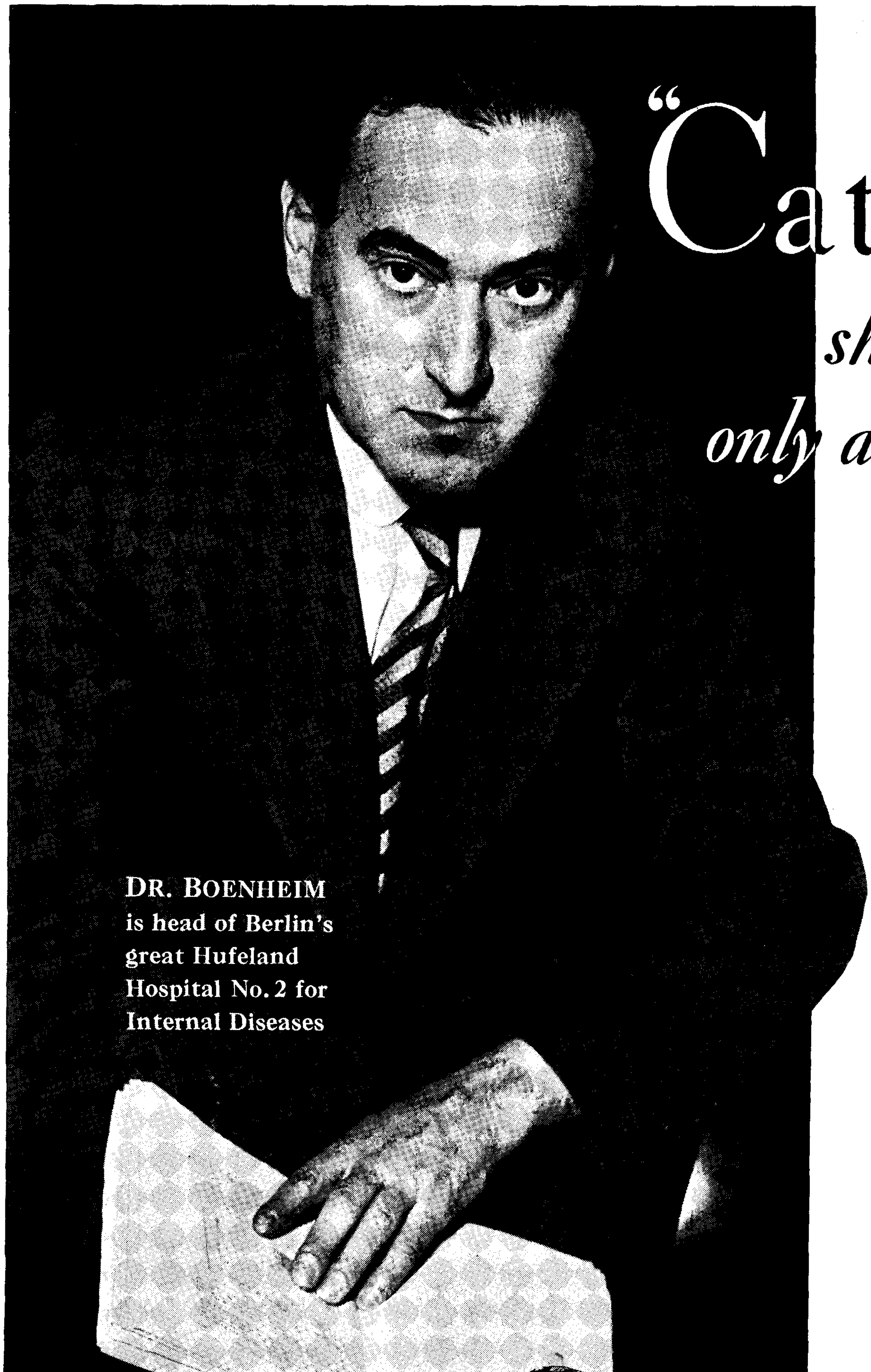
He said it couldn't be named anything else but goofus

I'm about ready to quit worryin' about what I owe

Well, the laugh some of these U. S. Income Tax Collectors are going to get in a few weeks!

A good way to begin with a girl is by telling her that you never did understand women, anyhow. And you'll prove it easier than anything else you'll ever tell her.

They say that hell is paved with good intentions. Maybe so; but on the other hand, heaven is certainly not canopied with bad ones!



"Cathartics *should be used only as a* last resort.."

Dr. Felix Boenheim

(DR. FELIX BOENHEIM, the noted German expert on internal diseases)

DR. BOENHEIM is head of Berlin's great Hufeland Hospital No. 2 for Internal Diseases

WHAT do doctors really think about cathartics?... We put that question to Dr. Felix Boenheim, the great German authority and Physician-in-chief of the Hufeland Hospital No. 2 for Internal Diseases, in Berlin.

This is how Dr. Boenheim replied:—

"Cathartics and laxatives give temporary relief from constipation. But they ultimately make a chronic condition worse. Cathartics are harsh, habit-forming—internally destructive. They should be used only as a last resort."

And he added:—

"To keep intestines 'regular' without irritation, nothing surpasses fresh yeast."

Have you wondered why famous doctors recommend fresh yeast so widely? The reason is, it's a *food.* It is harmless. Yet it has a greater effect on the intestines than any other food known.

It "tones." Stimulates. Actually strengthens internal muscles. At the same time it softens the clogging bowel wastes so they can be easily cleared away. And as fresh yeast restores gentle, natural evacuations, poisons cease to circulate through your system. Digestion improves. Your skin clears.

All through a simple addition to your diet that you eat like any other food, three times a day!

Won't you take the advice of doctors and add Fleischmann's Yeast to your diet? Eat 3 cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain, or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).

For free booklet write Dept. Y-N-5, Standard Brands Incorporated, 691 Washington Street, New York City.

Try Fleischmann's Yeast in place of weakening cathartics—starting today!

"I felt really well again for the first time in many years"

"I had had stomach trouble practically all my life," writes Mrs. Mary Miller (at right in photograph) of Washington, D. C. "After any party, I'd be laid up with indigestion and headaches, and anything rich or sweet would bring an ugly spot on my face. I had tried all sorts of pills and laxatives, but they didn't do much good.

"My sister got me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. My sluggishness, headaches and indigestion disappeared, and I have no more skin troubles."

Important!

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors recommend. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
IT'S HEALTHFUL

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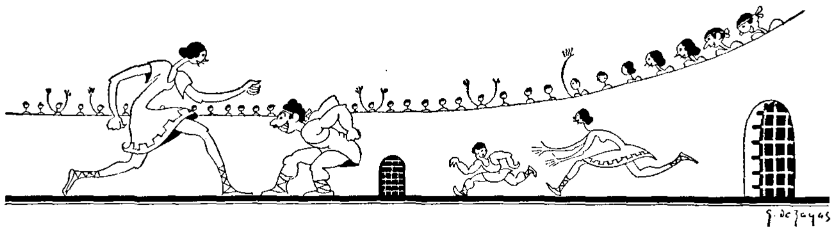


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

When the ancient Romans grew tired of the bloody gladiatorial combats in which men fought to the death not only with each other but with lions, tigers, leopards and elephants, the amphitheater managers would stage battles between male dwarfs and women.

Because the musical scale is based on the human voice, with its limitations in range and intervals, music uses only about 90 of the 11,000 musical tones that the ear is able to distinguish.—*By Carolyn Fosberg, Brooklyn, New York.*

A new chemical has been found to be 300 times more effective than camphor or naphthalene in protecting clothes against moths.

The greatest temperance worker in history was Father Theobald Mathew, who traveled through Ireland from 1838 to 1841 and influenced a weekly average of 30,000 drinkers to sign the pledge of abstinence—a total of 4,700,000 persons, or more than the entire population of that country today.

Hidden in the Ondo Bush of French West Africa, there is a strange tribe of 2,000 "Black Jews." They claim descent from the lost tribe of Ephraim and religiously observe all Jewish rites and holidays.—*By S. J. Rosen, Uniontown, Pennsylvania.*

During its early days, Harvard University required students qualifying for a Bachelor of Arts degree to be able to translate the Bible from its original form into Latin.

The Avesta, bible and prayer book of Zoroastrianism, was thought to be, in its original form, the largest collection of sacred documents ever written on one religion. It was inscribed in gold ink on 12,000 cowhides and contained 2,000,000 verses.

In England today, more than 20,000 babies of wealthy families do not live at home but in fashionable "baby hotels" where they are taken at birth. Many remain until old enough for preparatory school.

The United States is the greatest drug-consuming country on earth. Approximately 110,000 different proprietary medicines and pharmaceutical products are sold in this country today.

Paris now ropes off and rents its streets to motion picture companies, with a definite charge for every actor, animal and vehicle on the location. Prices are doubled after dark because blocking of night traffic is serious.

Machine bearings have been so perfected that one type even enables the large wheel of a certain machine to be set in motion by the weight of a silk handkerchief.—*By L. H. Artuso, McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania.*

Norway has produced more than half of all the international skating champions during the past forty years.

Some companies now are saving postage and envelopes by using bank checks that are printed on post-cards in special ink.

In Japan undressing in public is quite permissible. Passengers on railway trains frequently step into the aisles and change all their clothing.—*By Miss A. K. Cline, New York City.*

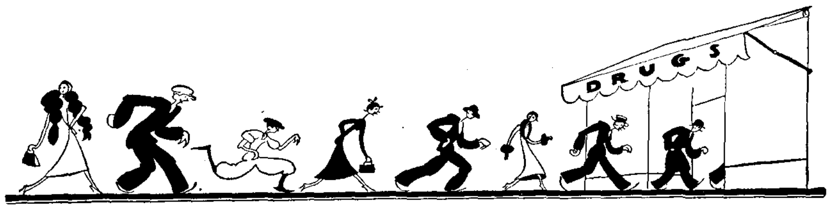
Aluminum is found in water, seeds, eggs, milk, meats, fruits and vegetables. In fact, it composes about 8 per cent of the earth's crust.

The world's costliest parade is the Pareshnath Procession, staged yearly by the Jains in India. Besides lavish costumes and floats, the Great Indradwaja, a 50-foot banner that must never be lowered, necessitates large payments for the temporary removal of all telephone, telegraph and trolley wires crossing the line of march.

A Korean bride never is permitted to see her husband until the second day after her marriage. He is selected for her and they meet for the first time at the wedding. Even on this day and the following day, her eyelids are gummed together.

The largest single floral offering in history was made in the 15th century at the famous Buddhist shrine in Kandy, Ceylon, by a royal worshiper who expressed his veneration one day with 6,480,300 flowers.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



The Girl with the Key

Continued from page 15

right and to make myself at home."

"Who is Francis Kelsey? I know he lives across the hall."

"He's my cousin. He's with the family in Maine."

"This happens to be the second floor left."

"Of course—I've worked that all out now, but it *is* right after you've come upstairs and turned round. Try it and see if it isn't. I had only one idea in my head last night, second floor right. I stuck to it, my turning round couldn't change it, not in my condition."

"And the key worked?"

"Of course it did."

"It would. Andy Scull used to live in there and we had locks put on that worked with the same keys so that we could walk into each other's places when we wanted to. I don't recall that we did anything about it when Andy got married and went away last spring."

"It's all very simple, really, isn't it?"

"It's very delightful, your being here. You haven't changed a bit—I'm awfully glad to see you."

"HOW are you?" Anita changed the subject.

"My health is excellent but otherwise things have not been what they might—I don't mean business; I mean mental condition. Life has been pretty futile for—but I don't feel that way now. I feel as though . . . it's awfully interesting . . . seeing you again after what happened—a year ago."

"It is, isn't it? I wonder what would have happened . . . if it hadn't been for that last night when we—when we—?"

"Do you remember what the trouble was?"

Anita shook her head. "Wasn't some other girl mixed up in it?"

"I thought it was a man."

"Was it? Perhaps; it's not important."

"It was awfully good fun, till it got busted up," Archie said.

"How about something to eat?" Anita, to change the subject again, jumped at the first thing that came into her head.

"A very sound idea! It will be here in a minute: I've told Mary to bring it along."

"Wouldn't it be just as well to go out?"

"Of course we shall have to go out sometime, but breakfast here for two is not at all unusual. Mary simply deposits it on the table; I have electric things which cook it, and . . . it's very comfortable here, Anita."

"But don't you think that—"

"No, I don't. Mary is quite used to finding me ready and the other man not ready and therefore not visible. Melon, eggs, bacon, coffee, toast—will that do?"

Anita nodded. "That will be perfect," she said, and then she laughed. "It's exactly what we had the other time we had breakfast together."

"When we got up at four o'clock and drove to Boston, playing that we were eloping."

"It was fun, wasn't it?"

Archie looked at her for a moment, as though undecided whether to mention a small matter that he recollected. Finally he decided that he would mention it.

"We had one other thing for breakfast that morning," he said. "I recall it distinctly."

"Did we—what was it? I don't remember." Anita was trying to remember what it was.

"In the hall." Then Anita remembered that it was a small quick kiss and Archie went on: "And there were two or three other things, too—happiness and youth, for instance."

"Youth! We're only a year older now."

"I've aged tremendously since then."

A knock came on the door. Archie indicated another door to Anita. "We'll talk over ways and means after breakfast," he said, and Anita disappeared. Mary appeared, set the table quickly, placed the food upon it and departed. Anita came out of hiding.

"It's too humiliating!" she said.

"Please don't look at it that way. We're the victims of circumstance and must be governed accordingly. I have a grand idea."

"It would be a grand idea to eat," Anita said, and as they ate Archie propounded his grand idea.

"The way to handle the situation," he said, "is to make it appear that it is perfectly proper for us to be here as we are. To do that we'd simply have to say that we are married and then go and get married at once. It is the only plan worth considering. We couldn't get out of here, properly, any other way. You see there's Sam the janitor, Mary, his wife, the telephone operator, the elevator operator, the doctors on the first floor, their secretaries and assistants and their patients going in and out, and the other tenants and their friends and people delivering things—they're all gossipy souls, looking for something to talk about."

Anita smiled serenely. "All I have to do is just slip across the hall into the apartment that I'm supposed to be in and send for Mary and ask if I could have something for breakfast." She spread her hands in an expressive gesture. "Child's play."

Archie groaned. "I was afraid you'd think of that. The objection is that somebody might see you do it and that would be fatal and how could I explain the extra breakfast here to Mary? She's a wise old darky. No, the thing to do is to admit the fact and just juggle the hour of the wedding."

"HOW can there be an elevator operator?" Anita asked. "There isn't an elevator."

"No, there isn't an elevator and there isn't a telephone operator and the other tenants are all away and delivery people wouldn't notice a thing and the doctors' patients don't come till the afternoon and their secretaries never see a thing and Sam and Mary probably wouldn't see you if you went out and wouldn't suspect anything if they did. This house is so darned respectable you couldn't scare up a scandal in it if you tried."

"Then I'll just move across the hall and everything will be just as it was intended to be in the first place. But I'm not going until I've had all my breakfast—it's delicious."

"It seems delicious to me," Archie said. "I have the same thing with minor variations every day but it has never been like this. Your being at the other end of the table makes a lot of difference. Doesn't it seem homelike and very pleasant, Anita?"

"Could I have another cup of coffee?" Anita asked.

"I'd like to provide coffee for you forever. Say the word and—"

"How about toast?" Anita suggested.

"Toast, too," Archie said, "and bacon and eggs and—"

Anita laughed. "I never heard anything so subtle. You weren't nearly so subtle a year ago."

"What ought I to do, try to work some mild variation of cave-man stuff or tell you what an awful cad and fool I was a year ago, and beg you to forgive me, and lie down and let you put your heel on my neck? Don't answer without thinking hard. It's awfully important to me. I want to do the right thing and you're the only one who can tell me what it is."

"BOTH of them would be a waste of time," Anita said. "What really was it that busted things up last year?"

"I did it. No self-respecting girl could have done anything except what you did. I got it into my head that you thought you'd said 'yes' too quickly and were sorry you had and when I asked you if that were so you thought it was the other way round and—"

"Smash up," said Anita. "Tell me, is it the same old love of a year ago or have you fallen in love with me all over again, during the last hour?"

"Both. The old love never died, and it doubled up when I saw you last night."

"What!" Anita's eyes were blazing.

"It did. What's the matter?"

"You knew I was here last night!"

"Oh, Lord, I forgot," Archie murmured. "Yes. I did. I wanted to know what man had dropped in, so I looked. I couldn't possibly mistake you for a man. You were so beautiful, I looked and looked. You were so sound asleep and so happy, I wouldn't have waked you for the world. I'm not as cruel as that."

"You could have gone somewhere else."

"Yes, I suppose I could, but I didn't. I didn't want to leave you. I wanted to see you this morning. Heaven knows what might have happened if I'd gone away. Besides, I thought you didn't want me to go. You kept saying 'Archie' over and over again, in your sleep."

"I did not!"

"Whose name was it you were saying? Who were you dreaming about?"

"I wasn't dreaming about you and I've never called you 'Archie' in my life."

Archie groaned. "That's so, isn't it? Another ray of hope doused. Who were you dreaming about?"

"Nobody and nothing; not a dream."

"Is there any other man you might dream about, pleasantly?"

"Lots."

"Seriously?"

Anita considered the word. "Why should I tell you that?"

"I hoped you might replace the ray of hope you just doused."

Anita smiled. "Not very seriously," she said.

Archie sighed. "Thank heaven for that; we've only ourselves to consider. Is there a ray of hope for me, Anita? I get down on my knees and beg you to forgive me a thousand—"

"You poor, humble thing. Do you really love me?"

"I love you so much that—"

"You're not just being heroic and offering to make an honest woman of me?"

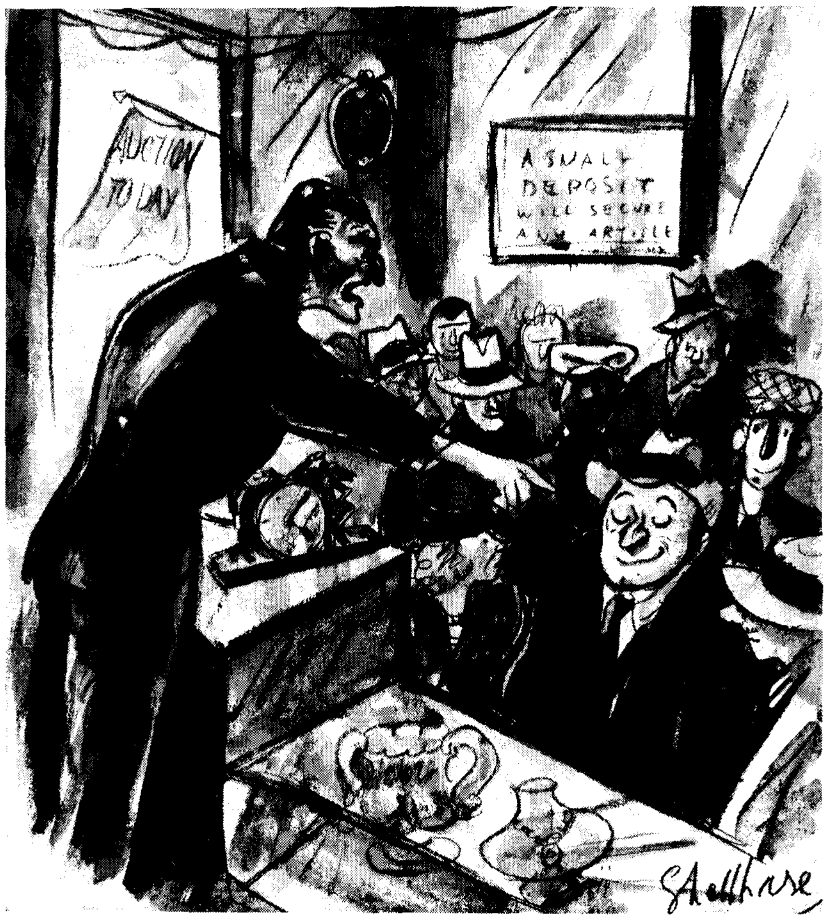
"Anita, please. I'm awfully penitent."

Anita smiled at Archie; she drank the last of her cup of coffee; she dipped her fingers into the finger bowl; she dried them methodically on her napkin; then she smiled again. "I'm penitent, too," she said.

AN HOUR later Anita spoke: "You are marrying an awfully forward woman. I knew you lived in this house and when I got the chance to come here I jumped at it. What happened last year was my fault—a woman ought to be able to manage things—a man—better than that, and I thought if you saw me around here something might happen to fix up the mistake." Anita stopped, suddenly. "James Archibald Greer, if you ever even intimate that I knew that the Kelsey key opened your door I'll never speak to you again."

"Even after we're married?" Archie asked.

"I'll unmarry you like that." Anita snapped her fingers.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15 FREE SHAVES

to prove to you that you're paying too much for shaving cream

NO matter how many creams you've tried . . . how tough your beard is . . . how much you spend . . . or how much cream you put on the brush . . . we know that those 15 free shaves will convert you to Listerine Shaving Cream. That's why we make this free offer.

Will you take us up?

We're betting you'll never again pay half a dollar for somebody else's shaving soap when you can get a three months' tube of Listerine Shaving Cream for a quarter. Think: 104 of the smoothest, soothingest, swiftest shaves you ever had in your life—for the ridiculous sum of 25 cents, or less than ¼¢ a shave! Man, it's irresistible.

Here's a lather that stands up—holds moisture—softens the beard—calms the chin while the razor sweeps away the whiskers like nothing at all! Hot water, cold water, brush or no brush, it's all the same to Listerine Shaving Cream. And what a cool and comfortable chin afterwards!

Too good to be true? All right. Send the coupon.

FREE—*Send this coupon for large sample tube*

Lambert Pharmacal Company
Dept. C-3-S, St. Louis, Missouri

Gentlemen: Below is my name and address. Please send me, free and postpaid, your large sample tube of Listerine Shaving Cream.

____
____
____

25¢

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

NL

U.

*TEMP

S.

ERED

Sissy is a **Nasty Name**

but Sweet Cocktails DESERVE IT!

"Sissy" hisses unpleasantly in the ear but it doesn't make nearly the commotion that sickish fruit concoctions make in your stomach. Really they're not cocktails at all—because a cocktail was invented to *stimulate* the appetite and sweet drinks *deaden* it. Tony Weir, who was master craftsman at the old Knickerbocker bar purples with indignation when you so much as mention "sweet cocktails." "Whoever heard of eatin' cake before dinner," he growls—"'tis tart, dry cocktails—vermouth cocktails—people should be drinkin'!"

It's a law in Italy and a tradition in America that it isn't a Martini unless it's made with Martini & Rossi Vermouth. Buy two bottles of Martini & Rossi—one Regular and one Dry—and learn for yourself that the best cocktail in the world is the easiest to make.

DRY
MARTINI & ROSSI
ITALY
MARTINI & ROSSI
Sole Agents for the United States
W. A. TAYLOR & Co.
NEW YORK

Make Perfect Cocktails! ***The Automatic Bartender.*** **Fool-Proof Cocktail Mixer. Make 6 most famous: Martini, Manhattan, Bronx, Dacquiri, etc., *to Tony Weir's own recipes.* Directions on side. You *can't* make a mistake if you can see to pour. In stores, would cost $3.50 to $4.00. Special price by mail, $1.50. Use the coupon.**

MARTINI
& ROSSI
VERMOUTH

Reward Your Friends: Mail Coupon

W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
12B Vestry Street, New York City.

Here is 10c. Please send me Tony Weir's new Cocktail Wheel of 18 recipes. ☐ Here is $1.50 ($1.75 west of Miss.) for which please send me the Automatic Bartender, complete with Swizzle stick. ☐ Write name and address in margin.

What Roosevelt Intends to Do

Continued from page 9

loss? To use his own words, "dead wood" must go. Instead of sitting idle, waiting for manna from the Federal Treasury, railroad managements must grasp the necessity of meeting competition from other forms of transportation by modernization and increased efficiency. Air-conditioned cars, short trains, higher speed, more frequent service and an end to the barbed-wire entanglements that now surround railroad travel.

Most important reform of all, the properties must be cleared of waste and extravagance. Virtually every one of the companies that begged millions from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to save themselves from bankruptcy is paying well above $100,000 a year to executives who represent the financial control only, and have nothing at all to do with the operation.

Turning away from the legislative measures, what is Franklin Roosevelt going to do in the matter of giving us a more orderly, simpler and cheaper governmental machinery? Unless I am greatly mistaken, one of his first tasks will be to give the United States a *real* budget. As it is now, the so-called budget is nothing more than a hodgepodge, a jumble, without any relation of receipts to expenditures, and utterly lacking the segregation that permits intelligent analysis. Even the lump sums set down mean nothing, for a hundred and one emergency appropriations always bob up, a plan that makes deficits inevitable and also enables these deficits to be concealed.

What we need, and what President Roosevelt will undoubtedly give us, is a budget that will set forth full income and full expenditures. Nor will it be confined to a single year. What more dishonest and misleading than to set down an appropriation of $250,000 for some item when it is known that the item will require a capital expenditure of millions in the future?

The Democratic platform pledged a reduction of 25 per cent in Federal expenditures, and it can be stated flatly that Franklin Roosevelt will keep that pledge though the heavens fall. He knows that he has *got* to. In 1913 the total costs of all government in the United States were three billions, constituting 8.5 per cent of the national income. In 1932, the total costs of government were fifteen billions, a full 30 per cent of the national income. In 1913 the tax burden of a family was $136; today it is $500.

Permanent Retrenchment is Aim

It may be stated explicitly that horizontal reductions will not be the Roosevelt way of securing economy, for he knows that they generally cripple the essential while continuing the nonessential. What he will try for is not mere penny-paring, but a drastic and permanent retrenchment based on the elimination of everything but proper and absolutely necessary Federal functions.

There are scores of bureaus, boards and commissions that need cutting *out*, not cutting *down;* mushroom growths that call for extirpation. Likewise scores of activities about as useful as thumb-twiddling. One of Franklin Roosevelt's own favorite illustrations of how money can be saved is the Naval Observatory, a moss-grown institution that costs $300,000 a year exclusive of an admiral, his aides and other Navy personnel. . . . At the Observatory they study stars with a telescope made in 1840, and the two major duties are to set a clock each day and get out the Naval Almanac, a task that is the last word in perfunctoriness.

Army posts built more than sixty years ago to guard the frontier against Indian raids and still kept up at the insistence of congressmen; a bureau in the Department of Agriculture getting out costly brochures on the Sex Life of the Bullfrog and Pleasant Games for the Long Winter Evenings; an appropriation of $54,000,000 for a Department of Commerce for the purpose of duplicating work done by the Consular Service; a Reclamation Bureau to bring more acreage into cultivation when the present trouble with agriculture is overproduction.

Where the Axe Will Fall

Nothing is more necessary than a redefinition of Federal functions. How far should purely state activities be supported from the national treasury? Washington is thick with all sorts of bureaus busily engaged in doing things for the states that ought to be done by the states and which could be better done by them. It is overcentralization that wastes money even while sapping the initiative of the commonwealths and the communities, and be sure that President Roosevelt will call a much-needed halt.

And there is also the matter of subsidies. About $20,000,000 a year in subsidies to air-mail routes, and the loss in 1932 was close to $14,000,000. Mail subsidies to steamship lines amounting to $35,000,000 a year. Annual deficits in the Post Office Department. All bringing up the question of whether the government is obliged to furnish service at a loss.

By reason of eight years in Washington, Franklin Roosevelt knows the rotten spots as he knows the fingers of his hand. One of the things I remember best was the way he took idle, costly Navy yards and turned them into sources of actual profit by making them over into manufacturing plants. Not only did they produce many things that the Navy required, but, what was even more important, they ascertained the cost of many things that the Navy bought. The energetic Assistant Secretary, for instance, discovered that the government was being overcharged $1,000 on every torpedo, $170 on every mine, and from twenty cents to fifty cents on every pound of smokeless powder.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, is well aware that even the most drastic economies in government itself will fall far short of meeting the pledge for a 25-per-cent reduction. There are many cuts to be made in the interest of simplification and efficiency as well as money-saving, but the principal retrenchment must come from the $928,000,000 allotted to the Veterans Administration, an amount exactly 23.7 per cent of the nation's four-billion-dollar budget.

Of this enormous sum, $376,000,000 pays the pensions of the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War, the pensions of the regular Army and Navy, and compensations and benefits for deaths and disabilities incurred in the line of duty in the Spanish War and World War. The sum of $100,000,000 is a reserve fund for bonus loans.

A large part of the first item represents reckless, vote-buying legislation. Widows of the War of 1812 and the Mexican War are still on the pension rolls, and millions are being paid to Army and Navy officers who retired at forty-nine and fifty and now hold lucrative positions. A full $4,000,000 goes annually to retired emergency officers who served less than six months and suffered no disability. Some of these abuses can be corrected, with a large resultant saving, but the important retrenchment must come from the $452,000,000 now being paid in hospitalization and disability allowances for ailments that have not even the slightest connection with military service.

In this matter the Democratic platform is without equivocation. Explicitly, courageously, it pledges the fullest possible measure of care and compensation for every man disabled *in service*, and to the widows and dependents of men killed *in action* or dying from disease in line of duty. By no stretch of the imagination can this be made to cover hospitalization and disability allowances for sickness incurred in civil life, and particularly for diseases due to willful misconduct.

Not one of these imperative economy measures gives Franklin Roosevelt so much as the twitch of a nerve. Wasteful, unnecessary and improper expenditures must go. As a matter of truth, he would be delighted to have Congress put the full burden on his shoulders, giving him the power to cut and slash, consolidate and eliminate, by executive order.

With respect to revenue measures, as well as economy moves, the new President has definite ideas. He does not believe in the sales tax as outlined, and all the pressure exerted by powerful supporters has not been able to change this stand. His objection to the sales tax is that it starts from the top, and is instantly weakened by a thousand and one exemptions. The plan he prefers is a special excise tax that starts at the bottom and builds up, adding rather than exempting.

Banishing Hates and Antagonisms

He will stand, of course, for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the instant modification of the Volstead Act, not merely as a tax-producing measure, but because he feels strongly that prohibition never had any proper place in the Constitution. In every detail his views are those of Woodrow Wilson, who was a firm believer in local option.

When it comes to foreign affairs, "America First" will be the Roosevelt policy, but by no means is this to be construed in terms of isolation. He realizes fully that we live in an interdependent world, and while convinced that our entrance into the League of Nations is no longer in the field of practical political consideration, it will be his purpose to develop and intensify every possible international contact for the promotion of peace and the restoration of orderly, stable international relations.

To sit at a table where the betterment of world conditions is under discussion does not, in his opinion, involve any surrender of American sovereignty. The coming international economic conference will find the United States an eager and sincere participant, doing everything in its power to banish hates and antagonisms, and promoting amity, understanding and common welfare.

Another consortium that he will urge is one that will have to do with silver. Mexico, Central and South America,

(Continued on page 36)

Men by the Thousand Turn to Pipe Smoking

When men want to be comfortable and at ease, note how they turn to a pipe and good tobacco. When life and times are difficult, this wholesome diversion brings relaxation and relief from the tension of work and business problems. And pipe smoking reduces tobacco bills.

Edgeworth's Weekly Radio Show

Tune in and learn how to get a Free Gift

"The Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia" has a big meeting every Wednesday evening at 10 o'clock (E.S.T.) at the old Cross Roads Hall. Just a gathering of country folks having a good time singing and dancing.

Tune in and hear how to become a member of the club and get a membership certificate and a free gift. Coast to coast network National Broadcasting Company.

Here are a few "remarks" from our radio mail bag!

Springville, New York
"A friend remarked, 'Have you ever tried Edgeworth?' Well, I hadn't; but I did. That settled it. Your entertainments are enjoyed over WBEN."

Hauppauge, Long Island
"My three best pals are my pipe, Edgeworth and my wife. And we all agree no matter what."

Brooklyn, New York
"I am a constant listener to your programs. I am also a smoker of Edgeworth Tobacco, and when your program is on, I light up my pipe, sit by the radio and enjoy the smoke and the program."

Santa Rosa, California
"You bet Edgeworth is good tobacco—and I am trying my third can since first hearing your broadcast. I had never been a pipe smoker until I heard your programs on the air. Now I enjoy a pipe and Edgeworth and your program."

Amsterdam, New York
"Your program is just as good as your tobacco. I have been an Edgeworth smoker for fifteen years. What you say about this tobacco is true. I have tried 'most every pipe tobacco on the market. I find no tobacco like Edgeworth."

Denver, Colorado
"I have been listening to your programs for some time and enjoy them very much. I just started smoking Edgeworth Tobacco and I think it the finest pipe tobacco I ever used."

Washington, D. C.
"We have an aunt who is ninety years old but she just can't keep her feet still when you all call out the dances. It's funny to see her try to 'step it off,' as she calls it."

Send for this Flavor Testing Outfit

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
READY-RUBBED
EDGEWORTH
PLUG SLICE

Tobacco, pipe, tax, packing and postage cost us 26¢. We ask you to send 10 cents as evidence of your sincerity. If you do not discover that there is solid comfort and pleasure in pipe smoking, you are "out" only one little dime. As to economy—Edgeworth Friend Charles E. Baxter of Van Dyke, Michigan, writes us that pipe smoking and Edgeworth cut $63.96 a year off his smoking bill.

Edgeworth Sold Everywhere. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are sold everywhere. All sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. Some sizes in vacuum-sealed tins. Get details from your dealer.

Tobacco flavor testing outfit offered by Edgeworth arouses wide interest—Requests deluge Richmond

WOMEN TAKING ACTIVE PART

Thousands of requests from wives show strong feminine trend in favor of men changing to pipes

It's a revolution! At least it is a revelation—and down here at the factory in Virginia, where we make Edgeworth, everybody is excited over the great public interest shown in our tobacco flavor testing idea.

It seems that literally thousands of men are discovering for the first time the real, solid pleasure of a pipe and good tobacco. Other thousands who had been swept away from the calmness and composure of pipe smoking by the speed of the Prosperity Era are turning back to the pipe for ease, relaxation and comfort.

And don't you let anybody tell you women do not want their men folks to smoke pipes. Nearly two hundred thousand wives have written us for our Edgeworth flavor testing outfit for their husbands.

Times have changed

Most of us are searching now for the solid things of life. The custom of pipe smoking lies deep in the American scheme. It has a reason, a solidity—a background rich in the associations of rugged native character.

So we invite all you men to think about pipe smoking in a new way. Open your minds again to this old-new idea.

Here is our proposition:

We invite you to begin your pipe smoking career with Edgeworth. Send for our flavor testing outfit and you can try pipe smoking with Edgeworth and get started on the road to smoking happiness. We will send you enough Edgeworth for several days' trial smoking and with it an old-fashioned corn cob pipe. You can try Edgeworth and experience its true flavor because this pipe requires no "breaking in." If you decide to adopt pipe smoking, you will later choose a briar pipe that you like at your dealer's. Larus & Bro. Co., tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.

MEN—WOMEN—CLIP—MAIL

This is a family coupon. You men who want to try Edgeworth and pipe smoking—send the coupon. You women who want your men folks to be happy pipe smokers—send the coupon. Don't wait—act now!

LARUS & BRO. CO., 101 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Virginia.

Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send Corn Cob Pipe and Samples of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco.

(Please PRINT name and address plainly.)

Name...................................

Street...................................

City...................................

State...................................

WIVES! Men glory in comfort. And how precious it is to have your husband stretched out happily in his easy chair—smoking. You can help to bring the peace of the pipe to your home, just by asking "him" to give pipe smoking and Edgeworth Tobacco a fair trial. In Edgeworth we have made a pipe tobacco of distinctive taste and flavor. Edgeworth will make 'most any man more companionable, a better husband. So *you* send the coupon in this advertisement and surprise your husband with the Edgeworth Flavor Testing Outfit.

Put **EDGEWORTH** *in your pipe and smoke it*

SIMONIZ

KEEPS My Car
Always BEAUTIFUL
. . . Says Mr. Wister Elliot
BEAUTY MILEAGE
55098 654
My car has traveled 55,000 miles, twice to California (14,000 miles in one summer, through all sorts of weather), and eleven times to Florida. Everyone takes it for new.

SIMONIZ PROTECTS THE FINISH AND MAKES IT LAST LONGER

Simoniz your car! Every car positively needs the mighty protection of Simoniz to stop dirt, the sun's rays and injurious elements, from ruining its finish. So don't put off Simonizing your car. Do it right away. Then the finish will sparkle like new and stay beautiful.

Millions of motorists rely on Simoniz to keep their cars beautiful year after year. You can, too! It guards the beauty in all weather, prolongs the life of the finish and keeps the colors from fading.

KLEENER
SIMONIZ
SIMONIZ

And Simonizing a car is very easy. The wonderful Simoniz Kleener on a dry cloth cleans the finish and restores its lustre as if by magic. No hard rubbing—just a few easy strokes. Then apply Simoniz and your car's beauty and finish will be safe no matter where and when you drive!

★ *Nothing takes the place of the world-famous Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. So always insist on them. They're sold by hardware and auto accessory stores everywhere.* ★

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

What Roosevelt Intends to Do

Continued from page 34

China and India, a full half of the people of the world, employ the white metal as a medium of exchange, and few things will work more effectively to end the stagnancies of world trade than restoration of the purchasing power of silver.

The tariff is equally a matter calling for conversations with other countries. What he quarrels with in the Smoot-Hawley bill is not so much the principle as the application. For the United States to have raised a tariff wall without the slightest regard for our own export and import needs, and utterly careless of its effects on other nations, was, in his opinion, a direct invitation to reprisals, hatreds and boycotts. With him the tariff is a trading proposition, basically, and will be worked out along the line of reciprocal agreements. It will not be surprising to see him enter into immediate conversations with Canada and Mexico and other near neighbors for the purpose of reëstablishing mutually profitable trade relations, and ending the flow of American factories across our borders.

The Principal is Sacred

There can be no doubt as to where the new President will stand in the matter of intergovernmental debts. Cancellation is a thing that has no place in his mind. In the distressful period that followed the Revolutionary War, the thirteen states were unable to pay France the money that had been borrowed, but there was honest acknowledgment of the debt, and in the course of some fifty years every cent was paid. What America did, other nations can do and must do.

This does not imply Shylockism. Every nation that owes us money is entitled to a hearing and will receive the hearing from President Roosevelt. *Individually*, however. What he will bear in mind is not only the debtor's capacity to pay but equally the creditor's capacity to receive. If postponement of payment is proved to be necessary, postponements will be granted. If concessions are shown to be deserved, concessions will be made. Only with respect to interest, however. The principal is sacred.

As the price of concessions, both extensions and interest reductions, Mr. Roosevelt feels that he will have the right to exact a reasonable *quid pro quo*. In the matter of reciprocal tariff agreements, for instance, and disarmament and foreign policies. By way of illustration, the United States had strong ideas with respect to Japanese activities in Manchuria, yet England and France were at pains to treat these ideas with contempt.

It is not to be doubted that these debt negotiations will be handled from the White House. In other ways, too, Mr. Roosevelt may be expected to reassert the powers of the Executive that have been steadily encroached upon by Congress in recent years. This carries with it no suggestion of a conflict with the legislative branch—for few men have a greater genius for coöperation—but simply that he conceives his office as the keystone in the Federal arch, the one seat of administration, the true source of the central control necessary to efficiency.

In his Cabinet Government in the United States, Woodrow Wilson set out his belief that "there is no one in Congress to speak for the nation. Congress is a conglomeration of inharmonious elements; a collection of men representing each his neighborhood, each his local interest; an alarmingly large proportion of its legislation is 'special'; all of it is at best only a limping compromise between the conflicting interests of the innumerable localities represented."

It will be Franklin Roosevelt's effort to speak for the nation, not only proposing measures but working for them, agitating for them. It was what he did as governor of New York, for time after time he went directly to the people with his proposals. It may be that he will not adopt the suggestion that he make a monthly report of progress over the radio, but nothing is more certain than that the next four years will see the most highly articulate President in the history of the republic.

He loves to talk, but along with it is an eager willingness to listen. As a matter of truth, his keen interest in all that is said to him, together with his rare courtesy, is chiefly responsible for the persistent charge that he does not keep faith or stand hitched. I spent some weeks running down this accusation, and found that it had no other base than Franklin Roosevelt's conversational manner. Because he gives everyone a hearing, and is interested and open-minded, many leap to the conclusion that he is agreeing.

The ready smile of the man, his temperamental gayety, is another thing that deceives, for underneath is an indomitability that never quits the pursuit of an objective. Dutch stubbornness if you will, but iron in its quality. What more conclusive proof could be desired than his fight against the dread disease that struck him down in his thirty-ninth year?

Make no mistake about it: Franklin Roosevelt is going to be his own President, but this does not mean he will be impatient of counsel. Like Woodrow Wilson, his idol, he makes no secret of the fact that he "borrows brains" wherever he can find them, and in Washington, as in Albany, he will surround himself with men picked for their knowledge and abilities rather than any skill in "yesing." The nature of these selections is likely to prove a shock to the traditionally minded, for the Roosevelt emphasis will be on technicians, economists, scientists and engineers—*real* engineers—instead of men distinguished merely for money-making.

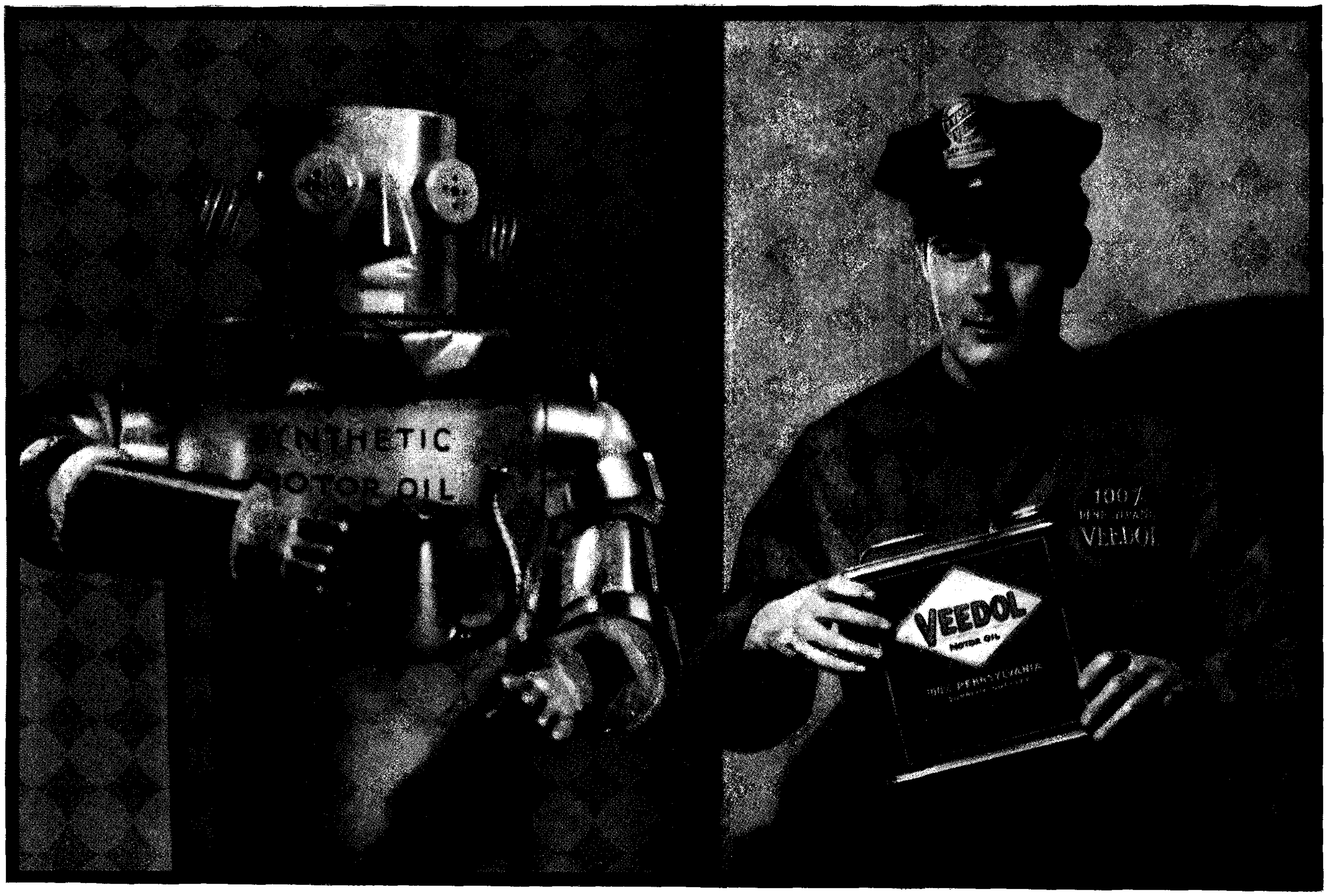
His Optimism is Contagious

Take the trouble to go back through the Roosevelt speeches made during his two terms as governor, and it will be seen in almost every one there is some reference to America's need for *planning* as opposed to pep talks, high-pressure salesmanship, frenzied production, and other phases of the hit-or-miss, helter-skelter, devil-take-the-hindmost system under which America has been operating.

A planning board that will see the country as a whole, study it as a whole, and treat it as a whole. That is the big idea at the back of the Roosevelt head, and not so far back either. There is where the technicians, scientists, engineers and economists come in. Men not primarily concerned with barter and profits, but possessing a sense of state and ability to see the whole picture.

Few Presidents ever took office under gloomier circumstances, yet Franklin Roosevelt is cheerful and unafraid, believing that he knows what to do and that he has the courage to do it. And after talking with him, one finds himself sharing this optimism.

Technocracy cannot make a motor oil to equal Pennsylvania's best!



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR —— 100% PENNSYLVANIA

Veedol

MOTOR OIL

Every engineer and every authority knows that 100% Pennsylvania *at its finest* is the world's supreme motor oil.

Yet cheap crude oils from anywhere and everywhere are being combined and treated. And the synthetic result is being widely offered to motorists.

Remember that no mechanical processes—no matter how clever—can reproduce a rainbow or a sunset.

Remember that Nature gave Pennsylvania oil the greatest resistance to heat . . . the richest and toughest body . . . the natural ability to lubricate every part of your motor—under any conditions . . . And the machine-made products of the technocrats have yet to meet its challenge.

Change today to VEEDOL—100% Pennsylvania *at its finest.* Only the choicest of the world-famous Bradford, Pa. crudes are used for VEEDOL. And with a new process costing $2,000,000, these crudes are refined to a new strength . . . a greater purity . . . a longer life . . . to give you more economy in the operation of your car.

The world's largest marketer and refiner of Pennsylvania crudes offers you this new VEEDOL . . . at the lowest price for which you can get perfect, constant, protection for your car . . . Change to VEEDOL and get 100% Pennsylvania *at its finest.*

There are special grades of VEEDOL oils and greases for your motor, transmission, rear axle and chassis.

A TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED PRODUCT

The Future!

ARE YOU PREPARING FOR IT?

MANY men and women, with earning years now behind them, must exist for the rest of life on the proceeds of their savings.

Many more, now earning, will reach the same stage a little further along life's journey. Even the youngest income-producer should think that far ahead.

How shall the funds then in hand be used to secure the greatest possible return—(a) with a guaranty against shrinkage, (b) with freedom from investment problems, (c) with certainty to the end of life?

There is just one answer, provided no part of the original fund needs to be passed along to other hands at death . . . *buy an Annuity from a strong life insurance company.*

For a man sixty years old, The Prudential guarantees an annual payment equal to 9.25 per cent. of the purchase price. For a man at age 65 the figure is 10.7 per cent., or at age 70 it is 12.9 per cent. For a woman the percentage is slightly less (female annuitants live longer than males).

The idea is adaptable to individual needs. You can purchase with present funds an income to begin some years hence, perhaps making further purchases later as you are able. Two persons can buy a joint income to continue to the survivor after the death of the first.

Our Retirement Annuity policy enables you to secure these advantages by spreading your purchase cost equally from now to the age you choose.

Get Yourself an Annuity

Let us suggest a plan to fit. Any local office or Agent,
or the Annuity Section at the Home Office, Newark, N. J.,
will be glad to help.

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

FOUNDED BY JOHN F. DRYDEN

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President **HOME OFFICE, Newark, N. J.**

And One Loved Dogs

Continued from page 19

temperature was all that living flesh, unprotected, could stand. Shorty made that minute last, drinking in the tremendous and terrific beauty of the barrens by night.

It was plain that his dogs were likewise touched in some mysterious manner by the flaming stars, the cold and the whispered secrets of the night. They had not retired to their cave beneath the cabin. They sat in an irregular row across the slope, motionless as graven images, their plumed tails wrapped about their feet. They did not look at each other, nor at Shorty. Their backs, too, were toward the wind. It stirred up the hackles on their necks, swept in tiny billows across hair that was erect and vibrant against the cold.

"Come out an' look at the stars, Boomer," Shorty called over his shoulder.

"To blazes with the stars," came Boomer's growling voice from the cabin. "I've seen plenty of 'em."

SHORTY grinned. Already, after less than a month's partnership, he knew much about Boomer. He was not sure that he liked what he knew. This was bad, for a long winter lay ahead.

He turned about presently, and shivered. He was about to enter the cabin door when he chanced to look at the dogs. Each of the huskies had turned his head. Muzzles were raised questingly, triangular ears erect.

Shorty poised, too, listening. Had he not been warned by the attitude of the dogs he would never have heard it—a long-drawn howl, muted by distance to a faint, tremulous echo. Up and up it quavered, held to a tiny, reed-like note, then died away.

He waited, but the mournful sound did not come again. He pushed the door open, closed it behind him and stood beside the red-bellied stove. He drew forth his pipe, frowning down at Boomer.

But before he could speak, the huskies beyond the door burst forth in a lugubrious chorus. It was as though some inner sorrow had been released by the far-off, haunting echo. Shorty, who knew huskies, listened understandingly. Boomer scowled.

"Blast those dogs! We going to be entertained by that kind of a serenade all winter?"

"They heard something," Shorty apologized. "Boomer, are there any other huskies in these parts?"

Boomer shook his head. He was a big man, handsome in a dissipated, somewhat sullen fashion. An arrogant pride of physique surrounded him and gave him an appearance of force. His eyes, beneath scowling brows, were truculent and knowing.

"Trappers have got no use for dogteams," he stated, almost with contempt. "There ain't any this side of Three Forks. Like I told you before, Shorty, those blasted huskies of yours—"

"Yes," Shorty interrupted, mildly. "You told me before. But I'm only trapping with you this winter, Boomer. What grub they eat, outside of what we fetch in from the traps, I'll stand for." He paused. "Point is, I heard a dog howl just now. A husky. North of here. And maybe a little east."

"Bah," said Boomer. "It was a wolf you heard."

"The team heard it, too."

"Those mangy half-wits are three-quarters wild," the big man growled. "They were making family talk. North and a little east of here, huh? I set a wolf trap up there—at Number Twelve—today. We've probably snared us a lobo." He nodded with satisfaction, puffing on his pipe. "Let him howl."

Shorty looked at him curiously.

"Let him howl, huh? And suppose it was a husky, what then?"

Boomer shrugged his shoulders. "Let him howl, too."

Shorty knocked the ashes from his pipe, filled it, pressed down the tobacco in the ancient bowl with a broad, scarred thumb. He lighted it and peered through the billowing smoke at the big man. It came to him, studying the other, that the time for a showdown on certain matters was at hand. After all, why wait till spring?

"Boomer," said he, "in about two minutes I'm going to get my clothes on, get the dogs out and mush up to Number Twelve, to see what's in that wolf trap. I think it's a husky. Even a lobo's entitled to a break. You going with me?"

"Tonight?" The big man snorted. "That's an easy one, mister. I ain't."

"O. K.," said Shorty. He crossed to his bunk, seated himself and drew forth his high-laced moccasins. "While I'm getting ready, here's another. Just why did you set a wolf trap up at Number Twelve?"

Boomer stiffened. "Why not?" he countered.

"Don't stall," said Shorty. He looked up with a slow grin, knotting the buckskin thongs. "Talk turkey. For the past few days, since the cold set in, you've been sizing me up like a lad who holds a pat royal. Let's call it a showdown, and give the cards a look."

THE other relaxed, a sardonic gleam kindling in his eye.

"Spread your hand, then," he challenged. "It's you that's calling!"

Shorty arose and eyed the equipment hanging on the wall. He cocked his head, listening to the whine of the wind, and took down his parka.

"My cards," said he, "are easy to read. They've been face up from the first. I came down from the upper country a month ago, intending to push through and winter at Atlin. I was pretty well heeled for a foot-loose prospector. Three thousand in dust and one good dog team. I laid over a few days at the Post, and got interested in the idea of trapping this winter, instead of holing up at Atlin—"

"In about a minute," interrupted Boomer, "I'll have something to say about why you changed your mind so sudden. It'll be a horse on you. But continue, ol' son."

"DOWN at the Post," continued Shorty, "when we were talking about throwing in together—my capital against your experience—old-timers told me the trapping was no good on the Little Cultus. They said the wolves had picked this country clean. Drove everything into the mountains. They mentioned the Big Pack—eighty-odd slavering lobos that swoop down from the Cariboos each winter and rob the traplines blind. They told me more than that, Boomer. They said you were a bum. A no-good trapper. An easy-money grafter."

"Well?" demanded the big man scowling.

"I took their well-meaning remarks with a grain of salt." Shorty's voice was muffled as he wriggled into his parka. "You talked square. You said the Big Pack had migrated elsewhere. That the Little Cultus was lousy with prime fur. You made the layout look good. But since we've been holed up together, I've had my doubts. On this and that. As far as trapping is concerned, it looks like I've bet my stack blind. I mean about this wolf trap up at Number Twelve. Number Twelve's the farthest north on our trapline. You're expecting the Big Pack, eh?"

Boomei shrugged. "What of it? If you get down to cases, a gent has to winter somewhere. This is a comfortable shack. We got plenty grub."

SHORTY adjusted the hood of his parka. He was grinning still; but his blue eyes were mirthless.

"Now you're beginning to show *your* hand," he approved. "I banked on your experience, down at the Post. I'm no trapper. All I had was a poke of dust—which it took me five years to dig out of the frozen muck.

"On tougher trails than you've ever seen, Boomer! Most of that dust has gone into this outfit." He gestured about the cabin, whose walls were festooned with suspended traps, heavy outdoor clothing, snow shoes, rifles arrayed on racks, canned food bulging stout shelves. "If the wolves clean us out, those five years are thrown away. Which is nothing to you. Meanwhile, you're sitting pretty. You've spent the winter in comfort. You've got half of a two-man outfit. You've got enough traps to start out on your own again. In the spring, you thank me kindly and fade from the picture. Is that it?"

"That's it," said Boomer. "You've got to admit I cashed in big on my experience. Picking a partner with plenty of dough. It looked like a hard winter for old man Tilton's son Boomer until you showed up."

He guffawed aloud, but his manner was watchful and uneasy. Shorty drew on his mittens in silence and reached for the dog whip looped on a peg above his bunk.

"And furthermore," Boomer continued, his truculence returning in direct ratio to the other's mildness, "while we're making big talk, it's my turn to howl. You think I don't know why you threw in with me? You dreamed for a minute that I haven't figured why you wanted to be on the Little Cultus this winter?"

"You tell me," said Shorty.

"I'll tell you," said Boomer. "It'll likewise open your eyes to plenty other things. You don't give a hoot about trapping. Outside of prospecting, you don't care whether school keeps or not. The only reason you wanted to be on the Little Cultus this winter was because it was within striking distance of Three Forks. You figured on making plenty trips up there this winter. As soon as old Jim Farwell fetches in his gal, Jane, from the Post. Is that correct?"

"Correct," said Shorty. "Now that you mention it. And what of it?"

"Just this," said Boomer. His tones were complacent. "You're out in the cold there too, Shorty, my boy. Outside, looking in. As soon as the winter trail is broke down to the Post—it's probably open now—Farwell's taking Jane up to his claim. When he does, it'll be me that makes big medicine up at Three Forks. Not you."

Shorty stared at him fixedly. A flush rose slowly to the roots of his tawny hair.

"Ho!" Boomer chuckled. "There was a bull's-eye! You think I ain't included

(Continued on page 42)

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NBC Artist

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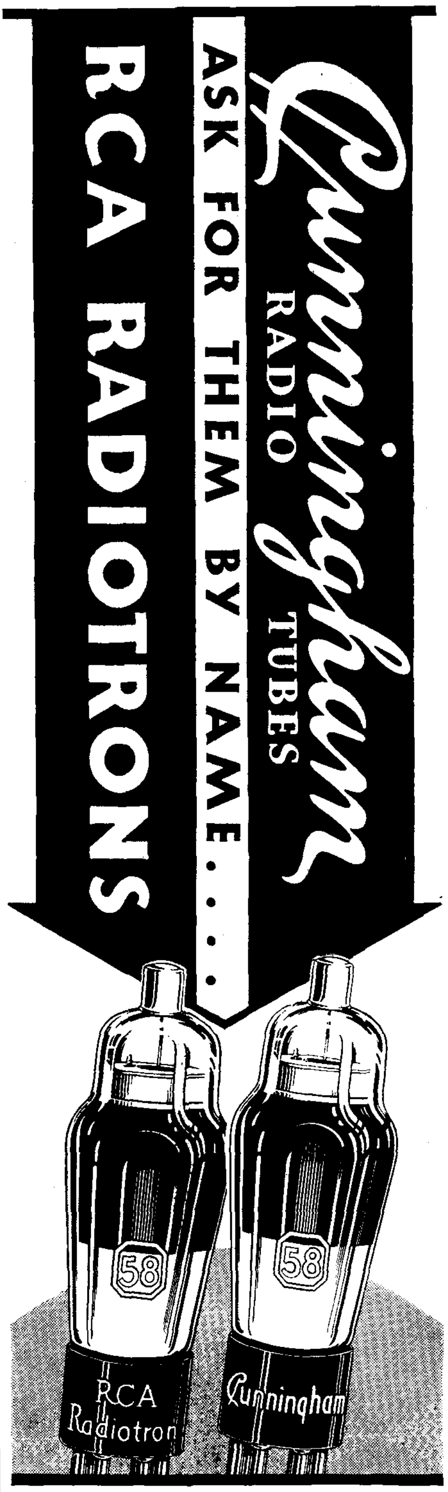

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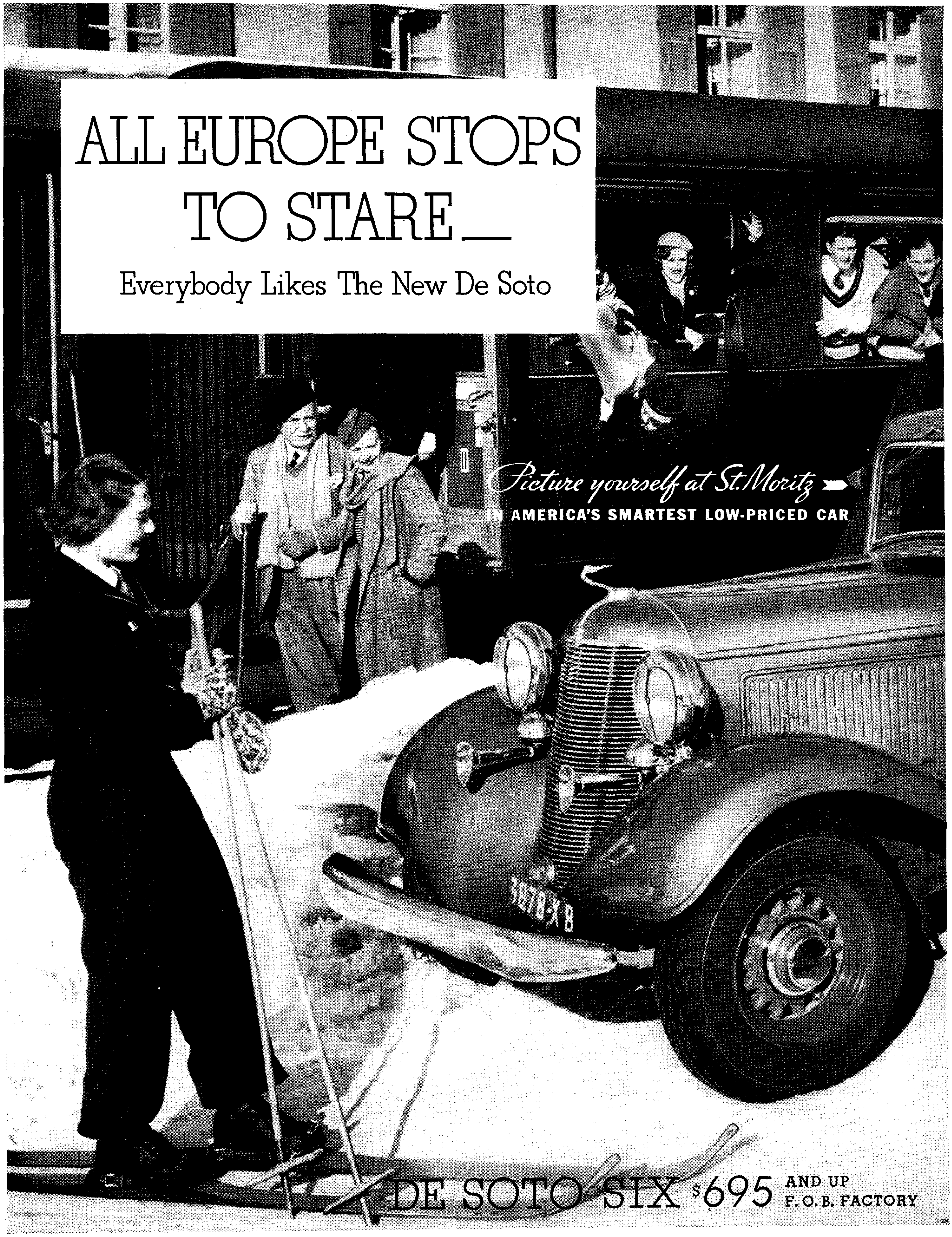

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2 KINDS: PLAIN and MENTHOL-ICED

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And One Loved Dogs

Continued from page 39

li'l Jane in my plans during the past three, four years? You think I ain't seen the amount of dust Farwell's fetched in to the Post each fall? He's rotten wealthy. His claim's a bonanza, the only pay dirt in a hundred miles. Li'l Jane's all grown up now, at the marrying age. You think for a minute that old man Tilton's son Boomer is going to trap out in the barrens all his life? When he could live on the fat of the land helping li'l Jane put Farwell's dust into circulation? Guess again, Shorty, my boy. It was a fine idea you had. But I got it first."

"Just a second," said Shorty. The flush had receded, leaving his boyish, square-cut features more pale. "You speaking just for yourself? Or for Jane also? What I mean is, you got an understanding with her?"

BOOMER *nodded, grinning.* "Her paw don't like me, blast the mangy ol' porcupine! But Jane figures I'm one of those stalwart heroes. She's been honored, all the while, that I took notice of her. Tickled pink when I told her I was trapping on the Little Cultus—"

"That's enough," said Shorty. He crossed to the opposite wall and took down his rifle. "I reckon I'll mush along, Boomer. While we're talking, that unfortunate husky's passing out."

He strode toward the door and placed his hand on the latch. Then he turned.

"Boomer," said he, "you're a great hand to figure deals. It's probably occurred to you, too, that we won't last till spring. If we don't, if one of us decides to call it a day, what split do we make?"

"Cinch," said Boomer. "A give-and-take proposition."

"Name it, then."

"You take the dogs and what skins we got. I'll take the grub and the outfit. Or vice versa."

Shorty looked at him without comment, raising up the hood of his parka.

"Where's the joker?" demanded Boomer, bristling.

"The joker is," said Shorty, "that the dogs don't figure in the deal at all. That was agreed in the beginning."

"Nobody heard our agreement," said Boomer. "Any committee in these parts would decide that they're a part of the assets of the partnership—"

"I'm damned," said Shorty. He grinned slowly. "You're just naturally a crook at heart, eh, Boomer?"

"Don't you call me a crook!" bellowed the other, leaping to his feet.

"Sit down," said Shorty, grinning still. "No, don't look at your rifle! This is no time to pull a bluff. . . . Yeah, I reckon we understand each other. Life's a funny proposition, eh, Boomer?"

"Now what?" sneered the other. "Getting set to do a little preaching? Shut the door after you go out. I'm subject to chills."

"No preaching," said Shorty. "No complaining. I was just wondering, that's all. Getting a chuckle out of it." He spoke jovially, but his eyes held no mirth. "I spend five years getting a stake in the wilderness. And donate it to a four-flusher like you."

"Being free, white and twenty-one," Boomer nodded.

"I dream all my life about a girl. I meet her and she's yours."

"All as it should be," said Boomer.

"You set a wolf trap up on Number Twelve. It snares a husky and I'm the lad who mushes out to turn him loose."

"That's your bright idea," said Boomer. "What's a mangy husky in my life?"

"Yeah, but, Boomer—isn't there something wrong with the picture?"

"Not a thing." *Boomer was grinning* broadly now. "It's perfect."

"You see," said Shorty, slowly, "I've always held to the idea that in this game called Life the gent who shoots square, hews to the line and plays the cards according to his lights—even if his lights are dim—is entitled to a look at the winnings. If any."

"And since we're matchin' theories," said Boomer, with relish, "here's mine: Pop-eyed citizens like you can sweat an' freeze an' starve, eatin' their souls an' dreamin' big dreams; an' up-an'-comin' lads like me will separate 'em from their dust an' send 'em back into the wilderness. The luck of you sanctified square-shooters falls down against a stacked deck."

"Dog-gone!" breathed Shorty. He looked at the other speculatively, almost in awe. "Something tells me we're not spending any more nights under the same roof, old son. . . . I wonder, now, if I shouldn't call you on your proposition, such as it is. Call it a day, take the skins and keep traveling north—"

"It's an idea," said Boomer, eagerly. "I'll help you get your outfit together."

"No," Shorty decided, "I've wasted too much time already. The way that husky sounded, he was fading from the picture. I'll be back. Sure you don't want to trail along?"

"Bah!" growled Boomer, seating himself anew. "Shut that blasted door."

Grinning, he kicked open the door of the red-bellied heater and piled on more fuel.

MIDNIGHT came. And dawn. Still Shorty did not return. The afternoon passed lazily. Night had stolen across the barrens when Boomer, engaged in sawing off a moose steak at the meat cache, heard the cracking of a whip and the creak of sled runners coming down with the wind. Despite the discomfort of the cold, he waited at the cabin door for the other's arrival.

The dogs were tired. They lay down immediately in the snow, their breath rising on the frosty air. But Shorty, climbing stiffly from the sled, made no move to unharness them.

"Boomer," said he, "I'm only stopping long enough to pack my outfit. Then I'm on my way."

"O. K.," said Boomer, with satisfaction. Disdaining to question why the other had been gone so long, he led the way into the cabin.

In silence they segregated Shorty's personal equipment and strapped it on the sled.

"Never mind the skins," said Shorty. "You can keep 'em. Count 'em as some of the gravy you mentioned last night."

They stood for a moment then, face to face. Shorty's face was inscrutable.

"Inside, Boomer," said he softly. "Where you can be comfortable. One last word, and I'm gone."

Boomer led the way, scowling. Beside the stove, Shorty drew off his mittens and fumbled in an inner pocket.

"It was your proposition, you understand, Boomer. I take the dogs and you take the grub, traps and trapline. Is that correct?"

"Correct," agreed Boomer.

He studied Shorty's face, revealed in the light. There was weariness written upon it. There was also something else that Boomer could not fathom, a light other than that of the gutted candle on the smoke-blackened wall.

"No back-biting or hard feelings?" Shorty prompted. "If the worst comes to the worst—as you pointed out last night—you'll be comfortable till spring. Yes?"

"Never mind the preaching," growled Boomer. His ferocious gaze was fixed upon the folded paper Shorty had drawn forth from within his parka. "What's it all about?"

"There isn't much more," said Shorty. "There was a husky in the trap at Number Twelve. I got there in the nick of time. The wolves had just closed in on him."

"Wolves?"

SHORTY nodded. "The Big Pack. They scattered when I went down amongst them, hell-bent. The husky was chewed up plenty, but still fighting. When I laid him out on the snow I thought he was done for. I was about to put him out of his misery, but didn't have the heart. I'm glad I didn't, because I found this note tied to his neck. The wolves had almost chewed it off, trying for a throat hold. But it was still there—"

He extended the note to Boomer, who snatched it and unfolded it hastily. It was torn, stained with scarlet, but still legible:

To Whoever Receives This Note:

Come quickly. A cave-in pushed us off the trail at Cooper's Spur. All our dogs except Bolo, the bearer, were killed. My father, James Farwell, is badly crippled. My ankle is broken. We are unable to build a fire. We are below the bluff at the Spur.

JANE FARWELL

"You can figure the rest," said Shorty. "Bolo found our trapline trail and followed it down to Number Twelve. Wasn't it a break that I heard him howl? . . . I loaded him on the sled. I mushed up to below the Spur. I took Jane and her dad to Three Forks. It was a long haul, but we made it through. Jane's doing fine. So's her dad. So's Bolo. He's tough, that mangy husky! That's all, Boomer. I'm on my way."

Boomer raised bulging eyes from the note. "Where to?" His voice was hoarse.

"To Three Forks," said Shorty. "You lied to me about your understanding with Jane. There wasn't any." He grinned. "No matter. I'm in your debt plenty. Farwell can't work his claim with two busted ribs. He's sold me a half interest in it. Pay for it out of my share of the dust— No, don't move, Boomer!" His rifle, held in the crook of his arm, shifted forward. "And don't try any pot shots while I'm pulling out. I'll have the best of it till I'm out of range, with you standing against the light—"

"Blast you!" snarled Boomer. "Who dealt you a hand like this? Who—"

"You'll be comfortable," said Shorty, backing toward the door, "until spring. But don't come to Three Forks. I'm cooking for the partnership, too—until Jane gets on her feet. Then we'll build another cabin for Farwell. . . . Boomer, old son—so long!"

He waved his mittened hand and turned away.

The creak of sled runners merged into the whine of the wind. Boomer, immobile, heard Shorty's dwindling voice raised in song. Some silly thing or another about the creed of the North. Some imaginative nonsense about rewards that come to a musher on even the longest haul, when dreams break trail.

GIRL DISAPPEARS IN THIN AIR

ILLUSION:

The Oriental girl reclines on a sheet of plate glass supported by two slaves. The magician waves a white sheet . . . pronounces a few magic words . . . Presto! She has *disappeared* in thin air.

EXPLANATION:

One of the "slaves" is a *hollow dummy.* When the magician holds up the sheet the lithe little lady disappears completely—into his empty figure.

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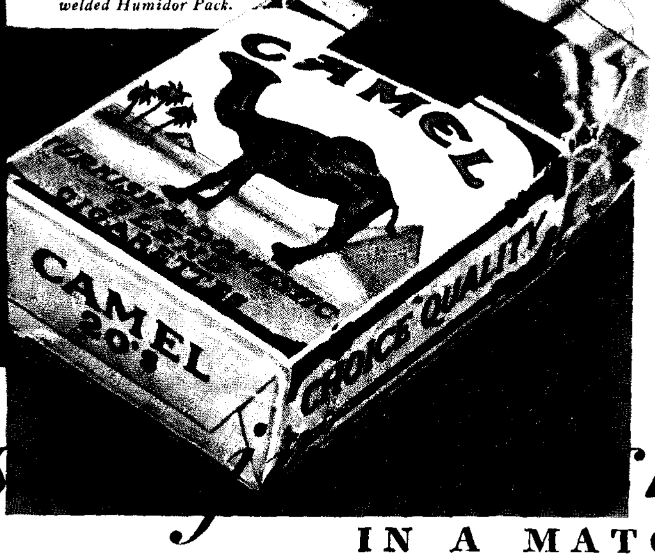

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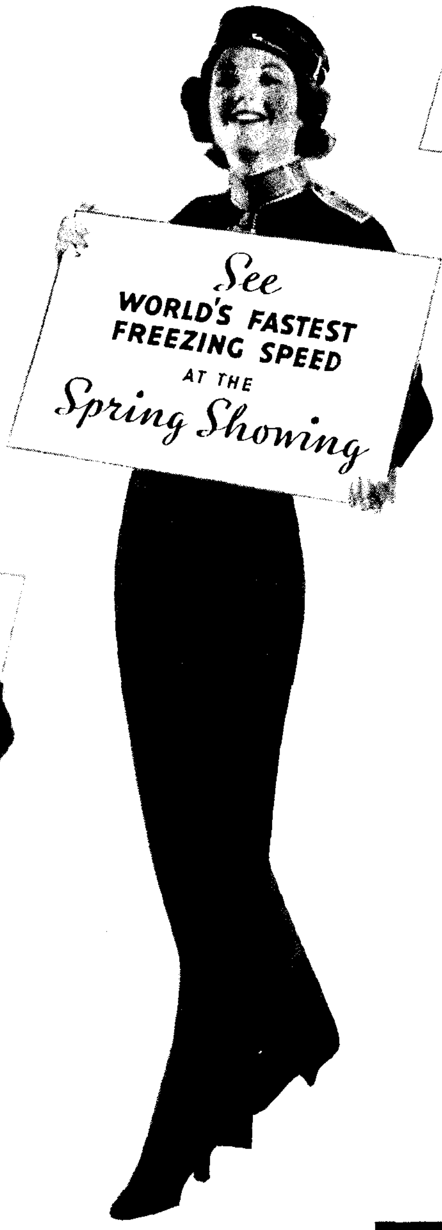

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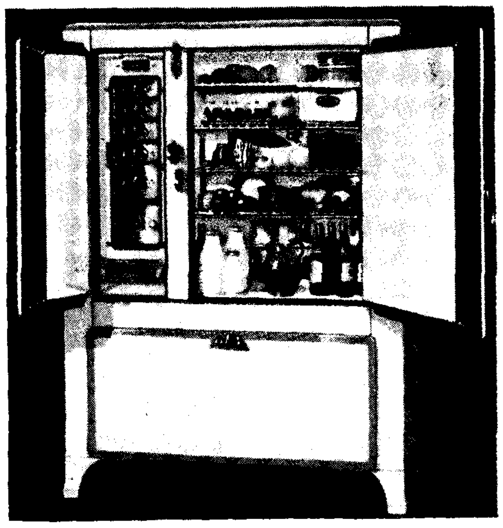

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—and all fully automatic

Kelvinator

Fast Worker

Continued from page 18

England as "variety artistes" and in America as "vodvillans." He bought a tuxedo, enlisted an aunt to play the piano and became a mimic.

In England there is not the same freedom of imitation or exploitation of personalities or personages that exists under American law. Appended to English works of fiction in magazines and books will be found a line to the effect that the characters in a story are entirely fictitious; otherwise, if by chance you name your villain after some real person, you are liable for damages to reputation if circumstances are such as to reflect on the real person—and English lawyers are as resourceful as American in winding a case out of coincidence.

Mimicry—By Special Permission

So Master Noel Coward went to see stage celebrities to explain that he was in business as a mimic, and to obtain their permission to mimic them. Most of them were obliging, wishing to help along a beginner. When he turned from English to American stars there were some difficulties. Accent, for example. Some American players were justifiably dubious of the ability of an English youth to imitate them. Boldly cutting corners to get somewhere, Noel selected America's most popular star in England.

At the stage door of the London theater where Miss Elsie Janis was performing there appeared a plump youth eager to see her. He told his story, to which Miss Janis and her mother were a kind audience. They even invited him to tea. Following this, Miss Janis graciously extended her permission. Others did not extend their permission to perform—among them many managers.

He turned to other things. He wrote plays—many plays, bad plays—and earned enough money as a small-part actor to keep his spats in repair. All the time he read indefatigably the plays of Shaw, of Ibsen, of Hauptmann, of Clyde Fitch and Somerset Maugham, and whenever he had spare time—which was frequently—he haunted theaters. What the critics said of or at a play disturbed him not. Everything on which a curtain rose was his sphere of research. He has seen more bad plays than any man alive, and, as he admits, he has written his share of them.

After his first American adventure he returned home with the militant conviction that if New York producers could back his talent with their money, English producers could be made to do likewise.

That was ten years ago. In this brief span Noel Coward has been extremely successful and has become rich, wearing a laurel as actor, dramatist and composer, with citations for directing, producing and managing. He has alternated exhausting sessions of writing and seasons of playing with gypsy fantasies of wanderlust and has grown so unaccustomed to failure that if it ever overtakes him it will be hard to understand.

Only once in six years has any play of his trembled in the balance. One first night, after his authority as a playwright had been sparingly acknowledged by various critics, he was astounded to find a London audience exercising its prerogative of bestowing the "bird" after uttering loud cries for "Author." Under the American system of playgoing etiquette, audiences evince their disapproval by walking out on a play or staying away from it. The British refuse to call it a day or a night until the author has faced them and their frank criticism.

Between the acts of this particular social comedy, Coward heard the cry "Author!" He stepped out in new and formal evening dress to take a bow. Instead he ran into a barrage.

"We want the author," a strident voice from the pit assailed him. "Not the call boy."

It's Different in Chicago

But no obstreperous audiences plagued him until he took his first major "hit" to Chicago. This was The Vortex, a tale of tempestuous hate between a philandering mother and her cynical son. To illustrate the differences between audiences, New York joined London in packing seats to that play. Chicago sat for the beginning of The Vortex with good intentions and quiet expectancy; but domestic quarrels are perhaps too commonplace to make good drama in Chicago, where vigorous differences of opinion are not usually restrained to words and gestures.

The climax of the play came when the enraged son called his mother a harlot. Chicago laughed. When you have written a searching psychological drama to find that the customers insist on taking it as a farce, there are but two things to do—abuse the audience or withdraw to reflect. Coward withdrew.

It was not the first time he had doubted his own powers or even his own technique. When glamour first touched his name he wrote a deft social comedy involving two bright young things, man and girl, and their stepmother. Somebody told him that the predicament of his juveniles in the climactic act of the play suggested two characters in a relative plot—Dorothy and Philip in You Never Can Tell. A fairly well-known dramatist called Bernard Shaw was the author.

A Side Light on Shaw

With characteristic impatience to get the thing finished or folded, Coward sent the play to Bernard Shaw for criticism. Shaw had never met him, had never, so far as Coward knew, even heard of him. In a week he got his play back from the oracle of whiskers and wisdom. Shaw pointed out that the solution to the stepmother's dilemma was elopement with her lover and introduced a Shavian trick by rewriting the pivotal act and making the stepchildren incite and promote their parent's elopement.

"I'm astonished," Coward says in a rapid-transit utterance devoid of mannerism customary to actors (even his accent isn't markedly English, but a leveling of long vowels due more to voice pitch than to diction), "that Bernard Shaw should be regarded in America as an intellectual ogre when he is really a charming old gentleman, a literary Santa Claus, who never fails to give advice to any beginner of merit. I shall preserve my Shaw manuscript as an heirloom, even if there may never be any Coward heirs."

Still in his mid-twenties, he polished off a brace of plays each year, produced them and, as a rule, played in them. This seems to account for the absence of romance in his life, which has been sedulously devoted to making fame and fortune. For example, Fallen Angels and other ironic comedies established the young man once billed on "the halls" as "the talented tot."

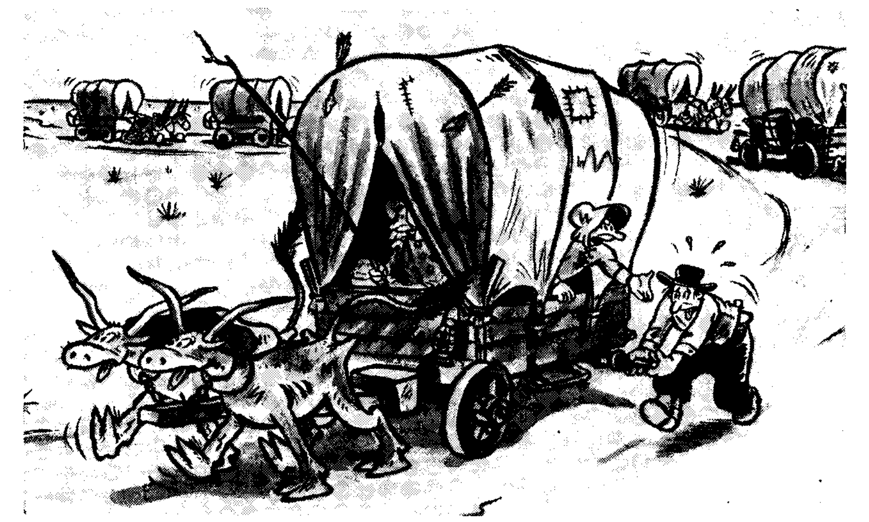
When his first one-man musical show, Words and Music, rang the bell in London and provinces, Coward crossed the line that separates an individual from an institution. True, he has never attempted the factory technique of Edgar Wallace, who ranked as an industry rather than as a writer; but nowhere in the world in the past ten years of its revolving has there been a more prolific creator of intelligent entertainment than Coward.

His personal life has been a careful regimentation. Hardly known to him are the games of young men. A little tennis, a little swimming, a little riding: that's the sum of his sport other than the sport of gambling talent and work against public taste.

No more businesslike artist exists. He charts his time like an efficiency engineer. He divides his year into six months of modified loafing, six months of work (fall and winter)—active, physical work of directing and playing and going through what he deems the necessary evil of negotiations with managers and casting his plays. He insists on personally selecting casts. He also insists on limiting his own personal appearances in any play to three months. He quit Private Lives, a sensational hit, when the three months were up and tickets were still selling at a premium.

"It pleased me as a dramatist to see the piece run on indefinitely, when I

(Continued on page 46)



"How'll we ever get West with you wantin' to stop every two or three miles and rest?"

Frank Owen

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PLAIN OR TIPPED

(Continued from page 45)

was through with it and Otto Kreuger took my part," he says. "It didn't exactly please me as an actor."

The Life of an Artist

After an intense theatrical season he retires from New York or London, as the case may be, and hides himself where nobody can reach him, to read voluminously and to write, to wander at will or whim. A tramp steamer, a cabin in the South Seas, a tourist-proof hotel in Malta or some other out-of-the-way spot. That's where you'll find or will not find Coward.

In food he's not particular, save that meals must be regular. He has a clocklike appetite for meals, but eats little—he drinks regularly, but moderately—and he spends at least ten hours a day in bed. He knows nothing of the euphoria or hangover of sturdy drinking and will walk out on any party the moment anybody becomes boisterous.

A solid man, physically. Mentally, he's as tightly businesslike as artistic. He knows the seating capacity of every theater where his work plays. He insists on paying everybody well and having a strictly detailed account of expenses; but once a run is ended or a piece disposed of he blots it from his life.

Back of the flashing speed of his performances is a plodding thoroughness of preparation. This is always true of the best improvisers in art. Coward did what George M. Cohan calls the best one-man show ever produced—Bitter Sweet. A charming story with charming music—the whole thing knocked off in a couple of months. But he had lived and lounged about Venice and Budapest many, many weeks before the germ of story and musical theme began to gestate.

"I work fast," he explains, "writing furiously by hand and typewriter; but I never act on a quickly conceived dramatic idea in either music or book. Everything I try to compose rapidly peters out. Thanks to a relentless memory—a gift for which any man must be thankful—fugitive ideas never escape me. They play hide and seek in my mind, getting other ideas to join them until, in due time, I have a plot or a tune completely hatched."

Again, while on a tour around the world, he boarded a battleship as the captain's guest and wrote that energetic classic of serio-comic melodrama, Private Lives. At a reception in Honduras he laughed quietly and explained the laugh to nobody—for the key line of a lyric sprang in his mind, to be followed months later by the tune, both wedded in a satirical ditty worthy of Gilbert and Sullivan at their best: Mad Dogs and Englishmen Walk Out in the Midday Sun, the song being a gazetteer of Britain's tropical possessions.

The Artist-Business Man

Legend surrounds a celebrity year by year as rings embrace a tree. As with most men who travel fast to fame, fiction spices and spoils the plain story of Noel Coward. All the bright young people of New York and London report personal adventures with him, when his intimate friends are as few as his fingers. When he's working on a play he gets away from professional life to do so, and when he's working in a play he strives to avoid all but business contacts. Particularly during rehearsal of a piece he's snappish and politely rude, posting his business manager and chief collector of royalties as human barricades between himself, his cast and any callers. He's practical to the point where he insists on a balance sheet for his finances and seclusion for his labors with players or with script.

His pet hate is a bore, for he rightly maintains bores are devils personified, sent to hamper work and to ruin pleasure. Yet a bore once saved his life. Lunching in a London restaurant, one of that tribe which lurk and prowl at all times everywhere discovered him. Ostentatiously, Coward displayed rail and sleeper tickets for an early train to his home in Kent. The bore bored on. Coward could not escape. He was delayed until a telephone call came through from Charles Cochran, the London impresario. That call delayed him longer. Dashing into Victoria station he found he had missed his train. He cursed the bore, he even cursed Cochran—until a late edition of the London evening newspapers headlined a calamitous wreck of the very train for which Coward held tickets. The lone sleeper was smashed to bits.

That escape is etched on his mind and something will come out of it sooner or later—something always does, with an apprehending genius like Coward.

In Greece once he chartered a motor car and tore through Athens and adjacent country to see the place quickly. He saw it in four dimensions, for suddenly a shattering and shaking swept on from nowhere—he and the car and his friends plunged into a ragged crevice left by an earthquake.

In that exciting chaos perhaps a spark touched him. Perhaps of death as a sudden flash, of life as an instant panorama. He doesn't trace the connection between that frantic afternoon in Greece and an amazing night when Cavalcade stunned a blasé London audience. But it's there.

In the Hollywood Manner

"I ate and slept the idea of Cavalcade for months before a line of it was written," he says. "This story of the life of a typical middle-class family backgrounded by the roll of history fascinated me—the moving picture of events that every man sees, as I have seen in moments of grave danger."

He made Cavalcade a spectacle of England's national drama and had the good fortune to strike the nation's mood at a crisis when its fate hung between traditional conservatism and new socialism. His play became a national anthem of England's tragedies and glories from the Boer War and the death of Victoria—whose funeral procession passes his middle-class family's window while a little boy begs for another piece of cake—until the Battle of Mons, and Versailles and after.

The play was the product of a poet; its performance the achievement of a business man. At Drury Lane, Coward did the job with five hundred people. Hollywood—which he knows and professionally avoids—took ten times the money and more than ten times the people to make this English epic an American entertainment.

"I haven't had a thing to do with the American production," he says, "except to endorse the check for the rights. I'm too busy with plans for the future. The stress of Hollywood is too distracting. I like to work alone."

Yet it's on record that this exemplar of solo versatility had a collaborator. He was on a freighter in the Pacific, writing his newest play, Design for Living. He laid one scene on a freighter, with one line to be spoken by a Norwegian skipper. Commanding the freighter on which he worked was a Norwegian skipper. He supplied the line:

"How are you?" In Norwegian.

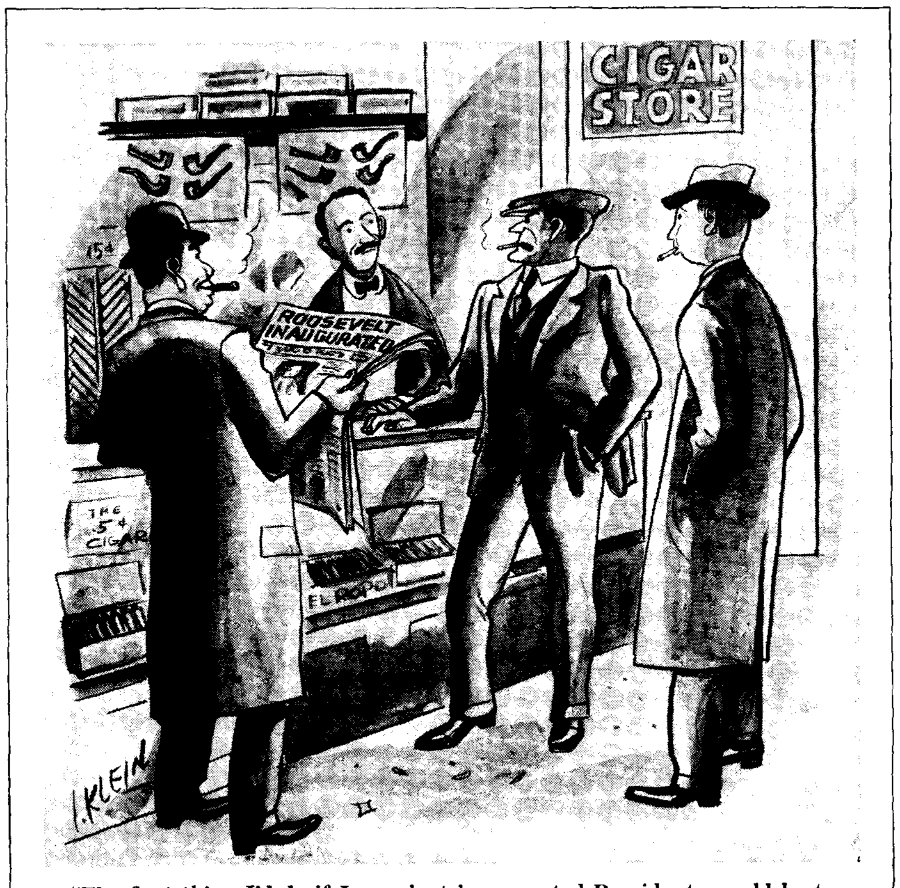
That is the only coöperative intrusion Coward has ever accepted during the pains of playbirth.

"I like America for privacy," said Mr. Coward, reclining lazily and smoking too many cigarettes. "You can order isolation here as you can buy anything else.

"For instance, your private telephone system is a boon for an author who wants to work in seclusion. I care for only four or five persons to know my telephone number, and I'm greatly obliged by having the number excluded from a directory."

The telephone rang. Mr. Coward answered, cheerily, then choppily. He banged down the receiver.

"Imagine," he announced. "Here am I boasting about seclusion and a private telephone and some chap just rings up to sell me laundry service. It must be what you call a racket."



"The first thing I'd do if I was just inaugurated President, would be to go up to a couple of guys I know and sock them right on the snoot"

I. Klein

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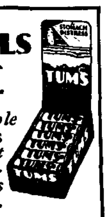

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Shipwreck for Three

Continued from page 11

she asked gayly. "I really haven't a thing to wear. You know—" She paused, restrained by his expression.

It was extraordinary that he could look more than ever Harvard and Boston, in an undershirt and a pair of dirty white flannel trousers, with a two days' beard on his face.

"Caroline," he said, "I don't want to alarm you, but I think you should recognize the gravity of our situation. We are apparently on an island, and there seems to be plenty of food and fresh water. But how long we may have to remain here—"

"Yes?" said Caroline, as he paused.

"I could almost wish," said Mr. Prescott, "that you and I were here alone." He flushed. "I mean—"

She laughed at him. "Just what *do* you mean—Charles?" she demanded.

He looked at her earnestly. "I don't want you to be frightened. You do know, don't you, that you can trust me implicitly to care for you and protect you?"

"Absolutely," said Caroline lightly. "And as a man of his word, what about that breakfast you promised me?" . . .

SHE ate her breakfast of raw clams and coconut milk, and listened to the man called Magellan. His speech, unlike the precise language of Charles Prescott, seemed to belong to no particular social stratum, no definite locality; it was his own. If he was older than the Bostonian, it was by a narrow margin; neither of them, Caroline realized, was out of his twenties, yet he assumed leadership in a wholly natural manner, as though he were accustomed to it.

"Of course," he was saying, "they'll undoubtedly be looking for survivors and a boat may turn up here any day. But then again, it may not. It seems to me that we'd better go ahead on the principle that we'll be here for some time. Suppose we call today's job building a house for Caroline?"

"What kind of a house?" she asked.

Magellan grinned at her. "What kind do you want? Tudor, Georgian, Dutch Colonial—"

"Are you an architect?" she demanded.

"Just for today," he told her. "Now, I had in mind a rather simple little place—say we pick a couple of palm trees that are close together, and cut some stakes—"

Mr. Prescott might be able to maintain a serious view of their situation, but Caroline could not, in spite of everything.

"It's too like pretending to be shipwrecked," she said, laughing. "Someone's going to come to the door and call, 'Children, it's lunch-time!' at any minute!"

Magellan smiled understandingly. "Caroline, will you always be shipwrecked with me? Any other companion would be an awful washout, after you."

Mr. Prescott frowned, and amusement made Caroline's eyes bright; with a nice sense of balance, she turned and smiled at him.

"Shall we call it a bargain, Charles? Absolutely no more shipwrecks unless we're all three in on it?"

His eyes reproved her. In New York, her parents must be going through torture. It was awful—but what could she do? Magellan was setting the key; the thing to do was to play up to it.

"I do want a grass skirt!" she announced. "I feel so inappropriate. And a string of sea shells—what can I use for a needle? I could pull a thread out of my dress."

Magellan—who had twisted his ankle getting ashore—limped off, to cut more stakes.

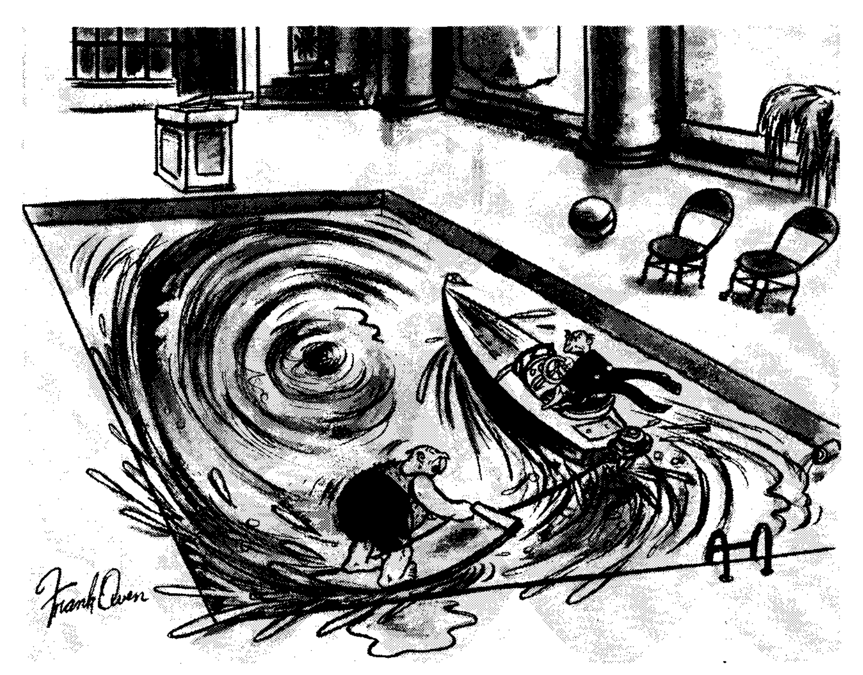
"Aren't you having a good time?" she asked Mr. Prescott.

He looked at her silently, for a moment, before he answered. "I don't understand you," he said. "You're like a little girl. Don't you realize the gravity of it all? Why, we may be here for years!"

"Or forever," she agreed lightly. "I s'pose I'd have to marry one of you in that case."

Charles Prescott flushed a dull red. "You mustn't say things like that!" he told her harshly. "You're not a child, you know. You don't know anything about this fellow Magellan—" He spoke the name with difficulty. "He may be—"

Caroline lost her temper. "Try and make it as bad as you can!" she interrupted him. "For that matter, I don't know anything about you. Maybe you're a cashier, absconding from a



"But, sir! You should have found out how to stop it from the man that talked you into this idea!" *Frank Owen* bank. And what earthly difference does it make here?"

"Don't forget," he said, "that we won't be here forever. I can account for myself—and will. But—"

She stood up angrily. "I'm going to help Magellan."

CAROLINE sat on the sand of her own personal bathing beach and stared out to sea. Time, like space, needed definite landmarks ahead to make it endurable, and time, on the island, was acquiring that same dreadful emptiness which the sea had had in those two days and nights in the lifeboat.

Up the beach, Magellan would be making something or other, braiding a fishline or whittling a new implement, his tanned face sober with the incessant pain of his swollen ankle. Charles, she knew, was exploring; he had set forth early that morning, in direct defiance of Magellan, who thought they should wait and go, all three, together. She wondered drearily whether in all the world there could be two men less adapted to each other's company.

Her eyes swept the unbroken horizon hopelessly. It was their fifth day on the island.

She shook her head and got up slowly and sat down beside Magellan. "How's your ankle?"

He nearly always smiled when she addressed him. "On the mend," he said. "How's your spirits?"

"A little low today." Their eyes, endlessly searching the water . . . "Magellan, do you think there *will* be a boat?"

"Yes," he answered. "We haven't been here very long, you know."

"No," she agreed. "Not very long." Five days. A month was six times as long and they might be here for months! Her face set.

"When I was a kid, I used to go camping," Magellan said abruptly. "I had a sailboat, and one time—"

She felt sudden shame as she listened. She was being a poor sport! It was even more difficult for him than it was for her; discomfort she suffered, but no actual pain—and here he was, trying to entertain her, diverting her, as though she were a sulky child.

"Magellan, who are you?" she asked.

His gray eyes glinted, and he regarded her teasingly. "Is it so important to you, too, Caroline?"

"No," she denied. "But why are you so mysterious?"

Leaning back on his elbows, grinning at her, he looked like an amiable South Sea savage. Of the three, he was much the most tanned; his teeth gleamed white in his mocking mouth.

"I'm not, really," he said. "If you want all the details—"

She did not hear them, because the long shadow of Charles Prescott suddenly slanted across the sand beside them. He addressed Caroline.

"This island's a lot bigger than I thought," he told her. "I didn't want to stay away too long, for fear you'd be worried, but tomorrow I'm going to set out at daybreak. There's a cove just beyond where I turned back that looks as though it had wreckage on it."

HIS words were matter-of-fact, but there was a suppressed excitement in his manner.

"I'm going with you!" cried Caroline.

He shook his head. "It's too rough walking. From the point where the cove ends, it's all a tangle of underbrush. What's the bill of fare for dinner, anyway? I'm starved." He looked at Magellan. "You were right about the wild pig—one ran directly in front of me. I rigged up a trap, back a way, but I don't know whether it will work. Do you think we could kill one with a spear?"

Meat! thought Caroline, with a greediness that amazed her. She was so sick of fish; the sea turtle which Magellan had cooked the day before had made her quiver with distaste, although she had managed to conceal it gallantly. . . .

"Want to walk up the beach with me?" Charles asked her, after they had eaten.

She looked at him amusedly as they set forth. It was wonderful how the mere fact of having two sound ankles and using them had given him this new air of assurance. He had become, in these few hours, a different man—the explorer of the party, the bearer of news. "Do you really think there may be something on that beach?"

"Better not be too hopeful," he said, yet she could see that he was hopeful himself. "I want to talk to you alone, Caroline. There's something—" He was looking at her searchingly, and they paused, their long shadows falling behind them on the hard sand, lying still, like obedient dogs at heel. "I don't want you to feel that I'm—well, taking advantage of circumstances," he said formally, "but I think we should understand each other. Caroline, as soon as we are rescued, will you marry me?"

For an instant she looked at him, her eyes suddenly very cold. It was as though he had broken some tacit agreement. "No," she said shortly, and turned away.

He caught her arm. "Caroline! Don't misunderstand! Tell me—why do you say no?"

"Don't touch me!" she commanded, and she found that it was an effort to keep her voice steady.

"Caroline," he said reproachfully. His fingers tightened on her arm. "Look here! You can't be thinking seriously about this Magellan?"

SHE wrenched herself from his grasp. "Oh, I hate you!" she cried furiously. "Just because we're all three marooned here—" Her voice broke completely; she had never cried like this before.

"But we won't always be marooned," he was saying. "Don't you see? Can't you understand? I want to protect you. Today, when I was walking, I was thinking of when a boat comes—and it will come, some day—and I thought of—well, of what people might think—"

She looked up at him, and he paused. "Charles Prescott, I think you're contemptible!" she said. "I think you're—"

"You don't understand!" he cried. "This man who calls himself Magellan—we don't know anything about him. You and I are the same sort, Caroline. We've got to stick together! We—"

"I wouldn't," said Caroline, choking, "marry you, if—" She began to laugh, hysterically. "If we were shipwrecked on a desert island!" she had been going to say.

She turned and ran up the beach. Magellan, sitting where they had left him, looked at her curiously but said nothing, and she went past him without a word and flung herself on the pile of grass within the shelter he had built for her, sobbing uncontrollably.

It was dreadful of Charles Prescott to have spoken to her like that. Here on this island, where they might have to wait for months, even for years. . . . It was as though he had lifted the cover of a Pandora's box. All the homesickness, the fears and terrors that she had held in check for five interminable days, were suddenly released. What if rescue never came at all? It was possible. What if she had to spend the rest of her life here, never again seeing her mother, never again seeing anything but the blue water and the green and white of the island against it?

(Continued on page 50)

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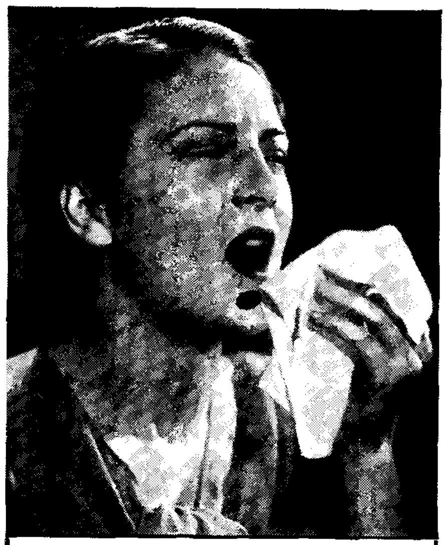

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(Continued from page 49)

On the steamer, Charles Prescott had been merely a nice and not very exciting young man. Perhaps she would have let him kiss her, once. . . . She shivered. That had been another world. Even the rusty, dirty old boat had been civilization. It was as though she had not, until this moment, realized how far from civilization they had come. They were a woman and two men of whom she knew almost nothing, in a world of their own.

In the morning, when she awoke, Charles Prescott had gone. She came out of the green coolness of her little hut and stood in the sharp sunlight, blinking.

"Good morning!" Magellan called. "Ready for breakfast?"

Breakfast! thought Caroline bitterly. She sat down and stared unhappily at the flat rock which served them as a table, the rock which, with the charred stones of their primitive fireplace beside it, made this one spot of the beach the center of their existence. This was their kitchen, their living-room and their dining-room; it was their entire civilization.

Magellan dropped something into her hand.

"Your needle," he explained, smiling, as she looked at it.

"Oh," she said. A needle, to make a necklace of sea shells. She bit her lips fiercely. She couldn't pretend any more! It wasn't fun; it wasn't a game! It was a stark, dreadful reality. Half consciously, her eyes returned to the water, made again that long and fruitless search.

"Why don't you try to snap out of it?" Magellan inquired.

She looked at him, and tears sprang to her eyes, overflowed and ran down her cheeks. "Snap out of it!" she repeated, in a choked voice. She shook her head. "That's easy to say! I'm sick of pretending I like it! I hate this place! I'm afraid! I want to go home!"

Magellan was looking at her calmly. "Not really," he said, without a trace of sympathy. His gray eyes were even amused. "Your nose is shiny," he told her.

"*Oh!*" cried Caroline, and leaped to her feet, her eyes blazing. "Of all the unfair, nasty, hateful—" His expression was completely grave, and it was Caroline who commenced, abruptly, to laugh. She stood, looking down at him, and laughed until she was weak and he grinned back at her. "Oh, all right," she said at last, and sat down again. "Where's my cereal? Is the coffee ready?"

"May I repeat that you're a swell girl?" asked Magellan. His gray eyes, looking into hers, said considerably more than that, and suddenly Caroline looked away, her cheeks very pink.

She was aware of her heart beating madly; she looked back at Magellan, as though to make sure that he was still there, and flushed again as she met his eyes.

"Well?" she said.

FOR once, Magellan's poise was shaken. He looked down at the sand, and then began to whistle.

"My goodness!" said Caroline, briskly. "Here we sit, wasting the whole morning doing nothing. And poor Charles off looking for provisions for us." For some reason, the thought of poor Charles set them both laughing. Poor, silly Charles, thought Caroline, in the bright morning light. What an idiot she had been to take him so seriously! "That's a magnificent needle, Magellan," she said. "I think I'll make a bracelet, too."

It was sunset when Charles rounded the curve of the beach. He was carrying a box on his shoulder and, as he came nearer, Caroline saw that he was smiling to himself.

He avoided her eyes, and addressed Magellan. "Well, my trap worked!" he announced, and drew from the box a small dead pig.

Caroline stared at it. "To think that I should ever feel rhapsodic about a poor little pig!" she exclaimed, her voice awed. "Why, Charles, you're nothing short of a hero!"

Magellan's eyes were veiled. "What's known as bringing home the bacon, eh, Prescott?" he murmured dryly.

"Look, Caroline," Charles said, ignoring Magellan. He lifted out the treasure, laying it at her feet. A small bunch of bananas, a collection of unopened tin cans, their labels gone, a burlap sack of yellow yams. . . .

"Don't tell me you forgot cigarettes," Magellan said.

CAROLINE looked up, startled at his tone. Over her head, the eyes of the two men had met, and for an instant she was almost frightened at their faces. The pleasant Bostonian features of Charles Prescott were distorted by a horrid triumph; Magellan was smiling, his eyes narrowed.

"Don't look like that, either of you!" she cried.

They paid no attention to her.

"By the way, Prescott," said Magellan, his voice as soft as a cat's purr, "can you tell me what time it is?"

Caroline burst into tears, like a child. She heard Magellan's voice, taut and peremptory, addressing Charles, as she moved blindly away from them. "You stay here!" it ordered.

From her shelter, she could hear their voices, short and angry. She sat, huddled on the heap of dried grass beneath the rustling palmetto roof, listening, shivering and alarmed. So this was what the absence of civilization did to men! Last night, Charles with his intimations, his insistence—and now, Magellan, transformed by jealousy and envy into a stranger! It wasn't true! It wasn't possible—yet she had seen it. *Magellan!* she thought, agonized.

Through the opening of palmetto leaves she saw Charles rise and stride away up the beach. At least they were not going to fight. But how long, she wondered, could they avoid it, headed as they had been from the very beginning? Only six days—suppose it was months, before rescue came? Suppose—

"Oh, God, send a boat!" she prayed, aloud.

Night dropped down, the swift falling night of the tropics. Behind her, the island, in all its mystery of the unknown, rustled and sighed in the evening breeze; before her, the sea breathed and whispered like a great restless animal. . . .

Even the sunlight did not reassure her, when it filtered through the roof and drew open her heavy eyes. The morning was unusually silent; the water was like blown glass, transparent and unreal.

Charles merely shrugged when she demanded, "Where's Magellan?" He sat, not offering to help her, as she made her breakfast. The cans, the little pig, lay untouched on the sand.

"He couldn't have gone far, with that ankle," Caroline murmured, half to herself. Suddenly stark terror seized her. "Charles! You haven't—haven't killed him?"

He laughed shortly. "Don't be a fool!" He turned and looked at her. Boston, Exeter, Harvard—she was a fool, of course. "You *are* in love with him, aren't you?" he said.

Her cheeks flamed.

"And for all you know, he may be a criminal."

"That's not true," said Caroline. "I know all about him." Not that it mattered now. After last night. . . .

Curiosity thawed the ice of young Mr. Charles Prescott's manner. "What do you know?" he asked.

Caroline tossed her head. "Well, his name *is* Magellan, for one thing. Magellan Lathrop. They called him that because—what's the matter with you?"

"Magellan Lathrop!" Charles repeated. "Oh, my God!" He put his head in his hands, and she stared at him. He laughed shortly. "Don't you really know who he is?" he demanded. "If he isn't lying—and I suppose he isn't. It's just my luck!" His eyes searched her bewildered face. "Apparently you don't know much about yachting," he remarked.

"What are you talking about?" Caroline demanded.

"The Lathrops. They've been famous yachtsmen since John Paul Jones was a baby. Lipton Cup races and all that. This Magellan's the son of the old man—" Again he paused, to look at her intently. "You honestly didn't know?"

"I still don't know what you're talking about," she said.

"You will!" he promised her, bitterly. "Any girl who can get wrecked with Magellan Lathrop—" He seemed to catch hold of himself, to remember Boston and Exeter and Harvard. "Well—congratulations, Caroline," he said. "You'll be making what they call a brilliant marriage."

"I'm not making—" Caroline began, and paused, her eyes almost starting from her head. "Charles! Look! Oh, look, Charles!"

A sail was rounding the point, a queer, slanted sail, on a queer, high-bowed boat. Silhouettes of men were black against it, in the bright light. . . .

Charles Prescott did not stir. "Yes," he said, "it's a boat. And it's coming here. And your Magellan will be on board." She stared at him, blankly. "There's a town," he told her, in the same dead, monotonous voice, "on the other shore. About three miles away. *I saw it, from the top of a tree, day before yesterday.* Now you know."

"Oh," said Caroline. For an instant she forgot the boat, forgot Magellan.

"I'd have told you in a day or two," Charles said dully. "I just—hated to have it end. And I hoped—well, it's no matter now. I don't suppose you'll ever even speak to me again."

"Oh, Charles!" she said. For a moment she was unable to grasp it. They were rescued; they were going home!

"He knew, as soon as I brought the stuff yesterday," Charles went on. "I traded my watch—he knew it. He—"

SUDDENLY Caroline wanted to laugh. Primitive man, bearded and barefooted, clad only in ragged trousers, was turning before her eyes into an ashamed small boy. Her mouth twitched.

"Oh, shut up, Charles," she said. "It doesn't matter. We're going home now!" She looked at him, and the laughter escaped. "Come on—smile!" she told him. "Can't you honestly see how funny it is?"

"You're a good sport," he said huskily.

A dinghy was shoving off from the side of the sailboat; Magellan's voice, shouting, rang across the clear water. Caroline drew a long breath.

It was over. As Magellan had said in the lifeboat—and it was incredible that that had been only a week ago—all they needed was a little retrospect. Well, they had it now. She waited, ankle deep in the clear water, for him to come to her.

"Hello—you darling! Want to go for a sail?" he asked.

Retrospect! There was a whole lot more to it than that, she told herself happily, as his hands grasped hers.

Midnight Interview

Continued from page 17

The room into which she was shown was a sitting-room. It smelled of flowers and mustiness. She saw a great bowl of yellow roses on the table. The door closed behind her. There was no one else in the room.

In a mirror across the room, Lona Sandal saw herself. The print of terror had not yet marked through. Her fear was still inside, eating its way out.

Courage had deserted her. Left her without even shame for her trembling. To be shut in, shut in with strange men, facing unnamed tortures, unseen dangers that her imagination tricked out in every fancy dress of which she had read and heard, had robbed her of every emotion except pure, naked fear.

A DOOR opened swiftly. A man stood framed. She backed away and stared.

He was slim and tall and his dinner clothes were well cut. Standing perfectly still, he gave the impression of a runner poised for a dash. His hair was dark red, an insolent, flaming crest and she knew where he got the name Coppy. The arched nose was like a hawk's. She had expected a wooden, mask-like face. But this man's was vital, jammed with energy of some kind, and his eyes startled her by being blue against the dark skin and almost terribly alive. A moment's relief steadied her, and then her nerves throbbed to her brain some frightful message of menace. Restless, hot, driving menace. She saw in that flash why Donegan had called him a tiger.

He came in, moving quickly, with a little weaving motion like Jack Dempsey crossing a ring. He said, "I'm sorry if we've distressed you, Miss Sandal. Did you get cold on the ride? I can give you anything you'd like to drink."

A smooth voice, soft and pitched low.

"You've got a nerve," said Lona Sandal thickly. "I should drink with you—you kidnapper! What do you mean to do by me, huh?"

He said, gently, "We'll talk about that when you're more comfortable. Will you have a bottle of wine?"

Slowly the blood began to creep back into Lona Sandal's heart and brain. That slow, shrewd, animal cunning of hers awoke. A glass of wine, the yellow roses, her black velvet—and a man. True, she had never vamped a man in private life. Yet how familiar the scene, the setting. She knew exactly how it should be played. After all, was she not Lona Sandal? Herself, she had never been able to understand all this uproar about sex. At home they had thought her big and cold and not very interesting. Still, this man was an American and might be as blind and as stupid as the millions who paid to see her pictures.

She said, "I should love to have some wine. Is it good wine?"

"It ought to be," said the man, and did not smile.

"Oh," she said, and managed a laugh, "I guess maybe you bootleg, too?"

"This isn't bootleg," said the man, as he took the wine from the butler.

They sat down. The butler remained standing beside the table. Lona Sandal stretched out her long, slim legs, sank back against the cushions. Her head drooped forward. Her eyes half closed. The wine was good and her breath grew more regular.

She said, watching him lazily under her lashes, "You are Savoldi."

He said nothing, his eyes taking her in hotly. She knew who he was. Her intelligence always failed her. She was stupid enough. But that strange, drumming instinct told her. This was Savoldi, the killer!

She sipped her wine and gazed at him with that half hypnotic stare. Her mouth quivered.

SUDDENLY Savoldi laughed. After the smoothness of his voice that laugh lashed like a whip.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but it isn't any use. I hate seeing you waste all that. I've got things to do. Don't kid yourself. I never mix business and pleasure. I wouldn't be where I am now if women could get to me. There are just as many beautiful women in Chicago as in Hollywood. I'm not having any."

Her heart stopped. His words were cold, definite. She said, "What do you want then?"

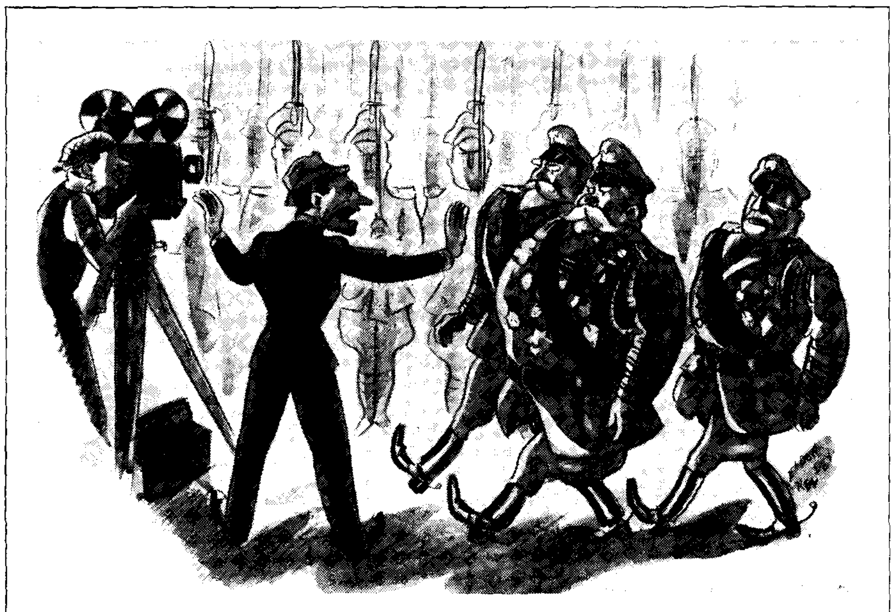
"I want a million dollars," said Coppy Savoldi.

Lona Sandal sat up in her chair. The wine glass fell from her hand.

"A million dollars? I should give you a million dollars? Why?"

"Because," said Coppy Savoldi, "I am stronger than you are and if you don't something unpleasant will happen to you. Think," the smooth voice grew electric with contempt, "think of your public."

(Continued on page 52)



"Get back in line, you punks! Who do you think you are?"

Eldon Kelley

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BAYER ASPIRIN

(Continued from page 51)

"You mean that you would kill me?"

"Why not?"

"You wouldn't. How could you do that? I have not harmed you. How could you take human life like that, without reason?"

"What does your life mean to me?" said the man with the red hair. "I never saw you before tonight. In any case, I will never see you again. Human life is cheap. Think of the millions killed in the war, for no purpose except to satisfy some greed somewhere. I satisfy my own greed."

"I—I have a son," Lona Sandal was quivering with the impact of the ruthless, brutal words.

WHY had she said that? Why remind him of her son? He read her thoughts in the fear that swept across her face.

"He's safe," he said casually. "In a way, Miss Sandal, we are like you. We have to understand our public. Children—we let them alone. You can't monkey with kids in this country.

"As long as you feed their stomachs and give them thrills and only break a law they hate, they will leave you alone. That's why I picked you for this first shot. Much as they admire you, you are a foreigner. On the screen, you're a bad woman. They won't get mad about you, like they would some good woman, or some little girl of their own. It'll be like one of your own pictures, only this time," silkenly, "you find a man who does not yield to your charms, great as they are.

"I must work fast. I want a lot of money. What is a million dollars to you? I would like to return you safe to your child. Besides, I like your pictures myself."

Suddenly Lona Sandal got up from her chair and walked across the room. When she came back she stood staring down at the man. His eyes grew cold. Something had happened to her. She still wore the black velvet and the diamonds, but the look, the air, of Lona Sandal had vanished. Had he but known it, he was looking now at Anna Sandavard, who had battled for her very existence against cold and hunger, had worked like a man.

She said, "I haven't got a million dollars."

The man's shoulders rippled. "Perhaps, if you think hard, you'll remember where you've hidden some of this big dough you've made."

"You're a fool," the woman said sullenly. "Gott, where should I have a million dollars? You want the truth? I *owe* money. Not long ago I owed two million dollars. I was not smart enough, my friend, for these business men of Hollywood. I thought I was smart. But I was not. I am telling you the truth. Oh, it is a long story. We have no place for it here."

"Go ahead," said the man. There was something like greed in his eyes, greed for sensation, for knowledge. A cold greed mixed with amusement, like that of a snake watching a bird. "The bank don't open until ten o'clock. I have lots of time."

"All right," she glared at him. "I tell you. After I make a big hit, one company wants to give me a lot of money every week. Fifteen thousand dollars. That is much. But—there was a man who came to this country with me. We were poor—but he had dreams. He was a great artist. In our own country, he made pictures, but they were nothing. They did not succeed. So we take the big chance. We come to America, to Hollywood, which is the big place to make pictures.

"I loved him.

"Over here, nobody paid him any attention. He tried and tried to show them what he could do. But it was useless. Then, I make the big hit. We had not thought of that—of me. But it happened so. He did not want me to go with that company. He told me to make my own pictures.

"Do you understand about that? I go then with a big company which gives me much money for make my pictures and I get back some of the profits. I have the whole say. He is to direct my first two pictures. He will write the stories. That is fine. So—I sign that contract.

"He was a great artist. Not like in this country. So, because I am now Lona Sandal, I can do anything, we make his stories. Just like he wanted them. They cost much, much money, so that they may be perfect. But—the public does not want them. They are too sad, too true. Down they go. I get no profit. I have lost two million dollars. You see?

"Up in that company which releases my pictures, is a man. A big man, with much money. Almost as much as you, Mr. Savoldi." She sneered at him, openly, bluntly. "I do not like this man at all. A soft man. He smiles outside, but there is no smile in his eyes. Also, he is getting old. But his money can buy him what he wants. He likes me. There he is not like you, eh? So, he says he will fix it up about the two million dollars. He will give it to me, on the books. That is all right. It is—big pay."

The sullen underlip came out, twisted bitterly.

"We needed that money so. For my man must go on, he burns up to go on and succeed in his art. But that man —that Mr. Henry Aleshine—who is such a great one—he was too smart for us. When it comes out, I find the two million he gives me is still charged to my contract, only I have a long time to pay it off. He has not given it to me, Lona Sandal, he gives it as head of the company to the star. I owe it all still."

"The double-crossing rat," said Savoldi softly.

"So—my man—he dies of a broken heart, I guess. You did not know that? He died, because they have been so cruel and laughed at him and because he hated this land where there are only smart people who think of nothing but money. They made fun of him. He died—here."

SHE flung out her arms and stood staring into the past. She looked like some great statue of a pioneer woman, mourning over a lost race. She looked beautiful and strong and devastated.

"So—I go on. For one year—two year—I make box-office pictures. You think I have diamonds and cars and a big house, eh? Bah! You are stupid. I do not know how you get to be so great you can go around killing people. I do not draw any money. It goes to pay back my two million. I get enough so that I and my boy can live. The car—the house—all that belongs not to me. It is charged, I guess, against advertising, publicity. Lona Sandal must live in grand style. She is a very grand lady.

"In that bank which does not open until ten o'clock tomorrow I have not anything. I cannot even sign a check. It is all done by the studio. You see? Now do you expect I should pay you a million dollars?"

She bent double and stared straight at him. Her eyes were not narrowed in the famous Sandal stare. They were wide open and black with anger.

Coppy returned that stare. He took a gold cigarette case from his pocket and lighted a cigarette. He blew the smoke slowly. Thinking.

"All the better," he said suddenly, and laughed. "That company—they'll pay a million dollars. You're worth a million dollars to them any time."

Lona Sandal's laugh was harsher than his own.

"Oh, yeah?" she said. "They would pay a million dollars for me? You think that? They would more likely pay you a million dollars to get rid of me. You do not keep up with the times, Mr. Savoldi. You and your machine guns.

"Look. The talkies have come. Now—I still have the great name. It takes much time for a great name to die. But now my pictures are bad. I have not a voice for the talkies. I have an accent like a servant girl. Not to go with the grand, sophisticated lady, which is the way they must have me. I am rotten in the talkies. They know. I am finished. I came up quick—I go down quick. If they could break my contract tomorrow they would do it. If I was what you say taken for a ride, they would cry a little maybe, for two days, and then they would be glad.

"THEY cannot break the contract. They must go on giving me much to make my pictures, spend more to advertise them. The two million is almost paid. Maybe the next picture makes enough to finish it. Then, they will buy my contract. It is cheaper so. They will give me enough so I can go back with my little boy to my own land, where even the snow is kinder and warmer to me than this sunshine of Hollywood. That is done often, in Hollywood, that buying contracts when stars are finished.

"For me? I am glad to go. I must pay income tax on that money that goes back to them. Oh, it is all a nice mess. You will hardly believe it, no? I do not blame you. Sometimes I cannot believe it myself. Sometimes I lie awake all night, thinking. I cannot sleep. Many nights I cannot sleep. It is so with many of us here. You, back there with your machine guns. You hear about Lona Sandal. You see what others see and you envy me. Gott, what a thing to envy! No woman alone has any right in this movie business. She cannot be smart enough."

Coppy Savoldi got up and began to pace the room.

"How about this Barry Graves?" he said. "He's a big Western star. He's rich. And he's madly in love with you. Supposed to be off his nut because you threw him over. If he thought he'd get you back, he'd pay, wouldn't he?"

The woman sat down. She swept her hair back from her face and left no shadow nor softening. The bones of her jaw and cheeks stood out through the gray flesh.

"He would not pay," she said. "He is tired of me now. He has been tired of me a long time. You see, Mr. Savoldi, he fell in love with Lona Sandal. He fell in love with that woman on the screen, of whom they wrote that she was—unattainable. He read my press agent, just like you, Mr. Savoldi.

"At first, I did not love him. My heart, it was in the grave. I am not an easy woman. I wept on that grave, many nights. But Barry was so good to me. So young, so—lively. He made brightness come into my life. I have said no and no and no, but he only laughed. And I was lonely, as only a woman of another land, a land like mine, can be lonely in your America."

"Quit that," said Savoldi, hotly, "I'm no American. I was born in Italy."

The strain showed in her weary smile.

"Then maybe you understand. So—then it seems I am not so lonely with him. My heart grows a little lighter. With all my troubles and worries, it grows a little lighter when he is near. For he is very gay, that Barry Graves.

Gay, and life is placid, smooth, easy for him. I begin to like him. I am a woman. I am made to have a man. So—he became my lover. Then I love him very much. I give him another love, a new love.

"So soon as he knows for sure I love him, he is tired of me. He finds me out. I am not the unattainable, the mysterious—all those big words the press agent writes. I am not sophisticated, not to drive men mad. I am just an ordinary, stupid woman. Not a great laugher and joker, not a good one for parties. I do not show off good. I cannot always keep up this Lona Sandal business. One gets tired of any part. I make his life too sad. He left me."

COLD silence lay between them. Savoldi smoked. His eyes grew gray. There was no pity there, no yielding that could be seen. His voice startled her. It was the voice he had used before, the cold cruel voice that told her here was a man who could order today the death of men who yesterday had been his friends.

"I can make an example out of you," he said. "I can teach them out here that I mean business when I speak. I can't send you back. Never saw a woman could keep her trap shut. Bunch of gabbling geese. You don't think there's any way you can dig up a million?"

Lona Sandal stared at him contemptuously.

"You think you can scare me?" she said. "You think I am afraid to die? Mr. Gunman, I tell you something. I will be glad to die. I am so tired. I am so lonely. I am worried near to death all the time. Often in the night I have thought it would be easy to die. What have I to live for? My heart is broken. I am shamed. I am far from my own people and I do not know when I shall go back to them. So much happens here. I have no joy any more. I am—old, old. All days are worry, worry. All nights are without sleep."

"What about the kid?" said Coppy Savoldi.

"Maybe it is better for him, too. I am a stupid woman. I mess things up. In my own country, he gets much insurance money when I am dead. My brother takes it. He will go back and be happy. Ach, don't think you can do anything about that money with your guns. You start monkey business in my country and they bring the army and wipe you right off the earth. Quick—like that."

"I'm not looking for work in any country where they haven't got prohibition," said the king of the gangsters. "I'm going home myself some day."

"I am glad enough to die," said Lona Sandal, in a weary voice. "It has me licked—this motion-picture racket."

"Hell," said Coppy Savoldi, "all rackets are tough."

"I told you not to get talking to that dame," said the gray-haired man. "I warned you. I knew how it would be. Dames!"

"Shut up," said Coppy Savoldi.

"She *said* she didn't have no money. How do you know she wasn't lying?"

"She wasn't lying," said Savoldi.

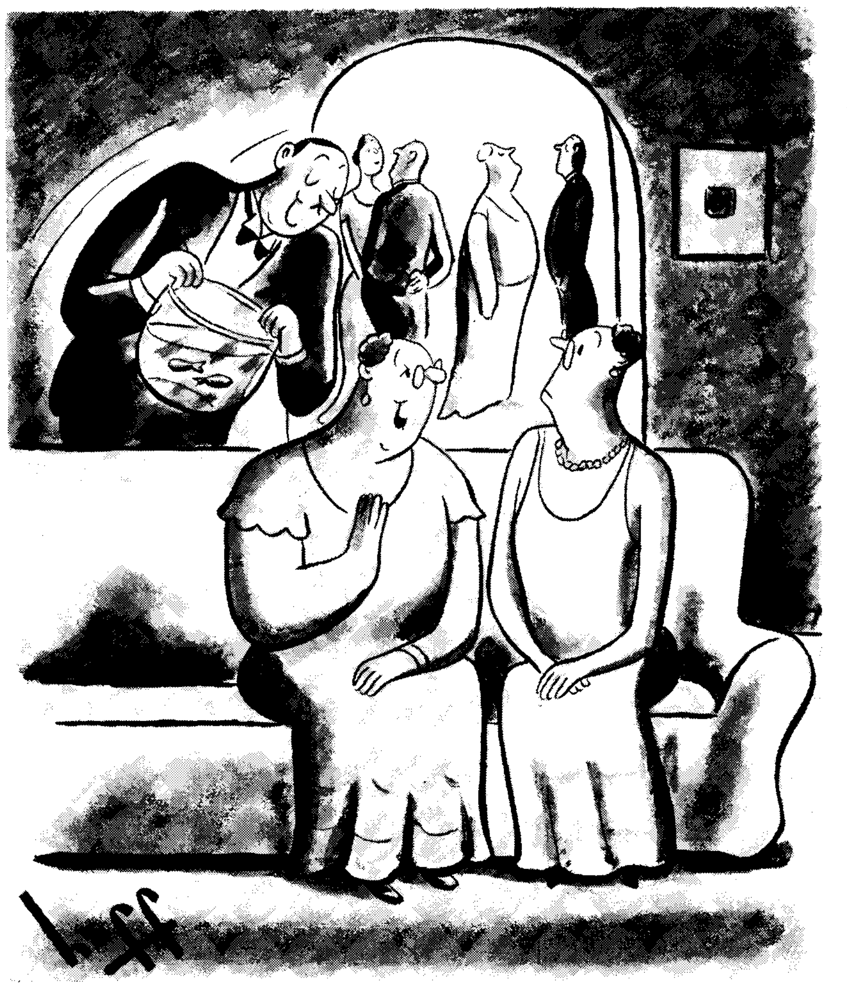
THE gray-haired man said nothing. "Listen"—Savoldi leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes—"there's a bird named Aleshine in this town. Harry Aleshine. *Get him.* Put him on the spot—tomorrow."

"What's he done to you, Chief?"

"Oh, well, he just double-crossed a friend of mine—that's all. We'll just leave him, in place of our visiting cards, to show we've been out here. Then we'll beat it back home."

"Home? After all we—"

"I ain't monkeying with this town," said Coppy Savoldi. "I don't monkey with other folks' rackets. We're beating it back to Chicago, where I know what the score is. This racket's got its own troubles. All rackets are tough."



"Let the dear boy alone—he's only pretending he's drunk"

Sydney Hoff

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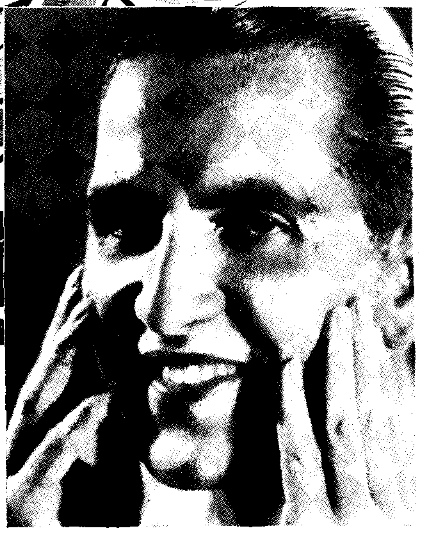

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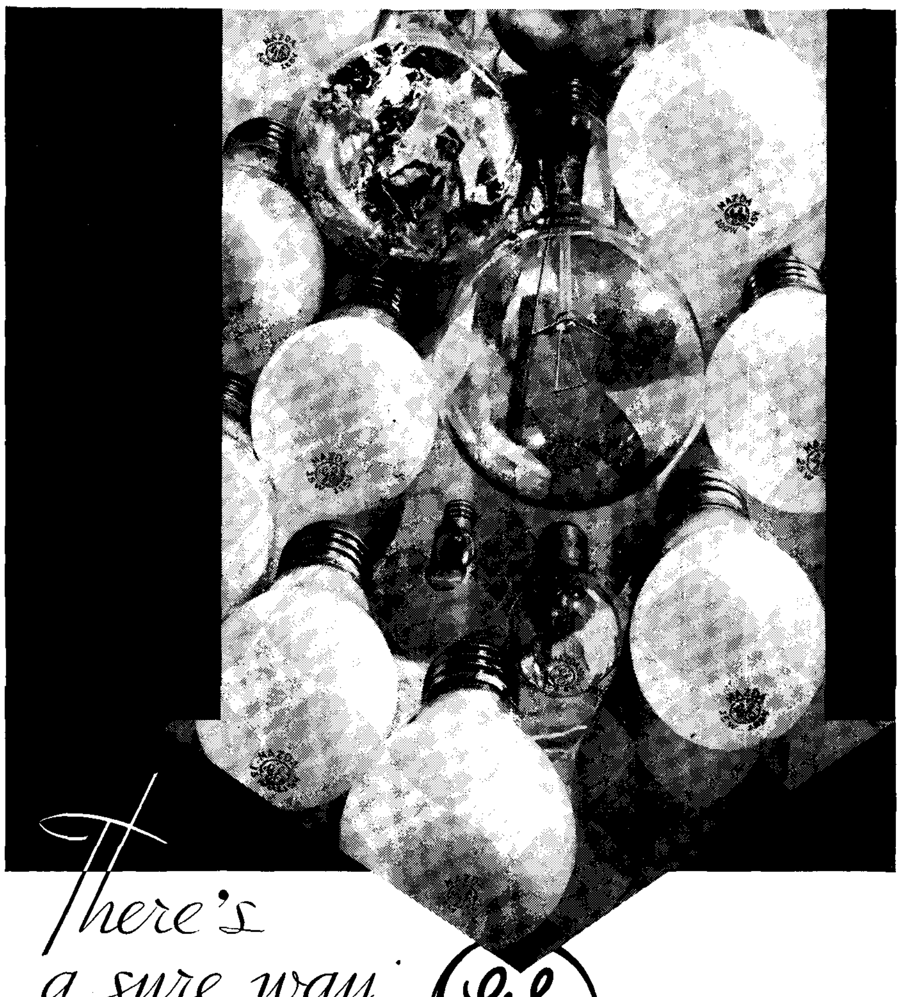

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For good light at low cost

GENERAL ELECTRIC
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Gallows of Chance

Continued from page 26

a black béret, from the front of which flashed a diamond ornament. She was followed by an obvious maid carrying a dressing-case. The head waiter and the manager of the hotel both hurried forward and escorted her to a table. She sat down a little wearily, sent away the maid, ordered some dinner, and talked to the manager for a few moments. Presently the latter left her and she leaned back in her chair. Amy caught at her companion's arm.

"Do you know who that is?" she asked, in an excited whisper.

He fenced with the question, but she was too interested herself to notice the fact.

"It's Lady Louise Keynsham," she confided. "The sister of Lord Edward. They live at Keynsham Hall."

"She's a very attractive-looking young woman," he remarked.

He watched her tear the menu in half, scribble something on the back, summon a waiter and give him whispered directions. The man brought the message to Pank. He read it through, hesitated for a moment and rose to his feet.

"DO YOU mind being left alone for a minute or two, Amy?" he asked. "Lady Louise wants to speak to me."

She looked at him in astonishment.

"But you don't know her, do you, Ernest?" she demanded.

"She appears to know me," he replied evasively.

"Of course I don't mind," Amy assented. "Hurry, dear, I'm dying to know what she wants."

Pank crossed the room and stood before Louise's table. She welcomed him with a pleasant but somewhat enigmatic smile.

"Still on vacation, Inspector?" she inquired.

"Not this time," he replied. "I'm engaged, as a matter of fact, on very serious business."

"Still trying to discover," she continued, "what happened to Sir Humphrey Rossiter on his night drive to London last month?"

Pank shook his head gently.

"I know all about that now," he confided.

"Then what are you still doing down here?" she asked.

His eyes twinkled for a moment. Lady Louise looked very charming, but he took eager note of the anxiety lurking in the depths of her eyes.

"There is a kind of etiquette in our profession," he told her, "stupid, of course, but there it is—that one's first reports must be made to one's superior officer. Therefore I cannot explain exactly what I am doing down here, Lady Louise."

"Have you discovered Sir Humphrey's hiding place?"

"You know that he is missing again, then?" he countered quickly. "How do you know? There hasn't been a word of it in the papers."

"Yes, I knew that he had disappeared," she acknowledged.

He became suddenly very much in earnest.

"Lady Louise," he said, "it doesn't do for honest people to work against the police. It never pays in the long run. I wish I could make you believe this. I wish you could make your brother believe it."

"What are you talking about?" she exclaimed. "My brother is abroad."

"He may be," was the quiet reply. "That does not affect the matter."

"Do you seriously believe," she persisted, "that either of us—my brother or I—know anything about Sir Humphrey's disappearance?"

"You knew that he had disappeared, which was more than anyone outside Scotland Yard and the servants at Chestow Square knew," he reminded her.

"You are too clever for an ingenuous person like myself," she remarked a little scornfully.

"On the contrary," he replied, "it seems to me that you or your entourage have up till now proved yourselves much cleverer than the whole of Scotland Yard. We do not know where Sir Humphrey is. You and your friends do. We learn a little every day. All the time we draw nearer to the truth. I don't imagine it is news to you to hear that I spent the earlier part of the day around Fakenham and Keynsham."

"I don't see what good that did you," she observed, watching him carefully all the time.

"I certainly found a strong disinclination towards conversation on the part of everyone I spoke to," he admitted. "At the same time there are the police, you know."

"You wouldn't get much out of Choppin," she reflected, with a little smile.

"I'm not so sure," he answered. "What a man refuses to say is sometimes as important as what he says. Choppin is very much between two fires."

"So I gather! Didn't I hear something about a return visit of yours with a search warrant?"

"Is that why you are on your way to London?" he asked swiftly.

"Really," she murmured, taking a cigarette from her case and tapping it upon the table. "You detectives get into the habit of asking such a multitude of questions that you put everyone on the rack. I cannot even talk to you for a moment civilly but you try to drive me into a corner. How do you know I am on my way to London?"

"Part of that marvelous insight with which we are gifted," he confided. "You certainly appear to be equipped for a motor journey—maid, dressing-case and all. Of course, you may be going to some other place, but I don't fancy you are. The only thing I should like to know is—are you alone?"

"Well, that is one question I can answer," she told him. "I am alone. If you care to step out into the courtyard you will see my coupé and you can question my chauffeur, who is sitting in the room just across the way having his supper. We are en route for London and we are alone."

He reflected for a moment.

"You would be! Perhaps, after all, my visit this afternoon may have produced results."

"What a conceited person you are!" she remarked.

He shook his head.

"BELIEVE me, I am not that, Lady Louise," he assured her. "I cannot even convince you of the most obvious thing in the world."

"Which is?"

"That whether it is at your brother's instigation or not, it is the most foolish thing in the world to enter into any enterprise of any sort which is in direct opposition to the law."

"Thank you for coming over," she said, with a gesture of dismissal. "You must not leave the young lady alone any longer. I'm glad to gather from what you say that you have not yet blundered across the truth."

"I hope for your sake that we may not before you have made up your mind to tell us, Lady Louise," Pank replied.

He took his leave with a stiff little bow, and crossed the room to where Amy was eagerly awaiting him.

"Well," she inquired curiously, "whatever did she want?"

"Just to ask me a few questions."

"Why, you looked as though you were both quarreling all the time."

"Well, we weren't," he assured her, settling himself down once more in his place. "We were like two fencers in the dark, making passes at each other. We both touched once. But let's forget about her ladyship now and talk about ourselves. This sole is fine."

"Delicious," she agreed.

"And I like having meals with you alone," he told her.

"So do I, better than anything in the world," she confessed.

"Let's have 'em together all the time, shall we?" he suggested, a speech which, although it may have seemed to lack romance, was exactly the speech for which Amy had been longing.

IT WAS perfectly clear, from the moment they crossed the threshold of the little house in Chapel Fields Terrace, that Inspector Ernest Pank was faced with a hostile reception. His uncle, with spectacles pushed well back on his forehead and newspaper lowered, frowned at him coldly without indulging in any form of salute. His aunt heaved a deep sigh, and wagged her head sorrowfully.

"So you've been out with this cousin of yours, have you?" Mr. Pank remarked to his daughter. "Is that why you went off this morning without saying a word?"

"It was not," Amy declared. "I didn't know Ernest was in the city. He came to meet me after business."

"Then he'd better not come again," Elijah Pank pronounced with portentous emphasis. "Do you hear that, young man?"

"I hear, but I hope you don't mean it," was the good-natured reply.

"When I say a thing I always mean it."

"What's wrong with me?"

"Your sneaking ways," Elijah Pank confided. "I was never overfond of the police, though I'm a right-living man myself, and for you to come down here and deceive your own folks with a tale of your being a respectable commercial traveler doing big business, and all the time ferreting and worming about, ain't my idea of straightforward behavior. That's how we feel about it, young man—me and your aunt—so you'd better pick up your hat and go where you're more welcome."

"He's welcome here," Amy asserted passionately.

"Well, he ain't. Not with me at any rate," her father rejoined, rustling his newspaper fiercely.

"Look here, Uncle," his nephew begged earnestly. "I'm not going to quarrel with you, but you've got to look at this differently. Amy says you've got a weakness for the young man that was your lodger here, and maybe he's prejudiced you against me. We've had to have him up at Scotland Yard, but we've let him go. He broke the law in a sense, but he did it at his master's orders. All the same, we had to find out about it. If I'd come down here as Detective Pank I shouldn't have discovered what I wanted to know, either here or at another place in the city."

"Yes," Elijah Pank grunted. "Up at the Cat and Chickens. What sort of a job do you think that—to sit up there at night and make a loose-mouthed man drunk, and worm out of him what he'd been paid good money not to tell?"

"That man, too, had broken the law," Ernest Pank pointed out. "The police have to use their own methods to get the truth. When there's been a crime committed, people don't come and give them information just for the fun of it. Your friend Tom Bowhill was serving his master. I'm serving mine. You may know who his is. Mine is the King."

"Fine words," his uncle muttered.

"There's common sense behind them," Ernest Pank insisted. "I'd rather be a soldier than a detective, if I were built for it, but we're both serving the Crown. If we have to use subtleties sometimes instead of our fists, we don't do it to bring innocent people into trouble."

"And making believe to be fond of Amy," Mrs. Pank complained, mopping at her eyes. "That poor girl hasn't been the same since you took to coming along. Fretting! It's my belief that's what she's been doing all the time. It's all very well to call yourself a servant of the King, Ernest, but that spying work means deceitfulness, and you can't get away from it."

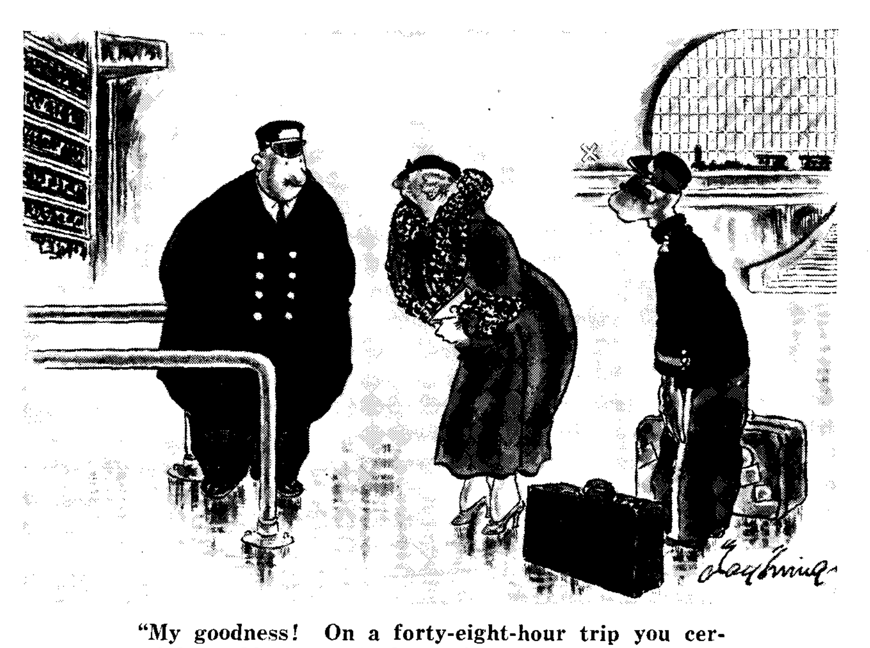
"WELL, there's no deceitfulness about Amy and me," Ernest Pank assured them. "We decided to get married about an hour ago, and we came straight down here to tell you."

The paper fluttered out of Elijah Pank's fingers. "Did you ever hear the like?" he exclaimed.

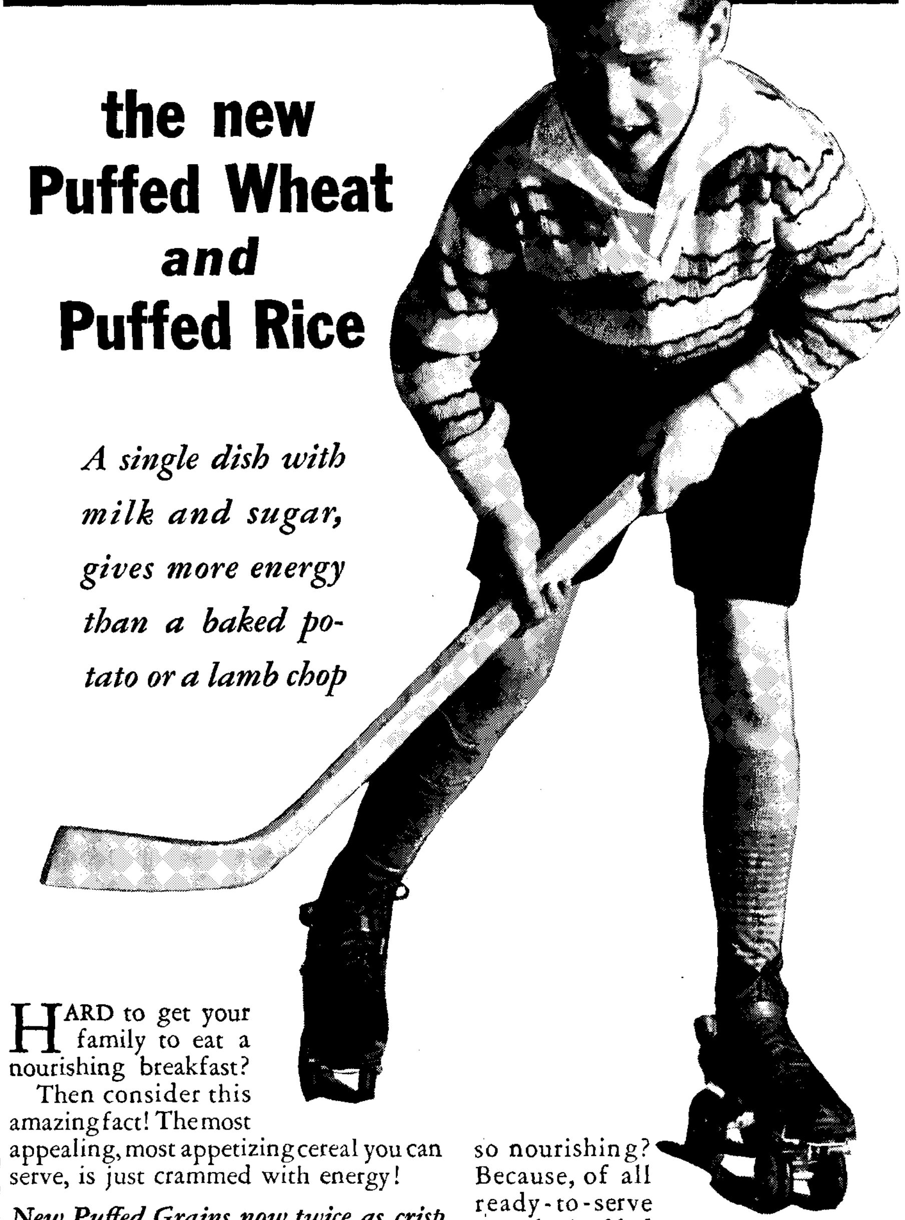
"Did you ever hear the like?" Mrs. Pank gasped. "Amy, my child, come to your mother."

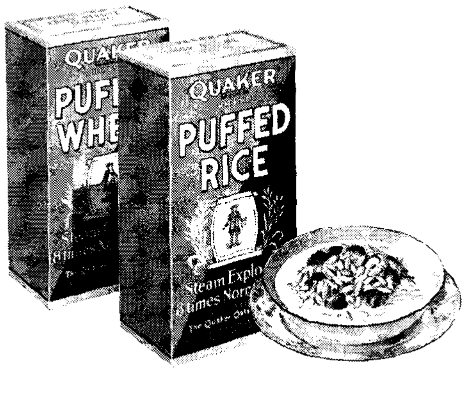
"Not unless it's all right about

(Continued on page 56)



"My goodness! On a forty-eight-hour trip you certainly could have waited one tiny little bittie minute!" *Jay Irving*





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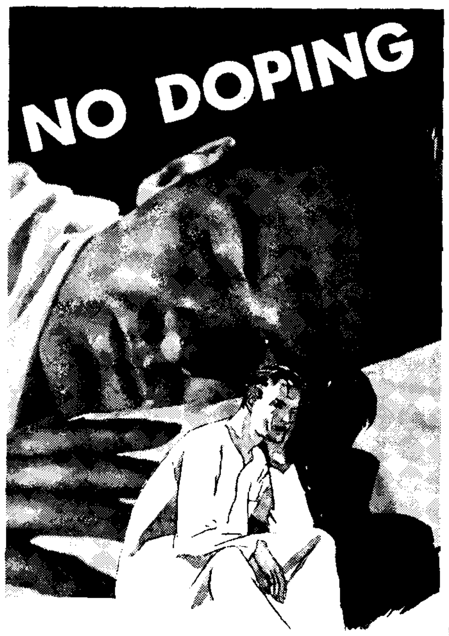

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(Continued from page 55)

Ernest," Amy stipulated, with a defiant sob in her throat.

Elijah Pank rose and held out his hand.

"I take back what I said, Ernest," he declared. "You've spoken up like a man, and maybe I was hasty."

"Ernest always was the one of the family I had a fancy for," his aunt declared, offering her capacious person for an embrace.

"If you'd been ten minutes earlier," his completely mollified uncle said, with a regretful glance at the clock.

Ernest slipped out of the room and came back again with a brown paper parcel which he had left in the hall.

"Fetch out the glasses, Aunt," he enjoined cheerfully.

"Well, I never," the latter exclaimed, as she opened the cupboard. "Champagne, indeed!"

Amy threw her arms round her cousin's neck and drew his lips to hers.

"Thinks of everything, doesn't he?" she murmured happily.

AT ABOUT the hour when Detective Inspector Pank, on the following day, stepped out of the afternoon express from Norwich at Liverpool Street Station, Parkins, Sir Humphrey Rossiter's impeccable butler, purely in order to pass the time, was polishing a set of silver salvers in the pantry of the house in Chestow Square. Directly in front of him was a row of electric bells and indicators.

He was just adding the finishing touches to a very artistic piece of work when one of the bells rang. He glanced up carelessly enough. It was a question of front door or side door, for the house itself was empty of occupants. Number six would have been the front door, number eight the side entrance. The indicator was down at number three. Parkins stared at it in blank and speechless amazement.

"What's wrong with you?" Mrs. Bowman, the cook, asked, looking in at the door from her comfortable kitchen.

Parkins was temporarily bereft of words. He pointed to the indicator.

"Number three," Mrs. Bowman exclaimed. "Why—why, isn't that—"

Parkins finished the sentence for her. He laid down with great deliberation the salver which he had been cleaning.

"It is Sir Humphrey's own room," he announced. "One of those wenches you keep in order so well, Mrs. Bowman, has gone off the deep end again. If this is a practical joke she will hear of it from me."

Nevertheless, in accordance with his usual custom, Parkins wiped his hands upon the chamois leather, untied his baize apron and donned his coat before he mounted the stairs. Halfway up the bell rang again. He indulged in a little shiver. He was not a superstitious man, but the sound of a bell ringing from his master's room, which had naturally been kept fast closed, was in itself disconcerting. The habits of the perfect servant persisted, however, and, arrived on the front staircase, he paused outside the door of the room and knocked respectfully.

Then he gave a little gasp. A familiar voice replied in a tone somewhat sharper than usual:

"Come in!"

Parkins pushed open the door with trembling fingers. Sir Humphrey himself was standing before an open cupboard, apparently inspecting his wardrobe. He had a towel in his hands as though he had just come in from the bathroom.

"That you, Parkins?" he asked, without turning round. "I rang twice."

Parkins sought in vain for words of apology, but it was useless. For those first few moments he was speechless.

"Telephone at once to Whitehall," Sir Humphrey directed, seemingly not noticing the man's confusion. "Ask Mr. Carthew to come round at once and bring any important papers needing immediate attention. Afterwards bring me a whisky-and-soda into the library, and put out my dinner clothes."

"Very good, sir. We are—I'm sure everyone will be—we are very glad to see you back again, Sir Humphrey."

The latter nodded in not unkindly fashion.

"Thank you, Parkins," he said. "The nursing home was severe and in many respects inconvenient. I was glad to get away. Home, after all, is the best place when one is not feeling quite up to the mark."

"And Mrs. Brandt, sir?" the man ventured.

His master raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, you are thinking of the Sunday night when she didn't arrive for dinner. She apparently wrote a note which I never received. Mrs. Brandt is quite well, I believe. Go and ring up Carthew at once."

"You will pardon me, sir," Parkins said, looking back from the door at his master's apparel, "but your second best dinner clothes will have to do. You were wearing your best ones last time we saw you."

Sir Humphrey nodded.

"So I was," he remarked indifferently. "The second best ones will do quite nicely. I am not leaving the house."

Sir Humphrey, who was dressed in a very well-cut blue serge suit, descended by the front stairs and made his way to the library, where fortunately a fire had been lit each day. Parkins found him there, when he entered a few minutes later, leaning back in an easy-chair and reading the morning paper with interest.

"PARKINS," his master said, as he accepted the tumbler of whisky and soda, "you will remember when you entered my service I told you that there were two qualities I appreciated in a servant?"

"I remember something of the sort, sir."

"One was never to show curiosity and the other was silence. Remember that, please. I have been away and I have returned. If you read the morning papers you will see that I have been in a nursing home. You can accept that item of news as the true and only explanation of my absence. You can leave the whisky on the sideboard and put my clothes out. Light a fire in my bedroom. As soon as Mr. Carthew comes he can be shown in here."

"Very good, sir," the man murmured. "Certainly I will remember what you say, sir."

"The unusual circumstances of my departure," Sir Humphrey continued, "the fact that I left by the window and in dinner clothes, you can forget. What really happened was simple. I worked myself into a nervous state of anxiety over the non-arrival of my expected guest. I felt unwell and went out to see my doctor. He sent me to a nursing home for a few days."

"I quite understand, sir."

"SIR HUMPHREY, thank God you are back!" Carthew exclaimed, as he came breathlessly into the room a quarter of an hour later. "This is a wonderful surprise."

It was obvious that the young man had struck the wrong note. Sir Humphrey frowned irritably.

"Thank God for what?" he demanded.

"Why, for finding you back again, sir, safe and well. I could scarcely believe my ears when Parkins told me over the telephone."

"My dear lad, don't be absurd," his employer enjoined. "I left a trifle hurriedly, perhaps, but that was no one's business except my own. I'm glad to see you had the good sense to keep everything out of the papers."

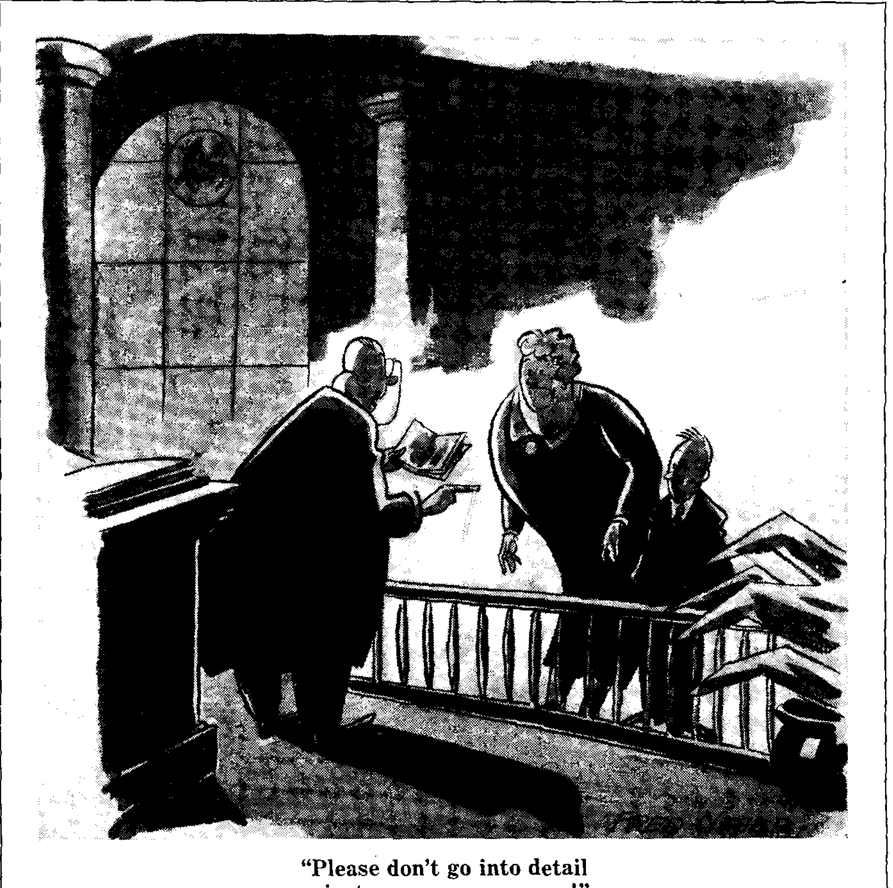
"Scotland Yard saw to that, sir. The stipulated time would have been up tomorrow, though. We couldn't have kept your absence a secret any longer."

"That may be why I've come back," was the dry retort. "I hope you have brought the Russian papers with you."

"Certainly, sir. I brought them and all the other letters which you ought to see."

"I'm ready to start at once," Sir Humphrey announced. "Draw that little table to the fire. I don't think the *chauffage* has been working."

"Certainly, sir," the young man as-



"Please don't go into detail —just answer yes or no!"

Fred Neher

sented, doing as he was bid. "First of all, though, hadn't I better be doing some telephoning? We ought to let people know you are back. Scotland Yard, for instance."

"Scotland Yard? Good Heavens, no!" Sir Humphrey scoffed. "I hope they haven't been making a fuss just because I chose to go away quietly for a few days. That's the worst of Matterson. He scents mystery and crime everywhere. . . . No, I don't want to ring anyone up, Carthew. Get out the papers while I light my pipe. We'll do an hour or so's work before dinner."

"What about the P. M., sir?" the secretary queried.

His chief indulged in a little grimace. "Well, I suppose you had better just report to him," he consented ungraciously. "Don't make any fuss about it. Say that I found the nursing home uncomfortable, that I'm much better, and that I decided to return here this afternoon."

Carthew, who was still feeling rather like a man in a dream, did as he was bidden. Presently he looked across the room, the receiver in his hand.

"The Prime Minister insists on having a word with you personally, sir," he announced.

"He would," the Home Secretary muttered, rising to his feet. "All right. Give me the extension."

He drew the instrument towards him. "Hello, sir," he began. "This is Rossiter speaking."

"My dear fellow, how wonderful!" was the prompt and enthusiastic reply. "How amazing! Wherever did you turn up, and where on earth have you been to?"

"Everyone seems very upset at my return," Sir Humphrey observed gruffly. "I only went down to a nursing home for a few days. I wasn't feeling quite the thing, but I'm all right now. Carthew is with me and we're going into that Russian business. I shall be here until I go to bed if you want me. Tomorrow I shall be at Whitehall, and in the House in the afternoon."

"But tell me—"

"Rotten connection, isn't it?" Rossiter interrupted. "I can't hear a word. See you tomorrow."

He rang off and put the receiver on the hook with a grin which was reminiscent of his old self.

"That will stop old Tresham for a bit," he remarked. . . .

FOR two hours Sir Humphrey went through an accumulation of papers, and Ronald Carthew confided afterwards to several of his associates that he had never known his chief so brilliant or so lucid.

His decisions, always correct, were almost instantaneous. He seemed to have recovered all his old energy.

"Well, that's everything, sir," the young man said at last, packing up his dispatch case. "A wonderful afternoon's work, Sir Humphrey, if you'll allow me to say so. I thought it would have taken at least two days to clear up all these things. Shall I come here in the morning, sir, or be at Whitehall?"

The Home Secretary considered the matter.

"You had better stay here in the house," he decided. "Your room will be ready for you, I'm sure. You can send for your typist, if you like, or you can write the necessary letters yourself and be at hand in case I want you again. Besides, there's that infernal telephone. I expect that will be going half the evening."

"I'll be on hand, anyway, sir," Carthew promised, as he took his leave.

Sir Humphrey arranged his reading lamp and helped himself from a pile of newspapers. His reading, however, was somewhat perfunctory. He leaned back in his chair, his eyes fixed upon a blank space upon the opposite wall. Here, with only the muffled and familiar sound of traffic in his ears, he was conscious of a genuine sense of isolation. His brain had never been keener than now when he tried to face this new and grizzly problem that had come into his life. Memory, imagination, logic—they were all there, responsive, vitalized, slaves of his will. Nothing made any difference. His mind could do little except move in circles. Always it came back to that eternal cul-de-sac, that torturing monosyllable—why?

CARTHEW made abrupt and apologetic entrance, and Rossiter, by no means unwilling, dropped down to earth again.

"I couldn't stop them, sir," he announced. "I did all I could, but Colonel Matterson is on his way round. They'd heard from Downing Street, I suppose. He'll be here directly, I should think."

Sir Humphrey shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I shall have to see him some time or other. Better get it over."

"You know what your predecessor said, sir," Carthew reminded him with a smile. "A Cabinet Minister can never indulge in the unusual."

"All because I left the house by the window."

The Home Secretary sighed with a somewhat weary gleam of humor in his eyes. From outside came the sound of a rapidly driven car brought suddenly to a standstill. The front doorbell rang. There were voices. Colonel Matterson was duly announced. He came forward with outstretched hand.

"My dear Sir Humphrey," he exclaimed, "this is wonderful! What a relief! You will excuse me, but what a relief!"

"Sit down, my dear fellow," Sir Humphrey begged. "Aren't you rather overdoing these expressions of relief? I suppose I was bound to come back some day."

Colonel Matterson regarded him curiously.

"Well," he said, "a man who walks out of his front window in his dinner clothes, without leaving word or message behind him, and reappears ten days later in a ready-made suit of clothes, without having communicated with any of his friends in the meantime, certainly presents something of a problem. You have had one ugly adventure lately; why shouldn't we all imagine that something further had happened along the same lines?"

"Will you take anything?" Sir Humphrey asked.

Matterson shook his head.

"Not just now, thanks. I'm too interested in hearing your story."

Sir Humphrey selected a cigarette from an open box and lit it.

"I have no story," he confided.

The sub-commissioner gasped.

"What do you mean—you have no story?" he demanded.

"Oh, there's this much of a one if you like," Sir Humphrey conceded. "I left this room at about eight o'clock last Sunday week by the window."

"Why did you leave by the window, to start with?" Colonel Matterson inquired. "I was only a few yards away."

"I left by the window because I found it more convenient," Rossiter explained. "I came back this evening in a taxicab. The newspapers will tell you the rest. I've been in a nursing home."

The sub-commissioner very nearly lost his temper.

"But, damn it all," he exclaimed, "it was we who put the notices in the paper. We knew very well there was no ques-

(Continued on page 58)

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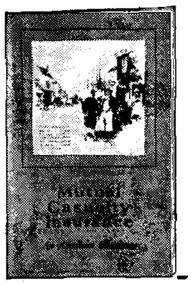

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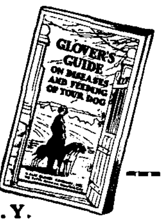
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LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 340-R Chicago

(Continued from page 57)

tion of a nursing home. We put it in to save your face and ours and stop gossip."

"One of the most sensible things you ever did," Sir Humphrey approved. "Having done it, let us accept it as the truth. Near Hastings it probably was. Isn't that a good place for a nursing home? The sea breezes have completely restored me to health. I have done two hours' work already this afternoon, and I have adopted the popular view with regard to the Russian business."

Matterson rose from his chair, came over to the hearthrug, and laid his hand upon Sir Humphrey's shoulder.

"Rossiter, don't let us bluff, please," he begged. "If you have any real solid reason for doing so, well, the whole thing can be kept from the public for a time. But just think—I'm not being egotistical—of what I represent. I represent the entire police system of Great Britain. Whether it's to be given to the press or not, I should be told the truth. When it happens to be a Cabinet Minister who is involved, one who less than two months ago had a narrow escape from death, I don't ask for information—I demand it."

"Very well put, Colonel," the Home Secretary agreed. "And now here's my reply. I won't bluff with you. Twenty seconds before I did it I had no more idea of walking out of the window in my dinner clothes than of flying. Something happened, however, and I did it. I have been away for fourteen days, and I'm back again. Now I have to think over the whole business. There are several issues involved. I no more understand certain things which are happening around me, or why I am in the business at all, than the man in the moon. Until I understand a little more about it I'm not going to open my mouth to you or anybody else. I am the Home Secretary, who has been in a nursing home, near Hastings if you like, for a certain duration of time. That's quite good enough for the general public."

COLONEL MATTERSON reflected. "Is it really possible," he suggested, "that you are sheltering criminals?"

"It may be," the other asserted. "On the other hand, if I make a mistake it will be myself who will pay."

"In plain words," Colonel Matterson went on, "you refuse to give any information or assistance to the men who have been working on your case. You are content to shelve the whole affair. You would like us to preach everywhere the nursing-home story?"

"Precisely."

"I don't know how on earth we are going to explain matters to our own men," the sub-commissioner remarked gloomily.

"Why try?" Rossiter queried. "Explanations are the most vicious things in the world. I say that, who am going about with a note of interrogation in my brain."

"If we could only be a little more practical for a moment," the sub-commissioner groaned.

SIR HUMPHREY glanced at the clock. "We will be," he agreed. "Half past seven. I think, if you will forgive my suggesting it, it is almost time you went home and changed for dinner."

Colonel Matterson reflected for a moment. He had one more thunderbolt to launch, and he decided that his companion was asking for it.

"I was hoping, Sir Humphrey, for more reasons than one," he confided, "that I should find you prepared to be entirely frank with us. If you persist in your present attitude, I think it only fair to tell you that we must go ahead as well as we can without your help."

Sir Humphrey laughed sardonically.

"You have been doing that all the time, haven't you?" he observed. "You haven't got much further, though, that I can see."

There was a gleam of triumph in Colonel Matterson's eyes.

"Let me tell you this, Sir Humphrey," he said. "At Scotland Yard this morning I had a dispatch from one of my men —vague, I admit, no definite information, I admit, but still assuring me that you would be back in London some time today."

"Rubbish! I didn't know I was coming, myself."

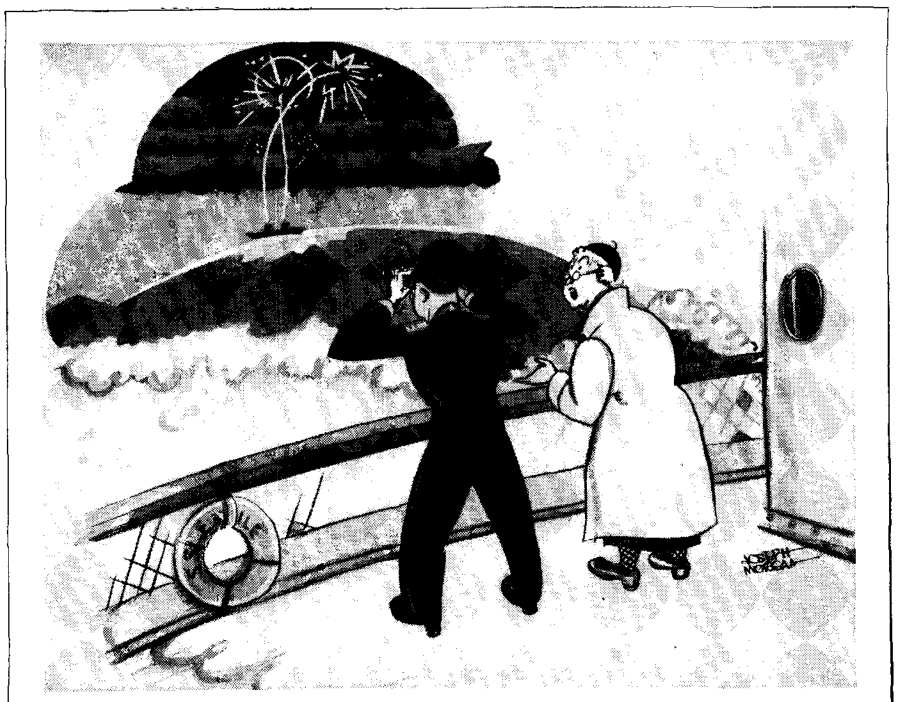
Colonel Matterson smiled once more. He accepted the other's incredulity as a compliment.

"It is perfectly true," he went on. "The little man who, alone of all my staff, has shown any insight in this matter, sent me a message which I received this morning, saying that I might expect to find you back home during the day. The message, by the bye, came from Norwich."

Sir Humphrey whistled softly.

"My compliments to Inspector Pank," he murmured.

(To be continued next week)



"If they're in distress, I should think they'd have something to do besides shoot off fireworks!" *Joseph Morgan*

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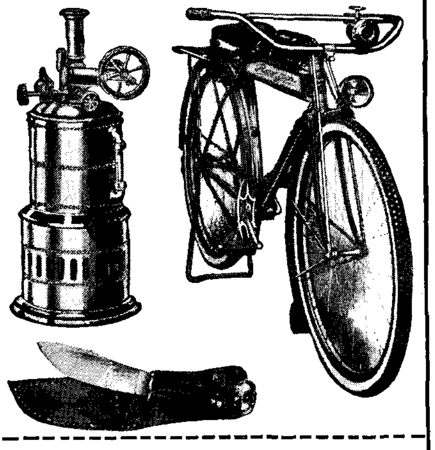

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Cold Trails

Continued from page 13

tell her different, back East? Or else she thinks this must be just a lost place, where us backward people got stranded. She can't see her 94 as part and parcel of half a million miles of range."

"*Her* 94?" Wheeler questioned.

Horse Dunn did not hear him. "I've fought this country since time out of mind. When you got enemies in this country you've got to rough 'em and force 'em. If a man tries to smash you, you got to smash him first. She tells me we got law here to take care of that, now'days. I tell you the law we got hasn't the teeth in it that it had in the old days, even!"

"Is Walt Amos a crook?"

"Anybody can run Walt Amos that can show a handful of votes. Marian doesn't understand that. She thinks I can run to Walt Amos and get everything fixed up. I tell you that ain't the way!" Dunn's big voice fairly cracked. "You got to drive 'em and blast 'em—keep their respect. Show weakness and they'll close in on you like wolves turn and eat the first wolf to go down."

WHEELER was silent. He could not altogether agree with Horse Dunn. He had seen range quarrels settled by gunfire—but never to the advantage of either winner or loser. But he wasn't going to argue with the Old Man.

"What if she ties my hands?" Dunn demanded. "I've got to fight this thing my own way. For myself I wouldn't so much mind. But ain't the outfit hers, to begin with?"

"Hers?" Wheeler repeated.

"Sure, it's hers. Didn't you know that?"

Wheeler had not known it. "But look here! You've run this brand ever since I can remember. You must at least have some part interest here."

"Not a penny or a head of stock," Dunn told him.

"But I happen to know," Wheeler declared, "that you've always had an outfit, another outfit, down in Arizona. Yet your Arizona outfit hasn't seen you four times in a dozen years."

"I've had my hands full here," Dunn said.

"You mean," Billy Wheeler said, "you spent the last twelve, thirteen years neglecting your own outfit to build up a brand that don't belong to you?"

Dunn shrugged. "Somebody had to take holt. My brother died—sudden. He didn't leave the 94 in very good shape. For two years it was run by different bosses I hired. But Link Bender—he had a big outfit then—he was stealing the 94 blind. Pretty soon there wouldn't have been any 94. And it was all the kid and her mother had."

Billy Wheeler stared at Horse Dunn. Once he had heard it rumored that Horse Dunn had loved Marian's mother, long ago. In support of this theory now stood the silent testimony of Dunn's twelve years of unflagging devotion to an outfit not his own, while he carried on his dead brother's brand.

"Marian's mother always hated and feared this country. She brought up Marian to feel some similar. That's why the kid can't stand gun smoke, or anything done by force. You see—my brother died with a gun in his hand."

Wheeler was silent. All the time while the Old Man raved he had been trying to think of a good way to tell Horse Dunn that he could not help him here; but now he saw that they had him. If Horse Dunn was put out of action, legally or otherwise, Wheeler could not trust the fortunes of the brand to unknown hands.

"I've tried to build her a real cow kingdom," Horse Dunn growled. "If I can get the 94 over this hump Marian will never have a worry. But the way things stand—I don't know."

Wheeler said, "You set considerable store by this girl, don't you?"

Horse Dunn suddenly turned, and studied him curiously. "I don't know," he said after a moment, "but what you do too."

"Maybe I do." For a moment they looked at each other oddly, poker-faced.

"She ties our hands," Horse Dunn said. "So far as she's concerned, we can't win. If we whip this thing the only way it can be whipped—she'll hate us from here out. You realize that?"

"We got to think of the brand," Wheeler said.

"We're coming into gun smoke, Billy. And after the smoke clears—you're going to find that this girl is not for you."

"No," Wheeler said; "she's not for me." They were silent a minute.

Wheeler, unable to endorse the Old Man's leaning toward violence, expressed a belief that there ought to be some way to avoid smoking up the range. "If we can hold the 94 steady on the finance side," he said, "what can Link Bender's crowd do?"

"God knows I've took all the steps I know to steady the finance side," Horse Dunn said. "A minute ago you spoke of my having an outfit in Arizona. Well, I *had* an outfit in Arizona. Six weeks ago I sent word to Bob Flagg, my partner there, to sell her out. She's sold. He's supposed to show here with fifty thousand, as good as in cash; another fifty thousand in different obligations and notes. Everything I've got goes to the bracing of the 94."

"When does Flagg get here?"

Horse Dunn showed a sudden burst of exasperation. "Who knows when Bob Flagg gets any place? It's been all I could do to get two letters a year out of him. It beats a man to know what he's doing or how he's going at it. I have word that he sold out for me, like I told you. But where is he now? *Quien sabe?* I sent five wires and got no reply. If I don't lift his everlasting hide—" He fell silent.

HE WAS staring out the open doorway toward the corrals; and now Billy Wheeler saw Horse Dunn's rocky face slowly relax and soften. Out at the far corral Marian had caught the quiet old pony that Horse had given her, and was preparing to saddle. Horse Dunn watched her, his eyes gentle. There was always a shy humility about that strapping big old man when he looked at this girl, this daughter of his dead brother. It was almost as if he might have been looking at his own daughter, who had grown up away from him. After all, she might have been his daughter, if things had broken differently once.

"You go ride with her," Dunn said with a certain awkwardness. "You talk to her. Try to make her see that—that this is a—a different country, kind of."

"She doesn't take any stock in me, Horse."

"You go, anyway," Dunn insisted. "I don't like to have her riding this big range alone."

With a curious reluctance Wheeler picked up his hat and walked out to the stable where his saddle was.

A rise of dust was going up on the Inspiration road as Wheeler saddled; he

(Continued on page 60)

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"Old Town Canoes"

(Continued from page 59)

knew the approaching car must be driven by Steve Hurley. For a moment he hesitated, for he would have liked to hear the latest word from the camp of Horse Dunn's enemies. Marian Dunn, however, was loping eastward along an old trail not far off the Inspiration road. Steve Hurley would be able to signal to him from road to trail if any new word concerned him. He let his pony lope out and caught up with Marian within the mile.

"Do you mind if I ride your way?"

"Maybe," Marian said, "you'll show me where Short Creek is."

Wheeler was startled. "Short Crick?"

"Sometimes," the girl said, "it's easier to look at a thing than to imagine it. I know that Short Creek is just some little quiet shallows in a cut bank, where cattle come to drink; and the sun shines on it, and it looks like any other little desert creek. But I want to look at it—to kind of assure myself of all that. Sometimes your imagination makes a dreadful thing of a place where such things can happen."

Wheeler was troubled; partly because he suddenly perceived how sensitively the girl had reacted to a happening which he himself had regarded only as a practical nuisance; but partly too because it made him foolishly uneasy to think of Marian riding alone in that quarter of the range.

"I was thinking some of riding over that way," he conceded. "Only—I wish you'd let somebody know when you set off to ride a distance like that, so somebody could go with you."

She looked at him sidelong for a minute. "Sometimes it seems to me you people do everything you can to make this into an unfriendly country."

"I don't know what you mean."

"These Red Hills, with the sun on them, are the background of the very earliest memories I have. When I came here again it was as if I were coming home. I felt free and natural, here—at first. And Horse Dunn is almost exactly like my father, what little I can remember of him—so nearly like my father that I can't remember my father's face any more; because my uncle's face comes in between."

"He worships the ground you walk on," Wheeler said.

"I know." A little shiver ran across her shoulders, anomalous in the blaze of the sun. "Then he turns and does some wild, awful thing—like yesterday; and it gives me the strangest feeling of being completely lost in a country I don't understand."

"Yesterday? What awful thing?"

"He—he shot Link Bender."

"It was kind of unfortunate, sure. But I don't know what else he could do. Link drew on him. And all your uncle did was to nick him in the arm, so that he dropped the gun."

MARIAN'S tone was curiously detached, unforgiving. "He admitted he set out to goad Link Bender into fighting."

That was not exactly what Horse Dunn had said, but essentially the girl was right. It was like Horse Dunn, too, that he could in no part lie to this girl, but would put himself conscientiously into the worst possible light.

"He said more," Marian added. "He said that if it hadn't been for me he would have killed Link Bender there at Chuck Box Wash."

Billy Wheeler started to say, "Oh, I don't think—" It was no use. It was futile to try to hide from the girl certain things which she was in no way equipped to understand, yet was sure to see clearly. "This is a different country than you're used to, Marian. Dry country men learned long ago to depend on themselves; they've lived that way for a long time."

"You're trying to justify—shooting down a man?"

He had an answer for that. But before he answered he looked at her for a moment—with the result that he did not answer at all. Marian Dunn sat her horse gracefully, with a fine, natural balance; if she had been raised in this country she would have been a fine horsewoman—would be yet, given a year or two in the saddle. And to Billy Wheeler she seemed, as always, the loveliest thing he had ever seen; the more so because she was manifestly of a different, far-off world—a world kindlier and more gentle than his own. She had the magic of the distant unknown, and the blue of distance was in her eyes.

But he could not forget that he had ridden with this girl many times before, stirrup to stirrup as now; and in the end had hoped never to ride with her again. Having failed of persuasion in his own behalf, what was the use of his trying to plead the case of Horse Dunn?

THE car that had been an approaching funnel of dust upon the Inspiration road now came careening around a rutty bend two hundred yards below them. Steve Hurley leaned from behind his dusty windshield to wave at them, then brought his car to a long-rolling stop. He signaled Wheeler to ride to him.

"Wait here," Wheeler said to the girl. He wheeled his horse, then hesitated to say over his shoulder, "Don't worry; we'll work everything out all right."

He put his horse down to the road, jumping it through the red rocks. From behind the wheel Steve Hurley thrust a big, square hand at him, and Steve's big, beefy face flashed a quick grin. "Glad to see you, Billy; the Old Man said he figured you'd sit in. As soon as I see who it was, I pulled up."

Wheeler glanced at the boiling radiator. "What's broke in Inspiration, Steve?"

"The Old Man may be wanting to call his riders in. Thought I'd stop and tell you what it was, so's you could signal in any of the boys you might see while you're out."

"I'm listening."

"It's all over Inspiration that Sheriff Walt Amos will make an arrest within three days. They're saying the sheriff knows who's dead; that it's a man Dunn swore to kill if ever he found him on 94 range." Steve Hurley's sun-squinted eyes rested steadily and keenly on Billy Wheeler.

"Steve," said Wheeler, "will Horse Dunn submit to arrest?"

Steve Hurley looked away a moment before he answered. "I don't know," he said at last. "But I guess maybe. Am I right he'll want his riders in?"

"I'd sure think so. This thing is coming faster than I figured it would, Steve."

Hurley half grinned on one side of his face, grimly. "There might be a couple of other folks surprised before the week is out." He clashed his gears, the dust snorted from under his tires, and he was gone.

The girl's eyes were questioning as Billy Wheeler returned to her side. "Don't worry," he said; "it's all going to work out."

They turned off, no longer paralleling the Inspiration road; and for a long while as the miles slowly unrolled under the fox-trotting hoofs of the ponies neither had anything to say. Wheeler was schooling himself to accept the fact that although they were riding stirrup to stirrup again, he must not again make love to her, nor sing to her, nor even look at her unless she spoke, lest new strength be given the bitterness of his old defeat.

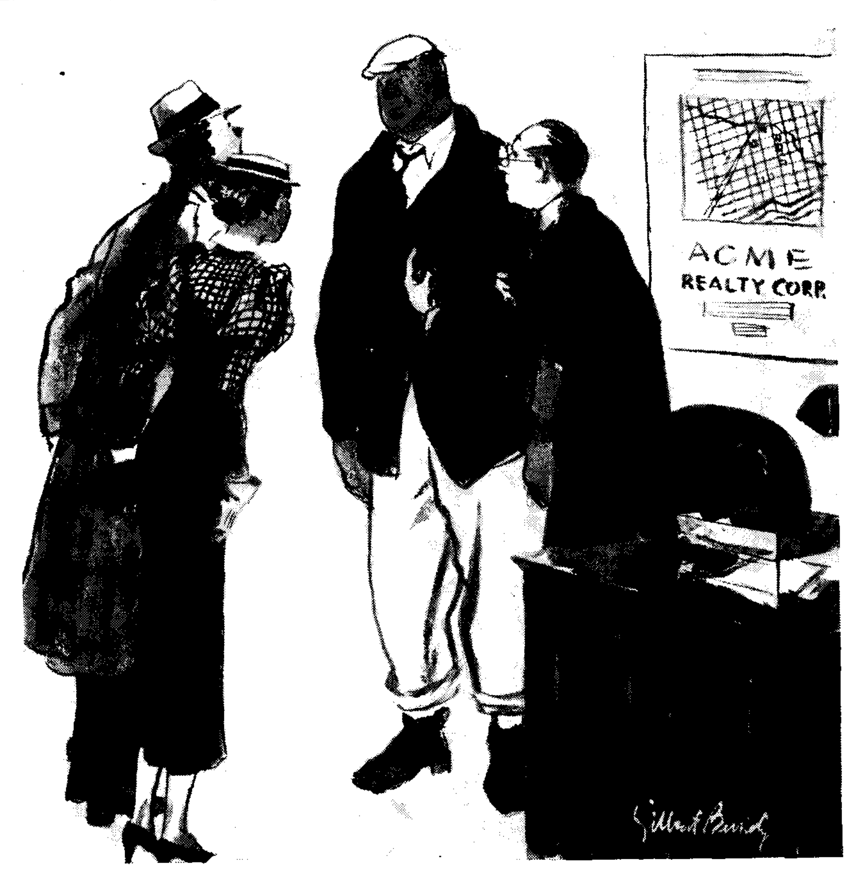
THEY were near Short Creek when the girl spoke unexpectedly. "I'm glad you came. You make things seem straighter and smoother, just the way you pace your horse along, without any worry or fret."

"There isn't anything to worry about."

"You've changed since two years ago," the girl told him. "Somehow you're nicer to ride with—quieter, more restful."

He glanced at her but didn't answer.

"You used to be a stampedy sort of person," she explained, "always rush-



"Now that you've signed the lease—I'd like you to meet my partner, Mr. Knobbs, who collects the rent"

Gilbert Bundy

ing your horse at things. Whatever you went at, you always went at it the same way—thunder of hoofs, taking all obstacles by storm. I think I used to be afraid of you."

For a moment he wondered if things would have gone differently between them if he had been less eager, less turbulent. When you wanted a thing too much you overplayed your hand and lost out altogether. Maybe you could love a girl too much, too soon, and defeat yourself the same way. Perhaps if—

A quarter of a mile away within the sharp-cut bed of Short Creek something moved, held steady a moment, then disappeared. It was a rider there, who was watching them; but it was not a rider who meant to rise in his stirrups and hail.

"Well," he said briskly, "this is Short Crick. You've seen it now. This is about all there is to it—just a crick running along in the dry. I think we'd better be pushing back now; it'll pretty soon be time to eat."

"I came out here to see where this thing happened," Marian said with an unexpected stubbornness. "I don't expect to go back until I've been shown."

"You insist on that?"

"I absolutely do."

HE HESITATED, trying to estimate who the now concealed rider might be and what might be the purpose of his concealment, but he could not. For a moment he wondered whether he had not better get Marian away from there at all cost; but he did not wish to risk conveying to her that anything to be feared or dreaded could be here. He led out at a quick lope, anxious to get it over with.

"This," he said, pulling up his horse at the spot the cattle had trampled, "is nothing but a place where it just happened that somebody took a shot at somebody. What is there to see? Nothing. I want you to think of this place as just a crick where horses come to drink."

Marian Dunn sat very quiet, staring at the shallow water. He wondered what things, terrible to her, she might be picturing.

"I'm glad I came," Marian said. "But especially I'm glad you came. You—"

"Listen," he said.

A horse as yet unseen was coming fast, down the cut. Its unshod hoofs padded quietly in the sand at the margin of the water, so that its thudding lope was sensed less by sound than by shock—the faint distant tremor of the ground.

"What is it?" the girl asked.

"Don't you hear? A horse is coming up."

"I don't—" She started to say that she didn't hear anything; but just then the unseen rider cut through the shallows with a sudden sharp sound of thrown water and the ring of hoofs on stone. "Who is it?"

"*Quien sabe?* Turn and ride back the way we've come," he told her without emphasis. "I'll be along in a minute."

"But why? Who is it?"

"I don't know who it is. He kept himself out of sight and didn't hail, is all I know. I've been watching him for fifteen minutes."

"For fifteen minutes? But you didn't say anything."

"Please do as I say. If I knew who this was I'd tell you. I'll have to ask you to do as I say anyway. Turn your horse and send him into a lope."

A queer expression came into the girl's eyes. "This sort of thing gives me a strange, creepy feeling. Why don't you tell me what's the matter?"

"Because I don't know, I tell you. Are you going or not?"

Without a word Marian turned her horse; she was at the two hundred yards as a hard-run horse surged up over the lip of the cut. The rider was Kid Bender.

The Kid half wheeled his pony, drove close to Billy Wheeler's horse; his lean figure swayed backwards as he brought his pony to a sliding stop, very close. Across the back of his right hand showed the heavy purple welt that Wheeler's quirt had laid there; and in his face was the joyous anger of a man who takes payment for a past humiliation.

"What you doing here?"

Wheeler ignored the question. "You're a little off your range, Kid," he said. "This range comes under the head of the 94. Maybe I'll be ordering you off it pretty quick. I haven't decided yet."

"No," said Kid Bender, "I don't think you will. You're dealing with a peace officer—patroling the scene of a crime."

"Peace officer?"

Kid Bender flipped over the tail end of his neckerchief to reveal a nickel-plated shield. It was cheap and it was new; but as it flashed in the sun Wheeler felt his scalp stir oddly, as if he had glimpsed fire behind smoke. Horse Dunn's view of the situation was shaping up faster than Horse himself had imagined.

"Yesterday," said the Kid, "you knocked a gun out of my hand."

Billy Wheeler said distinctly, "With a quirt. I whipped it out of your hand with a quirt."

Kid Bender's face darkened for an instant but the hard gleam of a joyous anticipation immediately returned to his eye. "I have orders," he said, "to see that the hired men of the 94 don't trample over the scene of this crime any more. I'm starting with you; I'll give you fellers something to remember orders by. I'm taking your horse and your gun. Maybe your girl there will give you a lift after you're afoot. Or maybe I'll send her on home—I haven't decided that yet."

"No," said Wheeler, "you're not taking either horse or gun."

"You're against an officer of the law. You know what that means?"

"I know," Billy Wheeler said, "what I hope it means."

For a moment Kid Bender hesitated; they sat watching each other, two men in a situation from which neither could withdraw. One of them had sought this meeting—the other welcomed it. Both knew that something peculiarly personal had to be settled here, now, between the two of them alone.

"I see your girl has stopped a little way up here," the Kid said. "Seems like she sets watching from the hill."

WHEELER suppressed in time an impulse to glance over his shoulder. Instead his eyes never left Kid Bender as he jerked his chin sharply toward his shoulder as if he glanced away.

Kid Bender's quirt-marked hand flashed to his gun. For the second time in two days Wheeler forgot his own unaccustomed weapon. The horses were neck to neck, facing each other; and now Wheeler, slamming the rowels into his own pony, grabbed at the spade bit of Kid Bender's horse.

Kid Bender's gun exploded skyward as the Kid's horse reared straight up, driven over backwards by the plunge of Wheeler's pony against the cruel bit. For an instant Bender's pony fought for its balance on its hind legs. Then together horse and man went down.

Wheeler whirled his pony aside; and now he drew at last, and turned the muzzle of his cocked gun upward, ready.

Bender's horse struggled up and bolted, bucking against the loosened saddle; but the man lay quiet where he had gone down.

(To be continued next week)

★ Dividends of CULTURE

Architect
Architectural Draftsman
Building Estimating
Wood Millworking
Contractor and Builder
Structural Draftsman
Structural Engineer
Electric Wiring
Electrical Engineer
Electric Lighting
Business Management
Office Management
Industrial Management
Personnel Management
Traffic Management
Accountancy
Cost Accountant
C. P. Accountant
Bookkeeping
Secretarial Work
Spanish
French
Salesmanship
Advertising
Civil Engineer
Chemistry
Radio
High School Subjects

THE educated man holds the better jobs and earns more money, of course. The reason is obvious. *But isolated on a desert island, without any association other than his solitude, the educated man would be more reconciled, happier than an individual without intellectual attainments.* The reason is obvious. He would find comfort in the dividends of culture. He would know and enjoy the glorious powers of the mind.

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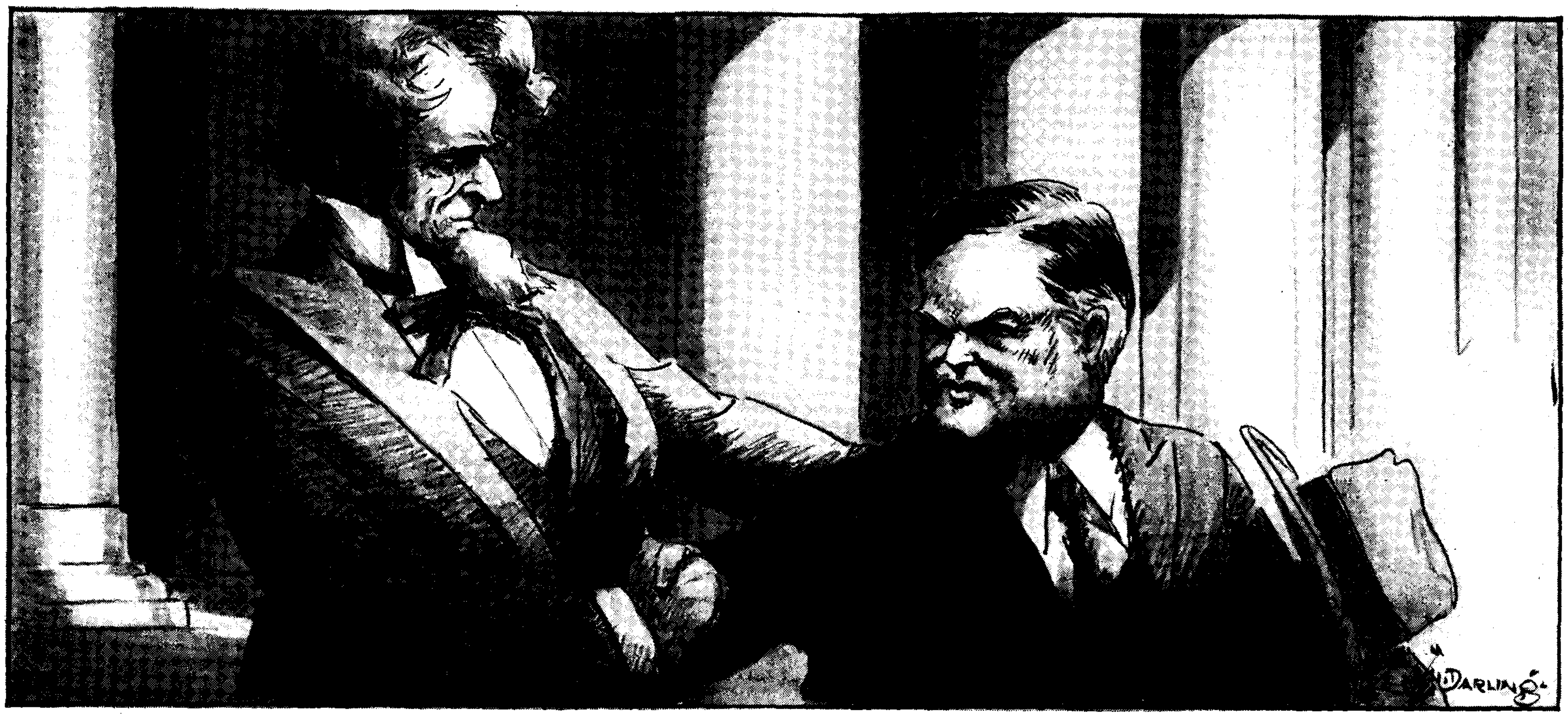


Goodby and Good Luck

HERBERT CLARK HOOVER moves out of the White House with the good wishes of the American people. Four long years of heartbreaking struggle are finished now and the calm of retirement is in sight.

What years they have been! Who, whatever his gifts and capacities, would have willingly sat at that post, could he have known what was ahead?

In the best and smoothest of times the presidency is an appalling burden. The man we lift by our votes to the chief magistracy is destined to perform tasks almost too heavy to be borne. Into that one office we have concentrated responsibility until the President seems to be one representative of all the people. Congressmen and senators speak for districts and, at the most, states. Only the President represents the nation.

Never, certainly in peace times, have the problems presented a President been so baffling and the need for action and decision so imperious as during the past four years.

Hardly had Herbert Hoover established himself in the White House when the premonitory rumblings of the great upheaval were heard.

A stockbroker failed in London. It seemed unimportant news that summer day back in 1929. But there were echoes and soon our fabulous stock boom began to give warning signals.

What had this to do with an American President? Not much apparently, no more than the far-off rolling pebble which ultimately becomes the devastating avalanche! But when the smash came in the security markets, when at last the dream of endless riches through ever-expanding speculation came inexorably to its end, there was trouble enough for the man who sat in the Executive office.

A chapter in history was reaching its conclusion. Economic, social, political and racial forces which had been drifting on suddenly exploded.

A bank in Vienna—far-off Vienna, as remote to most of us as a scene in a musical comedy—ran out of cash. Another pebble started down another mountain and another avalanche followed.

All that Dawes and Young and all the other experts had done to rehabilitate Germany and to pacify Europe went swiftly into the discard. Strange things were happening in distant places, and without knowing why or how we felt the shocks.

Then came another day when Britain, the very Gibraltar of finance, suddenly found her gold reserve insufficient to maintain the pound on a gold standard. For a hundred years and more, until the World War, London had been the financial capital of the world. The money of many nations, including the independent dominions, was dependent on the pound sterling. When London could no longer pay in gold, immediately merchants, manufacturers and bankers all over the world were affected. Grave doubts arose. If Britain went down who could survive?

Those were days of anxiety and doubt. The American President was inescapably at the very center of responsibility and decision. So intimate and close are the relationships which link the peoples of the world that Britain's extremity became our emergency.

Could we remain solvent in the face of world-wide disorder? What would happen if the billions of American securities owned in Europe should be thrown without warning upon our markets?

The thing happened. All over Europe men and women did demand American dollars, gold-backed, for their American securities. Europe thought we would not weather the storm. Hundreds of millions of American gold was shipped across the seas because the world doubted our capacity to carry on.

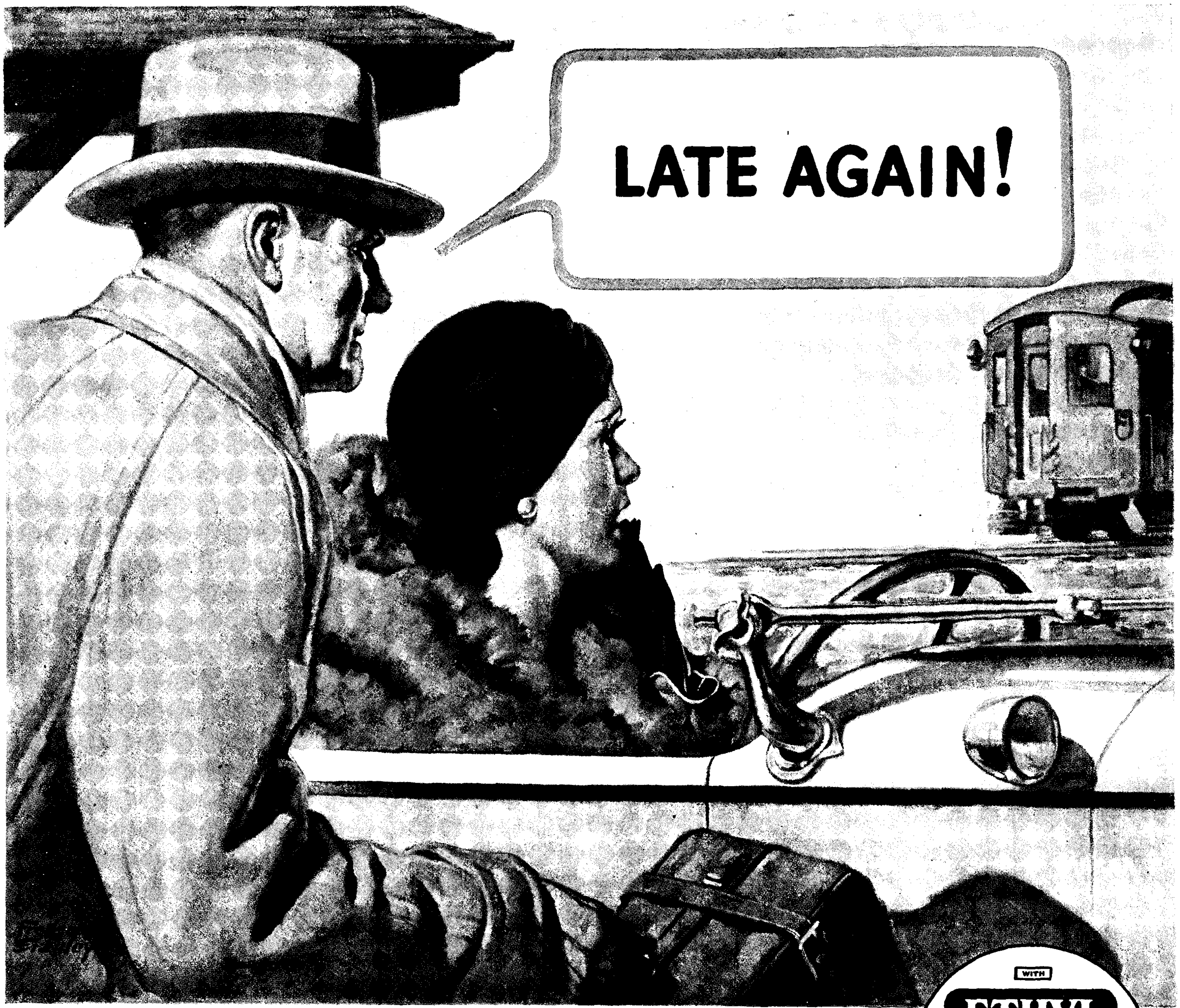
Picture Mr. Hoover during those tremendous days. He had to think, to decide, to act and to speak for the American people. Recall the long days and the anxious nights. Men sitting in conference in the White House or in the lodge on the Rapidan, telephone and telegraph wires linking Washington or the Virginia camp with the capitals and money markets of the world.

Talk, study, consideration, finally decision and action and the fate of the millions dependent upon the rightness of the judgment! Yet men actually want to be President!

Or remember the facts at home: Unemployment, the gradual expenditure of savings, unprofitable prices, a general slowing down of the economic machine. Urgent demands that something be done. Violent disagreement concerning what should be done. Congress divided and quarreling. Business men demanding less taxes and larger governmental expenditures. All the wild asses of the desert braying. All the wild men proclaiming their folly. Yet behind it all the solemn fact that an old order was passing and a new one beginning and the most urgent obligation to steer safely the ship of state.

During all this time the American people have known that Herbert Hoover was working as only a strong man can labor. There has been assurance that an honorable mind was giving its best to the nation. That knowledge has been a steadying influence.

So as Herbert Hoover lays down the responsibility committed to him during these terrific years, he has the respect and the appreciation of his fellow citizens. Long life and a happy one, with scope for his high talents, opportunity for his great sense of public obligation to express itself; may these and other good things be his.



MR. PERKINS isn't only missing his train. He's missing the *fun* of driving with Ethyl. These days when we have to do without so many things, we can at least make the most of our cars. *And the next best thing to a brand new car is Ethyl in the tank of an older car.*

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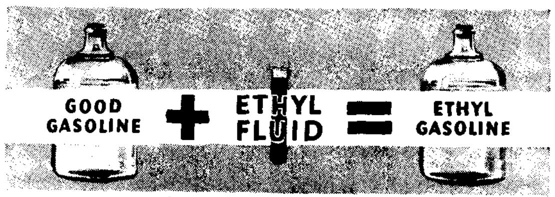

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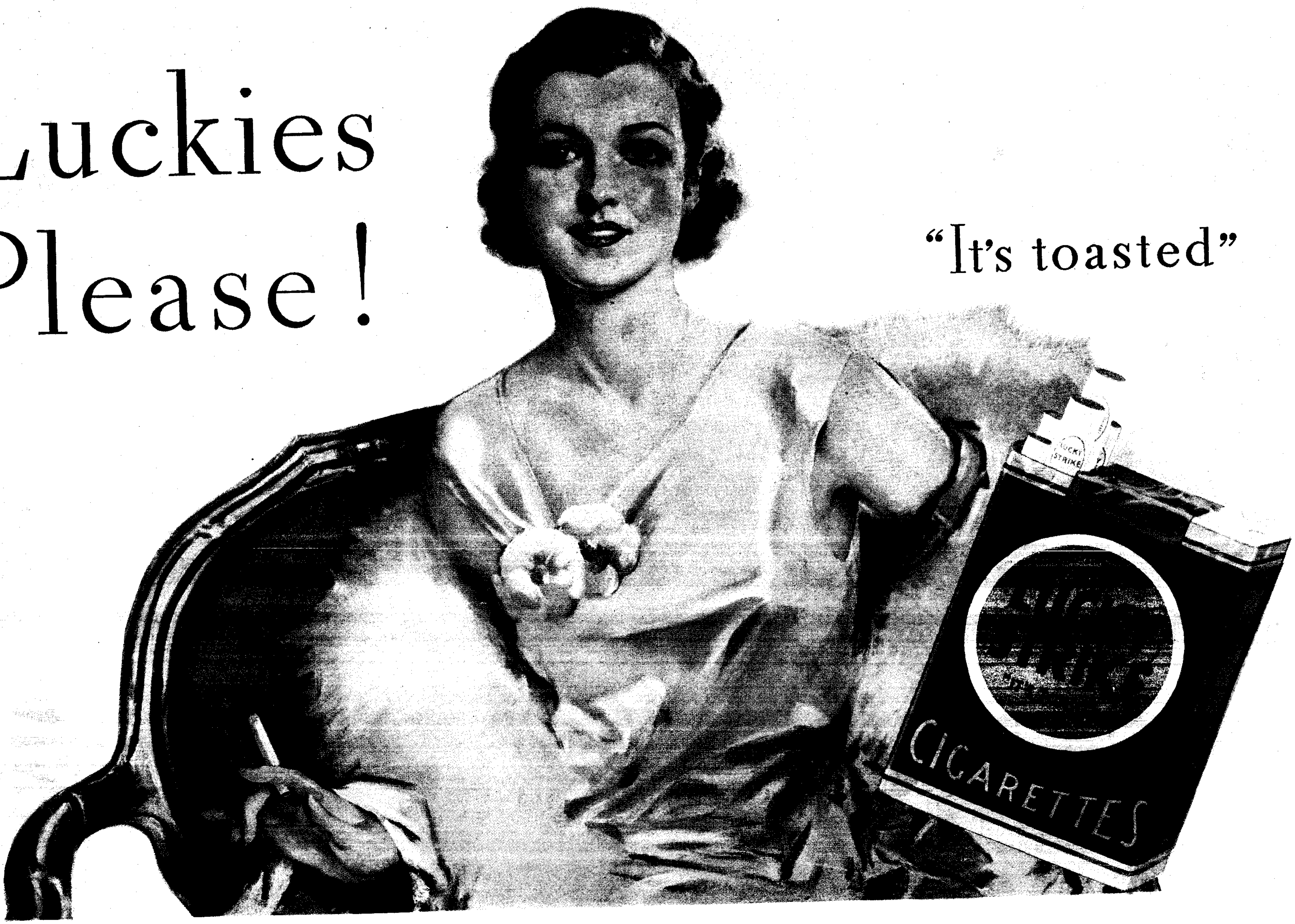
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